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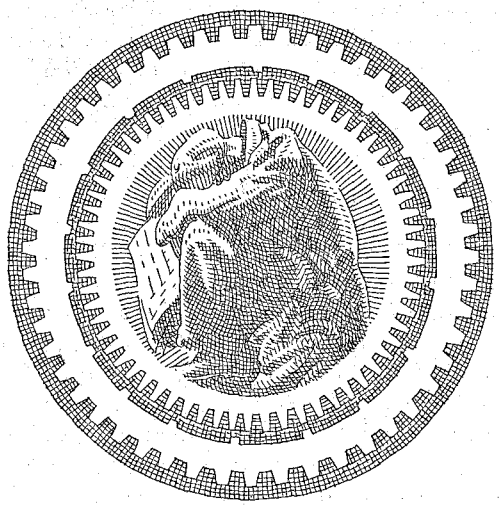

If This Be Despotism . . .

By Ernest K. Lindley

Do the anti-New Deal orators know what they are talking about when they refer in glowing terms to the freedom existing in Great Britain and the Scandinavian countries?

For three long years we have been living with a mixture of hope and trepidation in a changing political and economic setting. We have seen the New Deal thrust out in twenty or thirty directions, sometimes vigorously and surely and at other times with fumbling hands. We have seen the Federal Government assert powers unprecedented in our periods of peace and bestow a great range of discretion upon the President and administrative and regulatory agencies. And we have seen these tendencies checked by the Supreme Court.

These changes have offended a widespread and deep-seated faith in the automatic operation of economic laws. Scarcely a single venture of the New Deal has escaped denunciation in responsible quarters as a violation of established knowledge and as an interference with the sound forces of "natural" recovery. More disquieting, the whole atmosphere has been thick with accusations and warnings of regimentation, bureaucracy, the substitution of personal rule for the rule of law, Fascism, Nazi-ism, Communism, totalitarianism, and—more simply—dictatorship. When full allowance is made for the conscious use of fearful labels for the purposes of propaganda, there remains, I think, a great residue of genuine anxiety concerning our democratic liberties. No one who believes that the institutions of democracy and their inseparable liberties are worth protecting at almost any cost can pass off lightly warnings that they are being imperilled.

Among the undertakings of the New Deal which have been widely denounced, at one time or another by responsible men, as inimical to sound recovery or to our liberties, or to both, are: Devaluation of the dollar. Inspection and supervision of the major securities investment markets. Augmenting of the powers of the Federal Reserve Board to manage the credit system. Construction of Federal power projects to serve as "yardsticks." Financial aid to the establishment of municipally owned electrical distribution systems. Financial aid to rural electrification. The attempt to regulate utility holding companies and to break up the most complex of them. TVA as an instrument for planning and encouraging the harmonious development of an entire watershed. Federal subsidies for slum clearance and rural housing. The WPA work program. The unsuccessful attempt to strengthen the Pure Food and Drugs Law. Doctor Tugwell's land retirement and resettlement program. Stimulation of the trade-union movement and the attempt to protect collective bargaining. The first steps toward the establishment of a social insurance system. Aid to college and high school students and other activities of the National Youth Administration. Heavier taxation of large incomes and estates and corporate surpluses. Even the CCC, one of the most popular New Deal institutions, was born amid loud misgivings concerning forced labor and the regimentation of youth.

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To an even greater degree the atmosphere of fear has surrounded the agricultural program of the New Deal and that merger of conflicting conceptions and purposes known as the NRA. The old AAA crop-control program is dead. But under the new legislation the Government is still subsidizing the farmer and trying to control in some measure the supplies and prices of a large number of agricultural commodities. The NRA is dead, to the relief of many who feared its monopolistic tendencies. But many of its component elements are still embodied in Mr. Roosevelt's set of objectives: especially the fixing of minimum wages and maximum hours, the elimination of child labor, and other checks on competition at the expense of labor, as well as the protection of collective bargaining.

A shift in the leadership of the Republican Party is helping to clear the air. Many of the objectives and specific undertakings of the New Deal are now accepted by the official opposition. But even this degree of acceptance is marked by nostalgic yearnings for the earlier and simpler days of true competition, not only in the Republican Party but in the old-fashioned liberal wing of the New Deal. As the speech of Mr. Hoover before the Republican National Convention and much of the preliminary oratory of the campaign are proving, many responsible men remain convinced that Mr. Roosevelt and his New Deal are a sinister threat to our democratic institutions and liberties. On June 26, 1936, the day after the Democratic platform was adopted, Mark Sullivan wrote in *The New York Herald Tribune:* "The New Deal is the American variation of the new order that has been set up in three great European countries and some smaller ones. The term 'New Deal' is the American equivalent of the term 'Fascism' in Italy, the term 'Nazi' in Germany, and the term 'Soviet' in Russia."

The appeal to experience elsewhere is in many respects more convincing than appeals to economic theories and political abstractions. Grant, as Mr. Sullivan does, that American circumstances and traditions would have their effect on an American totalitarian state, just as Italian Fascism, German Nazism, and Soviet Communism have distinguishable points of difference. The use of the totalitarian states as reference points is nevertheless valid. But, if we really wish to find out where we are by this method, it would seem to be helpful to enlarge the number of reference points. It would be just as valid, and more helpful perhaps, to check our present situation and trends with the experience of other democratic nations which have had marked success in achieving economic recovery.

Those who are most solicitous of our liberties, appear to be satisfied that Great Britain is not a totalitarian state. Mr. Hoover speaks of Great Britain and her commonwealths as being not only democratic but one of the "great liberal nations." (*The Challenge to Liberty,* Scribners, 1934, pp. 170–171.)

Raoul E. Desvernine, chairman of the National Lawyers' Committee of the American Liberty League, has recently written a book (*Democratic Despotisms,* Dodd, Mead & Co., 1936), explaining the close relationship between the New Deal and Fascism and Communism and asserting that the issue before the country is: "Constitutional Democracy—American vs. the Totalitarian State—The New Despotism." Mr. Desvernine finds that the British and French democratic liberal traditions are essentially similar to our own (*Ibid.,* p. 6). And he also approves of the Scandinavian countries. He reinforces his arguments against the New Deal with a reminder that totalitarianism is not even profitable. He says: "It is not in the totalitarian States in Europe that economic depression has been most effectively combated and the greatest gains have been made. England and the Scandinavian countries, where economic liberalism still survives, are today the most prosperous in Europe."

For several years, in fact, the success of Great Britain in achieving recovery has been contrasted with our own difficulties by numerous of our industrial and financial leaders. Frequently all they seem to have known about Great Britain was that the British budget was balanced. (We may hear less about that since the British budget has been unbalanced again to finance a re-armament program.) A few of them seem to have realized that Great Britain left gold a year and a half before we did. Many of them are still calling for "stabilization" of the dollar, which was returned to gold in January, 1934, and apparently do not realize that the British are so well satisfied with being off gold that they have rejected every suggestion that they return to it—and have done so without causing so much as a tremor among British financiers and industrialists. Of late some American financial and industrial leaders have been extolling the British "dole," in contrast with our works program. To a remarkable extent they are the same people who ten and fifteen years ago said the dole was ruining England and who were fighting even four or five years ago to prevent the "dole," either in fact or name, from being introduced into the United States.

But there are several other pertinent facts concerning the British economic and social system. For years, Great Britain has been redistributing wealth by drastic income and inheritance taxes, on one side, and an extensive social insurance system, on the other side. The social insurance system has been strengthened and expanded during the depression years by a Tory government. For years, Great Britain has had a comprehensive and powerful trade-union movement, and has accepted the principles of collective bargaining which most of American industry has been fighting tooth and nail. Great Britain not only has a much stronger banking structure, but more intelligent, better disciplined and perhaps more bankers with a sense of social responsibility than we have. It has long required reasonable standards of truthfulness from investment bankers and corporation directors and officials under legislation quite similar to the Securities Act of 1933, to prevent the enactment of which Wall Street mustered its highest-price lawyers and propagandists and its loudest cries of "Communism." The British bankers were much more sensible than ours in extending foreign loans during the post-war period, and British securities and real estate were not subjected to fantastic speculative booms.

Great Britain has plopped for protection and has canalized its trade by exclusive agreements with its dominions, Argentina, Denmark, and various other countries. It has subjected agriculture to an elaborate system of subsidies, quotas and marketing boards. It has subsidized beet sugar since 1925. Since 1932 it has lifted and controlled the

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price of wheat by a subsidy financed by the proceeds of a processing tax on flour. Since 1931 it has put the following crops under the control of government marketing boards: hops, milk, pigs, bacon, and potatoes. Every grower of hops has a quota, and he may sell hops only through the Hops Board. Milk producers receive a subsidy financed out of a tax on all milk sold for liquid consumption. The price of milk is fixed at every point from the farmer to the ultimate consumer, and the retailer has been made to take a cut in profits so that the consumer is not penalized for the higher income of the producer. Bacon curers are compelled to pay hog farmers according to a price formula which takes account of the price of feed. The production of potatoes is allocated by a quota system and controlled by fines on plantings in excess of the quotas. The potato marketing board regulates the supply of potatoes by a changeable grading system which increases the quantity of culls percentage when the gross production is heavy.

The British agricultural marketing boards have the power to buy, sell, grade, pack, store, advertise, and transport the commodities under their control. They have regulatory authority over the processing of these commodities. They can go even farther, and process commodities themselves. Proposals that the milk marketing board supersede private distributors as the chief intermediary between farmers and consumers have been respectfully and favorably received in conservative quarters.

The British housing program, begun in 1919, has been expanding steadily with government aid. In the four years, 1931–34 inclusive, almost one million houses were built, more than half of them with the aid of government subsidies—and apparently without shouts of distress from private real-estate operators and private business generally. In 1935, more than 300,000 houses were built. The percentage of government-subsidized building declined for several years, as private home building increased under the impetus of mortgage interest rates of 4½ per cent and lower, which were in turn traceable to the financial policies of the government. But in 1935 the national government gain moved to accelerate slum clearance with subsidies under a five-year plan.

The British government is spending money to scrap surplus tramp ships, to build new ships, to rehabilitate the herring industry. In 1935 it undertook to guarantee loans to aid in the reconstruction of four railway companies. The long overdue reorganization of the coal mining industry has been begun with the setting up of two central selling agencies. The government has offered money to the cotton spinning industry to retire ten million surplus spindles. It has launched special programs to rehabilitate distressed areas in the United Kingdom. The British broadcasting system is operated by a public corporation. The national "grid" system of electrical transmission wires is being built and operated by a government board.

Those are some of the salient features of the British system. Needless to say, they have involved a great expansion of "bureaucracy." Many of the government boards in Great Britain have extraordinary discretionary powers. Yet in that home of Anglo-Saxon jurisprudence, there has been no outcry, so far as one can learn, against the substitution of "dictatorship" or "personal rule" for the "rule of law"—except from one or two ancient judges whose protests appear to have been regarded with some amusement. John W. Davis, former Ambassador to Great Britain, recently asserted that "of all methods of government, bureaucracy is the least responsible, the least intelligent, and the most arrogant and tyrannical." But one doubts that Mr. Davis would say that the English people are no longer living under a "rule of law," or that his client, J. P. Morgan, would spend so much of his time in England if England were not subject to a "rule of law."

Great Britain has a highly managed economy containing far more elements of socialism than our own. As H. B. Elliston, a well-informed interpreter of the British scene, has said (*Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1936):

"'Normalcy' . . . is gone in Britain, along with all such meaningless shibboleths of the post-war decade. Britain, for good or ill, appears to be so committed to planning and management by the state that even a repair of the world system does not seem likely to mark any retreat to 'letting nature take its course.'"

Since Mr. Desvernine applauds the success of the "economic liberalism" of Sweden, let us look at some of the outstanding features of the Swedish economic system. Marquis W. Childs recently has described it. (See *Sweden: The Middle Way*, Yale University Press, 1936.) First, there is the powerful consumers' cooperative movement, which conducts more than 20 per cent of the retail and wholesale trade in Sweden and does about 10 per cent of all the manufacturing in Sweden. It has removed or greatly reduced the profit in the distribution of goods to ultimate consumers and, by its own competition in manufacturing, has broken trusts or monopolistic price levels in shoes, bread, electric light bulbs, several kinds of rubber goods, margarine, and other vegetable oil products and cash registers. Consumers' cooperatives have also entered fire, burglary, fidelity, and automobile insurance. A large part of the rural electrification system is in the hands of consumers' cooperatives.

Then, second, are the agricultural producers' cooperatives, which market most of the milk and butter in Sweden. Third, are the government export subsidies for certain agricultural products. Fourth, is the low-cost housing program, handled partly by cooperatives, partly with national subsidies, and partly under municipal auspices—but none of it, apparently, with an eye to the welfare of real-estate promoters or private speculative builders.

Fifth, is the large area of state socialism, embracing the telephone and telegraph systems, a large part of the electric power system, the major railways, and the production of timber and timber products in competition with private interests. Sixth, is an area of semi-socialism in which the state operates mines and smelters as a partner of private interests and exercises stringent control to protect the welfare of miners and related workers. In this area also fall the ownership and operation of the radio broadcasting system, and the operation of the air transport system. Also of this type are the monopolies which divert to the national treasury the major portion of the profits from the importation, manufacture, and sale of tobacco and alcoholic beverages. Seventh, is the powerful Swedish

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trade union movement and the effective safeguarding of collective bargaining. Eighth, is the old age pension system. Ninth, is the reserve public works program, based on the principle that every man willing to work is entitled to a job and used since 1907 to give work to the unemployed. In the spring of 1933 the long-range public works program was supplemented by a special works program to cost $42,880,000, which, Mr. Childs says, was "almost as bold as America's $4,880,000,000." Because of the pick-up in private employment, this program never went fully into effect, but at the end of 1935, 70 per cent of all unemployed in Sweden were engaged in "made" work—on highways, secondary roads, bridges, aviation fields, athletic fields, parks, and the like. In 1934, the public works program and the unemployment benefit systems of the trade unions were supplemented by a system of state unemployment insurance.

Tenth, is the Swedish low tariff system, which helps to keep down prices to consumers. Eleventh, is Sweden's deliberate and avowed objective to manage its currency to preserve the internal price level, without regard to gold or foreign exchange. Twelfth—and perhaps not unknown to some of Mr. Desvernine's Liberty League colleagues—the manufacture, sale, and export, of munitions are controlled, and government inspectors have the right to inspect the books of the munitions-makers at any time. Thirteenth, and perhaps not least in importance, are the facts that Swedish law is codified in a single volume which a farmer can read, the Swedish law courts pay no attention to precedents, and that, therefore, as Mr. Childs reports, "the law is a very limited profession in Sweden."

This is the "economic liberalism" of Sweden which Mr. Desvernine appears to admire and, by implication, contrasts with the "totalitarian" objectives of Mr. Roosevelt.

As Mr. Childs says: "The degree of laissez faire that has continued to exist in Sweden is, in a manner of speaking, hothouse laissez faire. It exists under a bell-jar. The state, the consumer, and the producer have intervened to make capitalism 'work' in a reasonable way for the greatest good of the whole nation."

As Mr. Desvernine reminds us, "economic liberalism" in the democracies of Great Britain and Sweden has paid. Compared to our depression, these countries experienced only a slight recession. The British, it is true, did not start to slide from such a high level as we had reached. They had suffered from chronic unemployment ever since the World War. But they were better prepared than we to withstand the strain, and while Mr. Hoover and most of our leading bankers and industrialists were waiting for mysterious "natural forces" to bring recovery, the British and the Swedes had set about to produce recovery. Excepting departure from gold, which might be called accidental, their methods were pragmatic and unimpeded by fears of experiment.

At the lowest point of their depression, British industrial production was only 25 per cent below the peak month of 1929. At our lowest points, industrial production was only between 47 and 48 per cent of the peak month of June, 1929. For our worst twelve months—April, 1932 to March, 1933—our industrial production averaged less than 52 per cent of our best twelve months—November, 1928 to October, 1929, inclusive.

The comparative courses of the depression and recovery in Great Britain, Sweden, and the United States, as measured by industrial production are as follows:

(LEAGUE OF NATIONS INDEX: 1929 EQUALS 100)

	Great Britain	*Sweden*	*United States*
1929	100	100	100
1930	92.3	96.4	80.7
1931	83.8	84.5	68.1
1932	83.5	79.1	53.8
1933	88.2	81.8	63.9
1934	98.8	100.0	66.4
1935	106.1[1]	107.5[2]	75.6[3]
1936 (average for January and February			80.7[3]

[1]Translated by author from British Board of Trade Index.
[2]First five months.
[3]Translated by author from Federal Reserve Board Index.

In relation to the peak of 1929, it took us about three years to climb from the pit of the depression up to approximately the low point of the depression for Great Britain and Sweden. If an earlier period than 1929 is taken as the norm, our decline was not so great and our recovery has been proportionately greater. Thus, in the last quarter of 1935, we averaged about 99 per cent of the 1923–25 level of industrial production, while Great Britain was about 24 per cent above the 1924 level.

Most other industrial nations dropped farther than Great Britain and Sweden. But only two nations experienced an industrial depression as severe as ours. They were Poland and Germany. In these three countries, industrial output in 1932 averaged between 53 and 54 per cent of 1929. This was enough to throw Germany in the arms of the Nazis. In addition to an industrial crisis more severe, in terms of decline in output, than in any other country except Poland and Germany, the United States had to deal with an agricultural depression as severe as that of any other nation.

The United States appears to have been the only major country in which suffering and waiting for "natural" forces was regarded as suitable, or even defensible, policy. No important nation in the world has had a "natural" recovery. Recovery has come to each nation or group of nations as the result of positive efforts by governments to generate recovery. To the extent that there has been "natural" recovery it has come only when governments have set the scene, by bringing about preliminary adjustments. But in most cases there has been more than that. Perhaps some economists will still say that recovery has come "in spite of" a multitude of governmental efforts in all the leading nations of the world. But none of them can point to any important nation which progressed toward recovery while its government sat tight or contented itself with nothing more than such cushioning measures as were represented, in our country, by the R. F. C. and the purchase of government securities by the Federal Reserve Board.

The World Economic Survey for 1934–35 of the League of Nations said: "The characteristic feature of the recovery that has been proceeding slowly and unevenly since the middle of 1932 is its dependence upon national markets and national policies."

The assertion, so often made, that "world recovery" began in the summer of 1932 is true only in the sense that enough nations got turned around and started up then to bring up the average. They were chiefly Great Britain

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and the nations most closely interwoven with the British economy. But Japan and Australia had preceded Great Britain on the upward trail, while several nations, including France and Holland, were still scraping bottom or slipping downgrade three years later.

The idea that a considerable degree of economic direction and management by government is incompatible with the preservation of democratic liberties seems to be peculiar to the United States. Even such antagonists of the "totalitarian" states as Messrs. Hoover and Desvernine apparently do not think that managed economies are inconsistent with democracy anywhere except in the United States. Perhaps the explanation is that they do not know what other democratic nations have been doing. But the fact remains that what Mr. Desvernine denounces as "democratic despotism" in the United States is a much lower degree of economic management by the government than the "economic liberalism" which he approves in Scandinavia and Great Britain.

Democracy and capitalism are distinguishable concepts. One may even believe that a completely socialized state can be democratic. This belief can neither be supported nor refuted by experience. The establishment of the only modern socialized state, the Soviet Union, did not involve the destruction of democratic liberties because there were none in Russia to destroy. For good measure, it may be granted that the Russian Communists have established certain kinds of liberties which were absent in old Russia and that they avowedly hope to establish a democratic state and have begun to take a few steps in that direction. One may even accept, with qualifications, the conclusion of Sidney and Beatrice Webb that Stalin is not a dictator. Nevertheless the Bolshevik revolution has been conducted with disregard of what most of us consider essential values and the Communist State is not yet democratic according to western ideas.

But it is possible, both in theory and on the basis of experience, to distinguish democracy from nineteenth-century liberal capitalism, from pre-war capitalism, and even from pre-depression capitalism.

By the "one step leads to another" thesis, advanced by Mr. Hoover, for example, democracy in such nations as Sweden, Great Britain, Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and the Union of South Africa should be in grave peril because these nations have economic regulation and management by the government. It can be argued that they are heading toward disaster—even that the whole capitalistic world is heading toward inevitable disaster. But, to date, they have not only preserved their democratic institutions and liberties but apparently have strengthened them. Great Britain has been able almost literally to laugh off the Fascist threat of Oswald Mosley's blackshirts and remain secure from Communism on the left by applying with reasonable success some of the measures which Mr. Hoover appears to think are characteristic only of the "totalitarian" states.

One wishes that more of our political, financial, and industrial leaders were more familiar with the ability of the British to use the institutions of democracy for the purpose of making the continual peaceful readjustments which have obviated the necessity for sudden and extreme solutions.

Let it be granted that a "totalitarian" state here or elsewhere might come by the creep-by-creep process. The democratic states throughout the world have resorted to many contrivances for economic management similar to those adopted in the Fascist states. But not one of the "totalitarian" states now in existence is the result of that step-by-step or creep-by-creep process which Mr. Hoover and others of his mind fear so much when they view the American scene. Every one of them—Communist Russia, Fascist Italy, Nazi Germany, and their lesser imitators—came into power when their predecessors were unable to cope with prevailing needs, demands, or aspirations. As the history of Great Britain in the last century or more has proved many times over, and as the depression experience of Great Britain and her Commonwealths and the democracies of Scandinavia has again proved: a step toward may be a step away.

GNOMICS FOR US STRICKEN

By David Morton

BIRTHMARK

Mortality that strings
A universal bow
Lets fly the invisible arrow
And everything we know
Is wounded to the marrow. . .
And sweet the hurt bird sings,
And sweet the stricken flower
Bleeds out her fragrant breath—
Each, from her earliest hour,
Being stung for death.

BETRAYAL

Our love is all that is
Immortal in us here
Burning and free, and this
We give away to the dear
Look of a flower at dawn
Or a face like light—
And one to the dust has gone
And one to the night,
Bearing away with them
All that we had to give:
Our love on petal and stem,
Our love that wanted to live
In love's immortal way
That mortal things betray.

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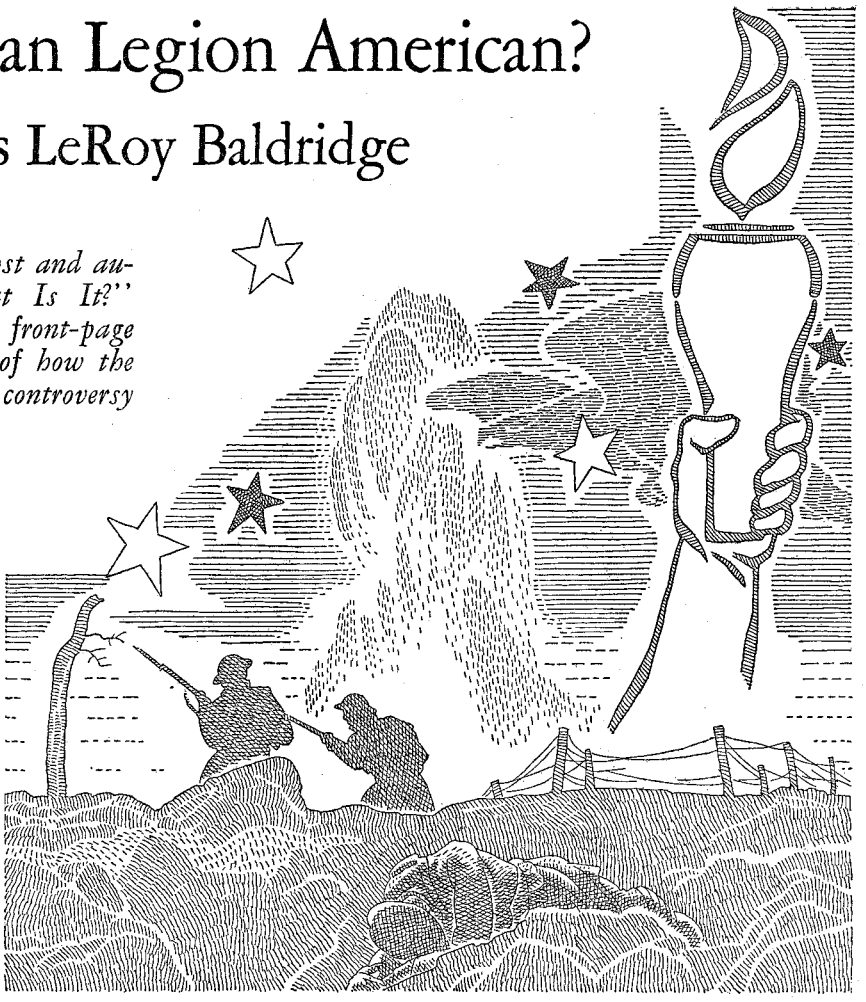
Is the American Legion American?

By Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge

The commander of a Legion post and author of "Americanism: What Is It?" which made the Bill of Rights front-page news reveals the inside story of how the book was written and what the controversy means



THE Bill of Rights is front-page news. That which a lot of us thought of as the foundation stone of our national liberties, generally accepted by all good Americans, has become a matter of fierce controversy in one of the great patriotic organizations, and a book which went so far as to advocate the Bill of Rights has been ordered suppressed.

This whole controversy is full of significance for all Americans. It reveals the widespread ignorance, especially on the part of those who set themselves up as guardians of patriotism, as to the real substance of "Americanism."

It shows that there are forces which render lip-service to the ideals of America but exert every effort to keep the spirit of those ideals buried. The Bill of Rights will be an issue at the American Legion Convention meeting on September 21 at Cleveland.

And it all happened because of the publication of a 1200-word speech on Americanism, intended for school children.

II

For some years the Americanism Committee of the New York County Legion has been presenting medals to eighth-grade pupils selected as "Good Citizens" by their teachers. And, since the award of an "Americanism" medal at a public graduation is ordinarily accompanied by a brief speech from a Legionnaire, the Committee decided to supply a prepared speech to veterans whose morale was apt to crumble before the terrors of the platform. The American Legion is pledged by its Constitution "to foster a 100 per cent Americanism." Consequently it was agreed that the proposed speech should constitute a definition of Americanism, in other words, a simple restatement of the familiar principles of American ideology.

I am not a writer, but as a member of the Americanism Committee I submitted a speech which fulfilled, I believed, the requirements. Sponsored by the Committee, this speech: "Americanism: What is it?" was properly reported to the New York County delegates, and accepted in behalf of the County organization. Its 1200 words were then published by the Committee to be presented to future medal winners.

Proceeding in an orderly manner to accomplish what was assumed to be an important but unremarkable task, the Americanism Committee had no inkling that the modest book, a 6″ x 4″ pamphlet of sixteen pages, was destined to achieve a sensation and become—within two months—a "collectors' item."

III

The booklet was first distributed on March 23 to those attending a regular monthly session of the New York County Committee, the delegates representing the 10,500 members of the County's 108 Posts. On this same night copies were also sent to the principals of New York's public schools.

Where and how the publicity began, remains a mystery. But on the following afternoon the Americanism Committee found itself upon the front pages of the metropolitan dailies beneath such headlines as:

REPRESENTATIVES OF THE LEGION FOR FREEDOM OF SPEECH

LEGION SWINGS TO THE LEFT

REVOLT IN THE LEGION

This unforeseen attention was startling. But pouring in from other parts of the country came clippings and more headlines:

LEGION DEMANDS FREEDOM OF SPEECH FOR ALL

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LEGION REAFFIRMS STAND FOR LIBERTY

The phones of the committee members began ringing constantly, with calls from reporters and various other individuals requesting information or asking for copies of the book. The next six weeks brought a deluge of mail. Upon stationery ranging from the embossed pages of Wall Street to grimy postcards in broken English, two hundred requests for the book were received from unknown persons scattered over the United States. They came from school-teachers, university presidents, war-veterans of whom some were wounded men in hospitals, others prominent Legion officials, government officials, and educational experts. Only one was from a crank. Individual requests were followed by quantity orders from Legion Posts and other organizations. These orders could not be met, for, during the first three weeks, the Americanism Committee had distributed all but eighty copies of the book—these eighty being reserved for medal winners in June. The Committee discussed ways and means of producing a second gift-edition with which to meet the demand. It was greatly encouraged by the favorable and unsolicited publicity which the book was receiving, editorial comment being to this effect:

THE LEGION MOVES FORWARD

STRAIGHT SHOOTING

REAL AMERICANISM

The Committee was especially gratified by the thought that it had unwittingly brought national prestige to fellow-veterans, represented by the American Legion. But it was also bewildered.

The Committee reviewed its work. It could discover nothing to account for the success of the 1200-word speech which was simply an elementary reaffirmation of American idealism—old stuff—and a declaration of democracy's traditional abhorrence of dictatorships, containing such platitudinous statements as the following:

"The true American spirit—Americanism is expressed in a determined and magnificent human struggle to achieve Democracy, Justice, and Liberty. The fundamental aim of this struggle is to maintain for all Americans the opportunity to enjoy the abundance of nature and to acquire such products of their cooperative labor as are essential to their life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness.

"Democracy means an equality of opportunity.

"Justice means the equality of all before the law.

"Liberty means opportunity for self-expression and self-development. It guarantees, among other freedoms, the freedom of religious worship, and above all else Freedom of Speech. Liberty demands freedom of speech because without freedom of speech there can be no search for the truth. . . .

"Most important, is Freedom of Education. . . . The freedom of teachers to teach facts without bias and of scholars to learn facts without bias must never cease. . . .

"Never was it more necessary than now for all Americans to support their right to freedom of speech and freedom to listen and learn."

Following a reference to foreign political changes with their attendant new ideas, the text continued:

"Believing in freedom of speech for others as well as for ourselves . . . Americans practice tolerance. . . . Sometimes it is difficult to bear with opinions which seem absurd or dangerous. Yet it is necessary to do so if we are to understand them and test them with our own intelligence, make use of the good, and discard the unsuitable. Out of this clash of opinion and this experimentation comes progress toward truth."

Examples of intolerance were followed by a quotation from Lincoln.

"Americans," said the booklet, "are not afraid of change. A society which does not permit change does not permit growth or improvement. It is dead."

The development of America into a world power since the days of the pioneer was commented upon and the fact that the Founding Fathers "believed that changes could be accomplished by means of orderly and democratic processes of government. Wise men know that the use of violence, producing chaos, is not only a savage but a wasteful, therefore stupid, means of bringing about change. Use of violence breeds more violence. If civilization is to develop, reason must take the place of brute force. . . .

"Americans, in their struggle for democracy, stand forever opposed to dictatorship by a person or by any special group."

A reference was made to the difficulties of attaining the Ideal. But the conviction was expressed that, "with the discovery of truths our imagination is trained, our minds learn to search for more and more truths. . . . To the mind of an intelligent man the horizon is always far ahead. With faith in our ideals we continue this exciting search for truths."

And the booklet ended with an appeal for civic honesty and responsibility. "Only by sturdily holding to this struggle for these ideals," it said, "can we defeat ignorance and tyranny and preserve Democracy, Justice, and Liberty."

Our bewilderment at the excitement caused by this recitation of American principles was destined to be increased by a new series of events which can best be described as "untoward."

IV

The Americanism Committee, continuing to receive congratulations and editorial praise, was cheerfully functioning and innocently considering how best to deal with the persistent requests for reprints when a Hearst representative suddenly injected himself into its affairs. Privately enlisting the sympathy of stooges within the Legion, he canvassed the New York County Legionnaires, pointing out to them that the book was rife with subtleties, insidious in their intent. An American eagle and stars had been used as a decorative running-head upon each page of the book. This eagle and stars were printed in red. In Red! The donated paper had been made in Japan—in Japan! (Clever little people!) The book's production represented an outlay of no less than $400; obviously it had been financed from a slush-fund whose source must be exposed by those Legionnaires who understood their duties as 100 per cent Americans! Approaching the New York County Commander, Joseph V. McCabe, the Hearst representative—not himself a veteran—cryptically threatened: "The book had better be withdrawn—or else!"

The whispering campaign bore fruit. To the support of Hearst and the

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stooges suddenly came galloping the Knight in Shining Armour, none other than Homer L. Chaillaux, Director of the National Americanism Commission in the Legion's National Headquarters at Indianapolis. As a friendly gesture a copy of the book had, upon publication, been sent to Legion Headquarters by the Chairman of New York's Americanism Committee, Miss Irene Boyd, an ex-army-nurse who saw twenty months' service with the A. E. F. in France, a past-Commander of her Legion Post, who has given fifteen years of arduous volunteer service to the Legion. The Director of National Americanism acknowledged the book with a friendly and appreciative letter. But twenty-four hours later a second letter was received. From its flurried and obscure phraseology it was evident that, having undergone some mysterious change of spirit, the Director regretted the friendly tone of his earlier letter. For he now wrote, the booklet "looks very much like an illegitimate offspring, not closely enough identified with the American Legion!" Commenting further, he said, "We find nowhere the name of the author. . . ." He also "noted the raised and flaming torch with its striking similarity to the left-wing Socialist emblem." Concerning the small illustrations (which I had drawn and inserted for purposes of decoration and emphasis) he wished to know what "ulterior motive had the artist in drawing illustrations akin to the usual subversive placards?" and referred to them as being "in typical Stalin fashion. . . ." Observing the book's statement that "Today the welfare of peoples on the opposite side of the globe is of definite importance to our own welfare," he protested that he "did not approve of the typical subversive advocacy of the idea that our own welfare depends upon the welfare of the people on the opposite side of the globe."

The startled Americanism Committee was thereafter ordered to appear before New York's County Executive Committee for interrogation. The name of the author, we explained, had not appeared for a variety of reasons and by mutual consent. The book was, for instance, an official publication of the Committee which, approving the text, had made several minor improvements. Also the Committee had decided that there should be no personal touch which might distract attention from the impersonal presentation of the important text. And, finally, for any individual to have claimed authorship of a compilation of statements brazenly lifted from the Bill of Rights, the Constitution, the Declaration of Independence, and from the minds of a dozen American patriots, historical and living, would have been not only discreditable but preposterous!

But I was now unmasked! Not only as the guilty author, but also as the even-more-guilty artist who, with one eye upon the Statue of Liberty and assuming that Lady Liberty knew what she was about, had decorated the title-page with that symbol, the torch-in-hand! Ignorant of the dark significance of an open landscape, I had drawn a country road, leading nowhere save to a distant horizon; also a pioneer American couple in a covered wagon (the stooges did not know that, out of sheer laziness, I had copied this one from a drawing I had once done for a Hearst magazine!); a modern city skyline, symbolizing the complicated industrial present; the steel-clad feet of Dictatorship trampling upon Freedom; and an infant being taught to walk. Twelve hundred copies of the book had been produced—a limited gift-edition with hand-set typography from the Press of the Woolly Whale, expensive paper, three-color printing and board binding—donated by leading members of the printing trades in New York, sympathetic to the text and also to the production of a book which, attractive in appearance, would appeal to a child. Miscellaneous expenses—postage, envelopes, stenography—were met with a fifty-dollar donation from the Willard Straight Post, No. 842. In explanation of its slush-fund, the Committee was obliged to confess that beyond this fifty-dollar gift there was none: the beautiful gift-edition had been panhandled from those individuals and firms whose cooperation was acknowledged in the colophon upon the final page.

The New York Executive Committee of the American Legion, in solemn conclave assembled, forbade further distribution of the dangerous book. In other words, a representative body of veterans, a cross-section of the Legion, went on record as being opposed to a book which—its language simplified for children—was neither more nor less than a plea for the Justice, Liberty, and Democracy which are guaranteed by the 100 per cent American documents forming America's bulwarks.

And once again the publicity flamed. But its tenor had changed. In the columns of a conservative paper an internationally known journalist protested the book's suppression in an article whose ironical title was "The Subversive Goddess." And headlines now read:

LEGION ATTACKS NEW YORK BRANCH WHICH DEMANDS FREE SPEECH

COUNTY LEGION GROUP REBUKES FREEDOM OF SPEECH

HEIL HEARST!

V

The effect of all this has been most curious.

The path of the liberal in these days has been a difficult one because he clings to his faith in the ultimate reasonableness and educability of mankind upon which the ideals of Democracy are predicted. And the difficult road is lonely; for the liberal has neither the solidarity of a class-conscious group nor an organization with screaming slogans and Party Orders upon which to lean.

The sixteen members of the Americanism Committee, representing a cross-section of the Legion, were political strangers to each other. Not avowedly a liberal group, they could have chosen the "safe" course. They could have quietly capitulated and been blessed by the reactionary opposition. But they had come to share a common belief in the fundamental principles of Americanism as defined in their book. United they stood by their chairman whose championship of the book was supported by the County Commander of New York and a number of large Posts in the County. The road of the liberal became less lonely. Shoulder to shoulder, these new-found liberals marched, as it became apparent that something more than a gift for school children, that Americanism itself was at stake.

Heartened by its significant local

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support, the Committee was convinced that at the next regular County Meeting the ban of the Executive Committee would be lifted and permission granted to reprint the book and to present the eighty copies to eighty "Good Citizens" of New York County's public schools. But the opposition, now protesting that it had not yet "had time" to read the 1200-word text whose suppression it had achieved, succeeded in postponing its consideration for another thirty days.

The opposition was undoubtedly convinced that, after a delay, the book could be quietly strangled. The opposition erred in its strategy. Refusal to discuss the book was interpreted by the press as a rejection of the text. And the storm which broke, although centered in New York, spread over the nation.

In itself the book was no longer important, the public was now concerned with the Legion's attitude toward Americanism. What was the actual quality of this Americanism which it opposed? Excerpts from the suppressed text appeared in a dozen publications and were broadcast by radio commentators. The text was reprinted in full by a liberal daily in New York, a national liberal weekly, and an Oklahoma City daily which, reaching a widespread rural population, has a circulation of more than 55,000. As a consequence, the Committee's fan-mail, once more heavy, bore the postmarks of villages in regions as far apart as Texas, Oregon, and the Carolinas. The entire text was also read into *The Congressional Record* by Representative Maury Maverick in the course of a speech defending civil liberties. Within three weeks Representative Maverick received more than 2000 requests for copies of this speech, for the most part from Legionnaires, since he is a well-known leader in Legion affairs.

A typical headline now read:

FIGHT TO LIBERALIZE LEGION DRAWS SUPPORT ALL OVER U. S.

And the Committee continued to be deluged with requests for this book it was prohibited from reprinting.

The National Executive Committee of the American Legion, taking note of the local failure to strangle the booklet, went into a huddle and came out with some astounding discoveries about the book. For instance, in designing the title-page, I had surrounded the torch-in-hand with stars of which I had, for æsthetic reasons or, to be more accurate, for the sake of balance, inked in three, leaving the others in outline. The national officials discovered in these stars the subtle innuendo which had heretofore gone unnoticed—even by myself. Three were black! Three were white! Obviously the six stars were a subversive plea for racial equality in these, our United States! The national executives, like the local opposition, avoided a straightforward attack upon the text of the book; but they hastened to issue a pronouncement in the form of a memorandum to all Department Commanders which, following a sarcastic reference to "Americanism: What is it?" ordered that "prior to the publication and dissemination of any document purporting to bear Legion sponsorship or endorsed with the Legion emblem, the text and format thereof be first submitted to National Headquarters of the American Legion in order that there may be no deviation from established national policy."

In 1933 the Willard Straight Post of New York, having expressed its opinion publicly against civil-service preference for veterans and, later, against the veterans' bonus, was expelled from the Legion. The Legion, to which any World War veteran is eligible, is not a private organization. And, flawlessly noble in sentiment, the preamble to its constitution begins: "For God and country we associate ourselves together for the following purposes." The first of these is "To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States." Demanding its constitutional right of free speech, the Willard Straight Post brought suit for reinstatement against the American Legion. This suit was won by the Post through the Court of Appeals of New York State, all courts upholding the decision of Mr. Justice Albert Cohn who had said:

"The regulation is not only an unwarranted assumption of authority . . . but is opposed to the spirit of our State Constitution and our Federal Constitution. . . . The charter of the Willard Straight Post was unlawfully revoked."

The National Executive Committee's oppressive order was illegal—at least in the State of New York. And the fate of the book continued to rest, therefore, with New York.

Sixty days elapsed after the previous County Meeting, sixty days during which individual Legionnaires and scattered Legion Posts had publicly defended the book. Defense of Americanism was surely to be expected in the meeting. These New York County delegates were the representatives of over 10,000 Legionnaires, veterans of that citizen army which had cut a path through the white-hot hell of Belleau Wood; which had blasted its way from war-scarred village to war-scarred village across the Republic of France, leaving behind a trail of comrades to rot in the blood-soaked mud; citizens who had given the best years of their youth to Make the World Safe for Democracy, who had fought against Absolutism and Oppression. The County Committee convened . . . the booklet was repudiated.

The Legion's members are, by virtue of the preamble to their constitution, pledged "To safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of Justice, Freedom, and Democracy." *For posterity*—the New York County organization triumphantly voted out of existence the book intended for school children, a book whose repudiation put more than 10,000 New York veterans (and indirectly the whole Legion), 10,000 American citizens, 10,000 American voters on record as opposed to the fundamental principles of American idealism—to Justice, Freedom, and Democracy.

Americanism's defeat at the hands of its own supporters was announced by the press with one final blast of publicity—the tone of which was now consistently inimical to the Legion. And typical of the headlines was the following above an editorial:

THE LEGION SUBMITS

VI

Submits to what?

This question brings others in its train. Is the general membership of the Legion submitting to the control of an entrenched minority of policy-makers, who, known as "King-Makers" in certain Legion circles, are in turn controlled by reactionary groups outside the Legion? Or is the suppression of the book in accord with the sentiments of a vast majority, suffering from mental

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confusion which manifests itself in demands for loyalty-oaths, in the suppression of liberalism and in Red-baiting. These questions cannot be lightly ignored, for their answers are of grave concern to not only the Legionnaires but to all liberal-minded Americans.

It is true that in New York, opposition to the book was touched off by an outsider, by a salaried busybody who was not in search of good clean fun. And it is also true that the origin of the opposition in Headquarters remains unknown. However, reviewing the arguments against the book, one finds them fumbling and inane, symptomatic of mental confusion rather than of a policy. And early in the book's erratic career, the Americanism Committee began to discover that large numbers of Legionnaires—both critical and sympathetic—were confused about the fundamental rights which are guaranteed by their own American form of government. Infinitely more discouraging was the discovery of a universal tendency to avoid discussion—to avoid the responsibilities of thought. The opposition's adherents were content to parrot the criticisms, focussed upon irrelevant details, while many of the Committee's most loyal sympathizers were, for the most part, content to uphold the Committee without thorough analysis. In the meantime, both factions displayed an identical disinclination to face issues involved in the suppression—issues likely to become matters of life and death for them as Americans.

New York's Legionnaires represent a cross-section of the Legion, which has 800,000 members. But they also represent—and this is the important point—a cross-section of the American public. It must be assumed, therefore, that millions of our citizens, ignorant of American principles and prone to stick their heads in the sand at sight of living issues, are in a chronic state of perplexity. This is dangerous. For the perplexed are always vulnerable. Perplexed people are easily infected with fear, and fear is easily exploited by the unscrupulous or reckless. They shrink from anything the demagogs tell them is "radicalism," because it seems by its very label to threaten their security. Colored shirts, symbols of the security which mass organization offers, are easily donned by the insecure. And it is not difficult for the frightened to justify the brutalities of tar-and-feather parties.

The liberals must chart their course. As individuals and groups they must make plain their position and, accepting the cross-fire of attack from Right and from Left, state their goal. They must state this goal for themselves and for those who, as yet, have neither camp nor goal. This they owe not only to each other but also to the perplexed. And that they will not travel alone is testified to by recent developments within the American Legion.

VII

The story of the book did not end with the suppression. For, while the opposition to it had gained impetus, the final votes of the delegates to the County Committee were almost evenly divided: sixty-six in its favor and seventy-seven against it. And the sixty-six represented men who had become champions of its text while many among the seventy-seven put internal politics—the favor of a local "boss," or "King-Maker"—above the text's import.

A spontaneous liberal movement, meanwhile, is in the process of being born within the Legion, within this cross-section of the American public. This liberal movement, developing spontaneously, is not yet vociferous, save in a few quarters. Nevertheless, it is boldly apparent throughout the Wisconsin Department, in one California District, in Texas, Oklahoma, New Jersey, and New York, as well as among isolated groups of Legionnaires.

Indications of this new liberal trend were surprisingly apparent also in the July address of an official representing National Commander Ray Murphy before the National Education Association convening in Portland.

"Americanism is not to be attained by force or coercion," he said. "Americanism does not consist of throwing children into jail because they might fail to salute the flag. And neither does Americanism consist of enforcing compulsory oaths of loyalty upon any class of citizens.

"The National Commander has authorized me to say that, while he thinks the American Legion, and any other American organization, should take the necessary legal action to stop the teaching of subversive doctrines in American schoolrooms, if such teaching should exist, he believes the Legion would make a mistake if it advocated the teacher's oath bill."

The credit for initiating this liberal movement, unprecedented in Legion history, cannot be attributed to the book. But the book, with its statement of American idealism, appeared at an opportune moment. For the controversy which it provoked appears to have crystallized liberal opinion, heretofore nebulous. There is, in this, a lesson for all liberals.

As far as official action of the Legion is concerned, the book is dead, for the moment. But it is actually far from it. During the turmoil surrounding the suppression, an enterprising publisher issued a reprint, from which royalties will accrue to the New York County Americanism Committee. It differs from the original only in the omission of the Legion's emblem and sponsorship. I am sorry that the "Good Citizens" were deprived of the gift-edition which, I am sure, would have pleased them. However, in June, twelve "Good Citizens" did receive copies of the commerical edition, presented to them by twelve veterans, twelve new liberals of the New York County Legion.

Meanwhile, there are indications that the book's definition of Americanism is to be raised at the Legion's National Convention in September. The whole Legion will then be in a position to declare itself as supporting the Bill of Rights, the American Constitution, and the Declaration of Independence by removing the ban from the book which was issued for children who never had a chance to see it, but whose text has become the symbol of a new spirit of liberalism within the Legion and has shown many of them the necessity for a vigilant defense of even the most elementary of our liberties. Or it can reveal itself as a body of former patriots, in the grip of a reactionary leadership, and ripe for demagogs. Is the American Legion American, or is it not?

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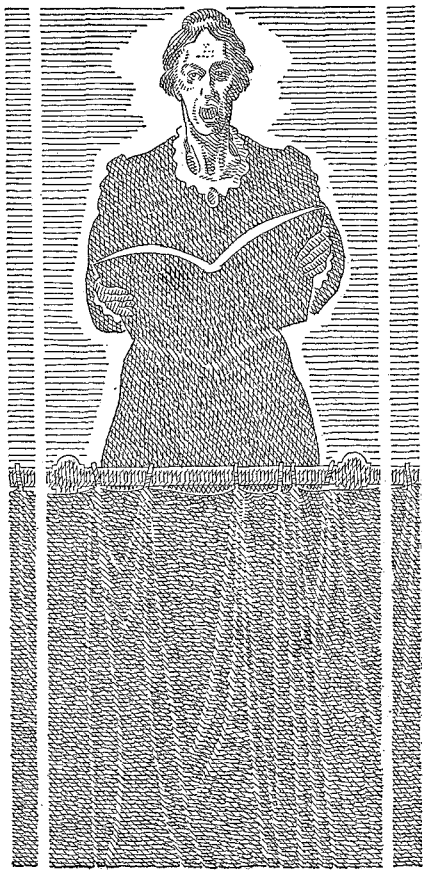
An Enemy of the People

A STORY

By Morley Callaghan

It is true that Luella Stevens at sixty-eight was a little too old to be singing in the choir of our church, but there was no one in the parish who ever remembered the time when she had not sung her solo at the eleven o'clock mass. Any one in the congregation who glanced up at the delicate face with the detached expression of this plainly dressed, frail little woman realized that if the parish had ever had good days with large attendances at the masses, then she, with the possible exception of old Catherine Hogan who played the organ, was the only one who could remember them. And for a long time everybody was glad to have Luella Stevens up there in the choir.

The new, poorer people in town, or the farmers who drove in to church on Sundays, were uneasy when talking to Luella Stevens because she would never let them forget that she came from an old and once influential family. She had been the only daughter of a doctor. She lived alone now in an unpretentious brick cottage. People used to make up stories about how pretty she had been once, and how she had been in love years ago with a man who had gone to Chicago and become a wealthy merchant and the father of a large family. For a great many years afterwards, they said, she had cherished her secret unfulfilled love until it was too late to bother with any one else. Then her father had died, the people she had grown up with had gone away or were dead, too. The town had begun to decline and the only place that remained the same for Luella through the years as it had been for her in her youth, as it had been for her family and the man who had been her lover and gone to Chicago, was the



parish church and the choir with Catherine Hogan at the organ.

And yet there was no longer any use pretending that Luella still had the beautiful voice of her youth. After mass on Sundays old parishioners like Mrs. Todd, the stout, stubborn-faced wife of the town flour-and-feed merchant, began to say, "My goodness, did you hear Luella Stevens today? I declare upon my soul she was positively shouting. Her voice is gone completely. Some one ought to tell the poor woman."

When this was said, prominent ladies of the parish, standing on the sidewalk under the trees in front of the church nodded their heads gravely as if at last a scandal of tremendous importance had crept into the stagnant life of the town. Those who hardly ever listened to the choir made up their minds to listen eagerly next Sunday.

Not knowing that her neighbors were now listening to her with a new rapt attention, Luella stood up next Sunday and, with as much confidence as she had had at any time during the last thirty-five years, shouted at the top of her voice. Luella was aware, of course, that her voice was no longer a girl's voice, but by attacking the high notes with an extra measure of enthusiasm she imagined she got over them very nicely. On this Sunday those who had come to pass judgment on frail Luella Stevens turned in their pews and gawked up at her aristocratic old face and soon their own faces were full of indignation at the way she was shouting. Even those who had never quite realized that there was music and many old songs in the world were now horrified at the way Luella shouted. And the fidgeting young ladies of the choir were aware that at last, judging by the way heads kept turning round, people were noticing Luella; they were so embarrassed that they dropped their own voices in shame and they sang so listlessly that the young priest, Father Malone, who had been in the parish only a year, looked up, wondering what was the matter.

After that mass Mrs. Todd went around to the priest's house to speak to Father Malone. The priest confessed frankly that he thought Luella Stevens's voice disrupted the whole choir. The wife of the flour-and-feed merchant and the priest shook their heads

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sadly, talked in a low grave tone and wondered who ought to speak to Luella. "Catherine Hogan is the one, she's been there as long as Luella," Mrs. Todd said in triumph. "A splendid suggestion," said the priest. He thanked Mrs. Todd warmly for her exemplary interest in the matter and then accepted an invitation to play cards next Tuesday night with her and her husband and their family.

So one Sunday when the two old women, Catherine Hogan and Luella Stevens, were on their way home from church they got into a discussion about church music and their own choir in particular. Catherine Hogan, the organist, was stooped and positively withered compared with Luella, who walked proudly upright. "Did you ever think, Luella, of letting some of the younger girls take some of the solos you've had so long?" Catherine insinuated. "Just so there'll be some chance for their advancement."

"It never entered my head," Luella said.

"There are those, and mind now, I'm not saying who they are, who think your voice isn't what it was, Luella, and that you shouldn't be singing so much at your age."

"At my age, Catherine Hogan? And doesn't any one seem to remember that you, at seventy-two, are four years older than I am. Where's your own memory, Catherine? Why, when I was a child I always thought you were too old for me to play with. You know you were always far ahead of me in school like one of the older girls. I've always thought of you like that and will to my dying day. And isn't your own eyesight failing you, Catherine?"

Catherine Hogan was full of rage, knowing that Luella was deliberately making her out to be an old woman when actually everybody in town knew she could play that organ blindfolded, that it didn't matter if she had to be carried into the choir on a bed with her eyesight gone, she would still know the music. And she was so offended she made up her mind never to mention the subject to Luella again.

When she was alone in her cottage, cooking her dinner, Luella, muttering to herself, said, "Old Catherine's mind must be wandering, the poor thing." She simply could not bear to think of leaving the choir. Instead of eating the food she had cooked she sat at the end of the table remembering all the tiffs she had had with Catherine in the last forty years; she thought of jealous women, of newer ones in the parish scheming to have their daughters take her place in the choir, and she grew frightened, wondering what there would be left in her life if her enemies were successful. Standing rigid on the floor, her lips began to move and soon she was giving every one in the parish who had ever displeased her a thorough tongue lashing.

And on Sunday, as if to threaten those who would deprive her of her rightful place above them, she gave full throat to her favorite hymn, singing more bravely than ever. Yet never was it so apparent as on that morning that the woman was simply shouting, that the last bit of sweetness had gone forever from her voice. Young people, who by this time had taken an interest in the matter, began to snicker. Mrs. Todd and Mr. J. T. Higgins, the undertaker, turned and looked up at Luella with a withering severity, and then, glancing at each other and screwing up their lips in disgust, they felt they positively despised the arrogant woman. The whole congregation, looking up at Luella when she had finished singing, began to feel that somehow she was making a shameful mockery of them all by refusing to retire. When they bent their heads piously to pray they felt she really had become their enemy.

After the mass the priest, a tall man with powerful shoulders and a blunt nervous way of speaking, was white-faced, and when he left the altar he fumbled with his vestments, calling sharply to the altar boys who were beside him, "Quick, go up to the choir and tell Miss Stevens I want to speak to her."

When Miss Stevens came in, smiling benevolently at the young priest she was always so anxious to help, he stopped pacing up and down and dropped his hands at his sides. He wanted to blurt out, "You've become a perfect nuisance, I tell you. You distract me. I can't offer up the mass. I can't pray and listen to your terrible shouting," but controlling himself and taking a deep breath, he said, "Miss Stevens, I noticed for the first time today that your voice was failing. I noticed your voice distinctly. Perhaps you feel you've served the choir long enough."

"For over thirty years," she said coldly.

"Yes, indeed. I believe you're sixty-eight."

"Catherine Hogan was seventy-two last July," Luella said triumphantly.

"I don't care how old Catherine Hogan is," the priest, who was exasperated, said. "I don't want to be harsh. I'd like to have you pick up the suggestion yourself. However, I'll say frankly I think you ought to leave the choir."

"I understand," Luella said tartly. Bowing coldly, she went out. She meant that she understood that those who were scheming for her position were now successful, and with her head tossing, she walked past the little crowd of people standing in the sunlight in front of the church, not noticing how outraged they were as they stared at her.

It was only when she was going down the old gray dust road, the road she had taken every Sunday of her life, that she began to feel frightened. By the time she got to the bridge over Swinnerton's Creek she was dazed. Leaning against the rail, she trembled and looked back over the road she had come. It had got so that now there was only one main road in her life, the road from her cottage to the church. She wondered what had happened to her life, for though she had stood on this bridge often when she was a little girl, often, too, when she was in love, and many times afterwards when she was alone, she had never had such a helpless feeling as she had now.

Luella Stevens went a little late to mass the next Sunday. She went in timidly like a stranger entering a great cathedral in a foreign city and she stood in the last pew at the back of the church. Those around her, who noticed her, could hardly stop smiling and nudging each other, and if they hadn't been praying they would have burst into loud, hearty laughter. But Luella felt lost down there at the back of the church: she couldn't remember the last time she had been there, it was so long ago.

Everything went peacefully except that when it was time for her solo Luella began to hum, and then, me-

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chanically, she began to sing, though she kept her voice as low as possible.

A week later she moved up a little closer to the altar where she could feel more at home, and she hummed and hummed and even sang a little louder. Mr. J. T. Higgins, the undertaker, nudged her sternly, but she simply moved away politely as if she understood that he wanted more room. The priest turned uneasily on the altar. Luella, noticing none of these things, was not aware of the rage and contempt they were all feeling for her.

Wetting his moustaches, the undertaker went on turning page after page of his prayer book, and then finally he leaned over and whispered, "Would you please stop humming and singing? It's impossible for me to concentrate on spiritual things."

"My goodness," Luella whispered. "Has it got so that a poor body can't hum to herself the songs she's been singing for years?"

But the priest could stand it no longer and turning on the altar and looking over the heads of everybody, he said firmly, "There must be no noise in the church during mass."

Glaring angrily at the undertaker, Luella tried to say to him with her eyes, "You see, by talking away and making a fuss like a small boy you humiliate both of us in this way. God forgive you," but she really thought the priest was probably referring to small boys at the back of the church whose parents had raised them to be little savages.

Soon no one would sit in the pew with Luella. By herself like this, she felt free. She sang quite loudly. It was impossible for those around her to pray. It was impossible for any one, including the priest, to think of God when she shouted a high note, so they thought, instead, of Luella and what a stupid, arrogant, shameless woman she was, defying them all. They began to hate her. They wanted to hurt her so she would leave the parish forever. The priest, stalking down from the altar with long strides, looked as if he wanted to keep on going right down the aisle, out of the church, and out of the town.

While every man and woman in the parish who had self-respect and a love of the church was standing out on the sidewalk muttering and whispering of her scandalous conduct, Luella Stevens was going home meekly. And in the priest's house, Father Malone was sending a message to Hector Haines and Henry Barton, two sober, middle-aged, prominent laymen, to come and see him on urgent business.

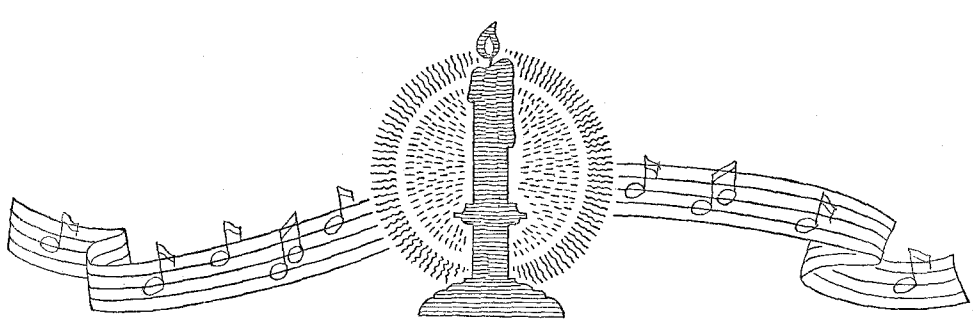
And when the laymen were alone with him in his library, the priest, shrugging his shoulders and throwing up his hands helplessly, said, "I can't go on saying mass if these things keep on. I'm going to rely on you two men. Lord in heaven, it's a perfect scandal." Henry Barton and Hector Haines, two big, substantial men, cleared their throats and expressed a devout indignation. They were flattered to think the priest had come to them for assistance. The three of them talked gravely and bitterly, planning a way to handle Luella Stevens.

In her pew up at the front of the church next Sunday Luella Stevens, almost cheerful now to be there, found herself singing with the choir as she had done for thirty years. And as soon as Catherine Hogan sounded the organ note for Luella's old hymn, Luella began to shout as though she had never left the choir.

Up on the altar the priest, kneeling with his hands clasped, lowered his dark head deeper into his shoulders: and then at last he stood up and said clearly, "Will some one please take that woman out of the church."

Hector Haines and Henry Barton, who were ready in the pew across the aisle waiting for this signal, stepped over quickly and grabbed Luella by the shoulders, one on each side of her. The priest had said to them, "Be quick, so there'll be no confusion." Luella looked around, speechless and frightened. The faces of the two huge, prominent laymen were red and severe as they clutched her in their big hands and hustled her down the aisle. They towered over the small woman, grabbing her as though they were burly policemen throwing a thug out of a dance hall, rushing her down the center aisle.

It was odd the way those who stared at her frightened face, as she passed, felt that they were seeing the end of something. Mrs. Todd, the flour-and-feed merchant's wife, ducked her head and suddenly began to weep, and she only looked up to whisper, with her face bursting with indignation, "Oh, dear, this is so shameful." All the others there stirred and shifted miserably in their pews: some wanted to jump up and cry out angrily, "This is an outrage. Who is responsible for this?" and they glared their bitter silent protests at each other. "If she were one of mine there'd be trouble about this, I tell you," Mr. J. T. Higgins, the undertaker, muttered, his face red with resentment. But the quieter ones were so humiliated that they could not bear to raise their heads. And the priest, who had not counted on the great zeal of his two prominent laymen, thought, "God help us. What have we done?" and he was so distracted he could hardly go on with the prayers.



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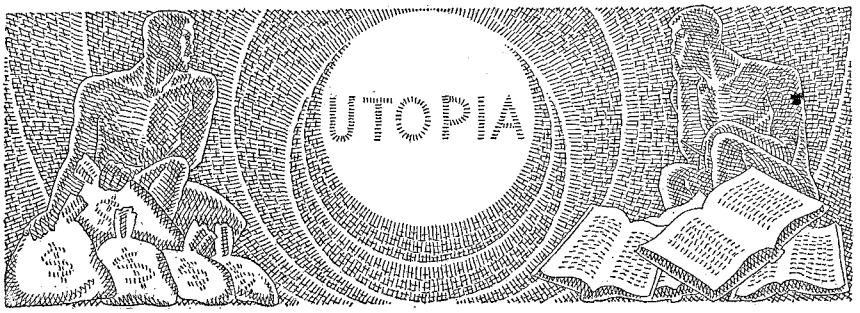

Modern Utopians

By Reinhold Niebuhr

The hypocrisy of the tories and the utopianism of the radicals needlessly aggravate social discussion in these days of change

It is unfortunate that social controversy in critical periods of history should be unnecessarily aggravated and the mind of nations be needlessly confused by the hypocrisy of the tories and the utopianism of the radicals. The former affect to believe that the imperilled society which they are defending is the only possible basis of social peace and progress while the latter, with greater sincerity but with no more truth, insist that the new social forms which they advocate will cure society of all its ills. History proves both similar fears and similar hopes to be groundless.

In our contemporary situation the capitalists insist that only their social organization can provide adequate incentives for social cooperation and furnish the necessary mechanism of social cohesion. Their theory that the hope of profit is the only adequate motive of socially useful toil is belied by the fact that the vast majority of men in a capitalistic society perform their several functions without the inspiration of such a hope. Their contention that capitalistic social organization automatically makes for mutual accord and social peace is disproved by every event of contemporary history in which the inherent anarchy of the system and its inability to preserve peace and security are revealed by cumulative evidence. Yet even the most convincing proof does not prevent consistent tories from regretting whatever concessions to the ideal of social control they may have made or have been forced to make, and from contending that a relaxation of this control would heal their sick society. This argument is rationally so absurd that one is forced to conclude, as indeed all history proves, that imperilled oligarchies are neither able nor willing to think clearly and honestly; and that their dishonesties are frequently so patent and blatant that they must be attributed to conscious perversity rather than unconscious self-deception.

The confusion in the thought of the radicals arises from a different source. Their romantic utopianism is the consequence of the tension under which rebels against an established society and traditional values must live. The leaders of radicalism spend their lives in analyzing the defects of the system which they seek to overthrow; and the rank and file of their followers are the victims of these defects in their own experience. Both therefore naturally incline to attribute every evil to which the human flesh is heir solely to the particular social organization which they seek to transmute or destroy. Furthermore the hope of a millennium is the natural dream of all souls sensitive enough to feel the injustices of the hour keenly. Injustice is not challenged if justice is not felt to be a reality. Since it is not a present reality it must be given a locus in either the past or the future of history. Sober thought ought to convince even the purest idealist that history relativizes all ideals; but robust social action, particularly rebellious action, is not always the fruit of sober thought. Men seem to require the intoxication of the vision of the absolute if they are to contend robustly against malignant power.

The utopianism of the eighteenth century persuaded its dreamers to expect the millennium as the fruit of universal suffrage and universal education. Their dreams ended in disillusionment and gave us the sorry realities of our day. Now we are in the process of learning that the equalization of political power does not yield justice if the more potent economic power is left disproportionately in the hands of a few and allowed to bend political power to its will: nor that increasing the literacy of citizens will give them a perfect defense against their oppressors as long as the latter control the organs which mould public opinion.

Disillusionment in democracy may persuade our generation that all dreams of perfect justice are vain; but it must also encourage us to analyze the problem of justice anew. If this is done, no conclusion is more obvious than the conviction that injustice is the inevitable fruit of irresponsible and disproportionate power, that economic power is the most significant and basic form of power in modern society and that relative justice therefore depends upon the socialization of this type of power. Thus modern society progresses naturally from the democratic to the socialistic hope. The socialistic hope is valid not as the augury of a perfect society but as the promise of the only possible social organization compatible with the necessities of a technical age. The high degree of mechanical interdependence of a technical civilization becomes insufferable if the mechanisms of our social life are under the control of private individuals who, by virtue of the power of ownership, are able to prefer personal advantage to communal welfare in their manipulation of the social process.

This conclusion would be much more obvious if socialists and communists

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did not obscure it by making impossible Utopian claims for the policy of social ownership and promise a society free of every form of social conflict and tyranny. The symbol of communist utopianism is its theory of the withering away of the state. The state, according to communist theory, is not a necessary organ of social cohesion but only a tool of class oppression. It is used by the bourgeoisie for the oppression of the workers and it will be used by the workers for the suppression of the capitalists; but once the process of liquidating the class foes of the workers is accomplished, the need of coercion in social life will disappear and gradually a state of ideal anarchy will emerge in which each will give according to his ability and take according to his need.

The theory of the withering away of the state is based upon the assumption that both the collective egoism of nations and the egoism of individuals is solely the fruit of the class organization of society. The theory therefore assumes that in a classless society no coercion will ultimately be required to harmonize the conflicting interests of men and no danger will exist that the will-to-live and the will-to-power of national units in an international society will come in conflict with each other. There is nothing in the evidence of history to justify the belief that the historic class organization of society is alone responsible for the tendency of men and societies to take advantage of each other. It would be truer to say that the class organization is a consequence of this tendency in the human heart. It may therefore be checked and minimized but not abolished in a society in which power is equalized and held under social control.

It would be unfair to Marxism to suggest that it regards its dictatorship of the proletariat as the Utopia of its dreams. Marx declares: "In a higher phase of communist society, when the enslaving subordination of individuals in the division of labor has disappeared, and with it also the antagonism between mental and physical labor—when along with the all-round development of individuals, the productive forces too have grown and the springs of wealth are flowing more freely, it is only at that stage that it will be possible to pass beyond the narrow horizon of 'bourgeois' rights and for a society to inscribe on its banners: from each according to his ability and to each according to his needs."

The transition period is envisaged as a time of preparation for the Utopia. The proof of its transitional character lies in the fact that it still deals with "rights" though it enforces equal rights. Lenin declares: "Bourgeois rights with respect to distribution of articles of consumption inevitably presupposes of course the existence of the bourgeois state, for rights are nothing without an apparatus capable of enforcing the observance of rights.—Consequently for a certain time not only bourgeois rights but even the bourgeois state remains under communism without the bourgeoisie." The only difference from the old bourgeois state will be that it will enforce equality: "Immediately after the attainment of equality for all members of society in respect of the ownership of the means of production, that is, of equality of wages and equality of labor, there will inevitably arise for humanity the question of going from formal to real equality. —The whole of society will have become one office and one factory with equal work and equal pay. But this factory discipline is by no means our ideal or our final aim. It is but a foothold—to advance farther. From the moment that all members of society, or even only the overwhelming majority have learned to govern the state themselves—from this moment the need for any government begins to disappear." It is very clear from this logic that the ultimate anarchism of communism justifies itself by attributing all tendencies of men to take advantage of each other to their corruption by the "bourgeois spirit." Thus every temptation to injustice in modern Russia is attributed to the vestigial remnants of the capitalistic spirit and justifies the maximization of the power of the very state which is ultimately to wither away.

That the bourgeois spirit should survive in a state in which there are no bourgeoisie is admitted by Lenin to be one of those "dialectical puzzles," the understanding of which is hidden from the wise and revealed to the babes who have imbibed the pure milk of dialectic philosophy. The utopianism of communism is thus not a mere harmless over-belief. It rests upon an insupportable analysis of the human and social situation, and must inevitably result in a political strategy which needlessly intensifies the social struggle. The inevitable tendency of human beings to be more interested in their own needs than in those of others and to prefer their advantage to that of others, the natural egoism of the human heart, in short, is falsely attributed solely to the capitalistic system. As a consequence every revelation of it gives a proletarian dictatorship a new reason for sharpening its force and seeking to destroy its class enemies. It furthermore prompts complete blindness to the problem of the temptation under which the man of power stands in any civilization whether he be capitalistic oligarch or communistic commissar. The strong equalitarian tradition of Russian communism prevents its leaders from using their political position to profit materially. But greed is not the only root of social injustice. The will-to-power is a form of egoism which has at times tempted ascetic abbots, totally free of the sin of greed, to maintain a vexatious and tyrannical rule over their monks and there is no reason to believe that ascetic commissars would be totally immune to such temptations.

The belief that a dictatorship ultimately destroys itself by destroying the "bourgeois" egoism which makes it necessary can have no other consequence than to relax the vigilance of society upon its oligarchy or even to prompt the illusion that its oligarchy is saved by some mystical union with the "rank and file" from succumbing to temptations which have assailed men of power through all the ages. If history teaches any lesson rather conclusively it is that an oligarchy, whether priestly, military, capitalistic or communistic, is not to be trusted, if no form of social control is maintained over it. Democracy as a method of arbitrating social conflict may fail in moments of crisis but democracy as a form of social control upon the leaders of society is a perennial necessity of justice. There have been oligarchies before the communistic one, which, in their creative period, were closely identified with their people and only slightly tempted to prefer their pride to the commonweal; and there will be oligarchies after the communistic one

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among whom this temptation will become insuperable, after the first fine careless rapture of the creative era is dissipated.

The error of communism in attributing all egoism to capitalistic society can never be fully disproved to the complete devotee as long as he can appeal to the future for possible validation. But in one respect events in Russia have already discredited Marx and Lenin's description of the transitional period from capitalism to communism. There was to be absolute equality of wage in this period. This formal equality was regarded as falling short of real equality because the needs of men differed. "Different people are not alike," said Lenin, "one is strong, another weak, one is married, the other not, one has more children and the other less." The real equality which would take cognizance of unequal needs would be achieved only in the anarchistic millennium and not in the period in which "bourgeois" rights still prevailed. The developments in Russia do not fulfill this hope of formal equality in the transitional period. Wage differentials and bonuses are rising to constantly higher heights. While some of them are not available for members of the party, yet the one hundred and fifty ruble per month maximum wage for party members has long since doubled and trebled. It is still denied that this is a necessary concession of communist policy to ineradicable tendencies in human nature. The theory is that the policy is a concession to the capitalistic spirit and will cease to be necessary when that spirit has been eradicated. The theory fails to recognize that the hope of a higher wage may be an incentive to diligence even in a society in which the "capitalistic spirit" has been completely destroyed. It would remain efficacious as long as the family is not completely absorbed in the total society: and the hope of securing some special advantage for their family prompted men to a greater diligence than their concern for the community as such. A wise society will seek to prevent this family loyalty from becoming a new source of injustice; but the hope of eliminating it completely springs from an abstract rationalism which is unable to deal realistically with the organic relationships of life.

Failure to deal with the organic aspects of life is probably the root of the Utopian internationalism of communism as well as of its Utopian anarchism. Communist theory envisages an ultimate world community of socialist societies in which no single nation will ever be tempted to profit at the expense of another nation. Imperialism, a form of collective egoism and will-to-power is, like individual egoism, attributed solely to capitalism. With the destruction of capitalism international rivalries will ultimately cease and a world culture will develop. John Strachey expresses the Utopian internationalism of communism in words which cannot be misunderstood. "It must not be supposed that communists consider the existence of separate national cultures, separate languages, and the like, will be a permanent feature of fully developed world communism. Such phenomena belong to the present, not to the ultimate stage of human development. It is clear that man will in the end tire of the inconvenient idiosyncrasies of locality and will wish to pool the cultural heritage of the human race into a world synthesis." The concept of "inconvenient idiosyncrasies of locality" is typical of rationalistic utopianism. By this and other similar concepts communism reveals its kinship with the Utopians of the eighteenth century. The communist differs from the liberal only in finding the source of an evil irrationality not in the ignorance of the individual mind, but in the defect of a social organization.

The fact that all life in its givenness and in its variety is irrational, and that mind and reason are too much the frail flowers which grow upon the stem of this organic life to be able to transcend it completely, invalidates all this rational utopianism. The flowers do indeed turn their faces to the universal sun, but they do not lose the irrational variety of color which nature has given them. French, German, English and other languages are no doubt "inconvenient idiosyncrasies of locality," but just how would one go about creating a rational universal language, or persuade men to accept it, if one could create it? It is true of course that there are universal human experiences which make the whole world kin. But they hardly provide for a "synthesis of world cultures." The greatest art which expresses and illumines these experiences always has its roots solidly in some particular and specific culture and reaches the universal only in some final and transcendent expression of spirituality.

The idea of a completely harmonious world civilization is as Utopian as the expectation of a universal synthesis of cultures. Capitalism undoubtedly aggravates international animosities by tempting each nation to save itself from the chaos of its faulty distribution of wealth by seeking to sell other nations more than it is willing or able to buy from them. This particular cause of international friction will disappear with the passing of capitalism. Nations capable of consuming roughly as much goods as they produce can achieve a greater mutuality of exchange with other nations than is possible for the capitalistic nations at the present moment. But wars between nations and other social units are older than capitalism; and the will-to-power of a strong nation can express itself in other terms than the desire to exploit the economic resources of weaker nations. Napoleonic mperialism was compounded of national pride and fanatic devotion to the cause of the bourgeois revolution. Had Russia's internal economic strength been greater in the past decade she might have developed a similar imperialism. Occasions for such "spiritual" imperialism might conceivably disappear in a world in which socialism or communism had been universally accepted. But such a world is very remote. Meanwhile it is as unrealistic to attribute imperial ambition in nations only to their greed as to identify the will-to-power of individuals solely with their desire to gain material advantages. The contest of Russia and Japan over Mongolia, a possible source of great eastern conflict, is something more than a contest between communism and capitalism. It is a clash of two strong national wills, however much Utopian romanticism may deny the nationalistic motif in the motivation of Russian policy.

Even if a uniform social system throughout the world destroyed the possibility of uniting devotion to political principles with national sentiment, there is no reason to believe that any single unit of a world socialist society would be so wise and so good as never

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to be tempted to seek advantages at the expense of the total community, or that a world government would always have the prestige and the power to prevent the anti-social conduct of some recalcitrant member of the international society. The idea that a world government is merely a rational extension of the principle of federation, as applied to the development of the United States for instance, is one of those rationalistic illusions which takes no account of the limited resources of reason in transcending the perspective, prejudices, and interests of limited communities.

The answer of Utopians to such pessimistic apprehensions is always the same, whether it proceeds from liberal or radical romanticists. They declare that pessimistic reservations upon their Utopian dreams are predicated upon the assumption that human nature does not change, while it is their belief that human nature is surprisingly malleable and is to a large degree the product of its environment. The question is whether they have not confused human nature with human behavior. Human behavior is constantly changing under the influence of various stimuli. The difference in the behavior of a Chinese Buddhist monk, a British aristocrat, a Prussian general, an American go-getter, an expatriated artist, and a Russian worker is very considerable. But a certain common human nature underlies all this varied behavior. Its common characteristics have been obscured by the rationalistic illusions which began in the eighteenth century, and which lost sight of common human traits in their emphasis upon the variable factors of education and environment.

The basic and unchangeable factor in human character is that human reason is on the one hand conditioned and limited by the circumstances of time, place, climate, and every other natural limitation, and is on the other hand capable of transcending self and environment in a practically infinite series of rational and moral judgments. Man is a child of nature and finitude. The Marxian theory of economic determinism is true, but is only part of the truth. Man's ideas are conditioned not only by the means of production upon which he depends and the economic interests which he seeks to defend; they are also conditioned by racial history, geographic influences, family traditions, and every conceivable partial perspective of a mind imbedded in a finite organism. Yet this creature of finitude touches the fringes of the infinite, and every awakened human mind searches for the universally valid value and the unconditioned truth.

The assumption of rationalists in the past centuries has been that either education or the equalization of economic interests would finally fashion the mind into a perfect instrument of universal and absolute knowledge, and would ultimately destroy social friction by eliminating the partial perspectives which prompt men to assess social issues in conflicting terms. But this assumption fails to recognize that the most intelligent and disinterested person can never escape his fate as a child of nature and finitude. The same intelligence which provides universal rather than partial perspectives must inevitably also operate to give partial perspectives the authority of the absolute. Thus even the most refined spiritual achievements of humanity can never result in an unqualified synthesis of human hopes and aspirations. At some point they will always accentuate social conflict by making men more stubborn in the defense of their interests, under the illusion that their interests represent universal values. That is one reason why modern warfare is more terrible than the wars of primitive men.

To the honest self-deceptions of men, who are so curiously suspended between finitude and the universal, must be added an element of dishonesty which arises from the force of the human ego's will-to-live and will-to-power. This egoism is stronger in men than in beasts precisely because man is the only finite creature who knows that he is finite and he is therefore tempted to protest against his fate. One form which this protest takes is his imperialistic ambition, his effort to overcome his insignificance by subordinating other life to his individual or collective will. He naturally seeks both the consent of his own conscience and the acquiescence of his victims by hiding his own interests behind universal values. It is interesting, incidentally, that Marxian theory of class interests explicitly denies any conscious dishonesty in the moral and cultural pretensions of class imperialism while Marxian political strategy arouses a perfect fury of contempt for the moral dishonesties of its foes. These dishonesties belong to the permanent spiritual problem of man.

The spiritual structure of human character is, in short, of such a nature that it is preposterous to hope that an individual will can ever be inserted with frictionless harmony into a general community will or that a national will can, under any conceivable circumstances, be brought completely under the dominion of a world society. These hopes are preposterous for the simple reason that the very capacities in human life which make for progress and for social integration upon higher and higher levels also make it certain that an individual or a collective ego will and must, on occasion, defy the community. Cæsars and saints are made possible by the same structure of human character. Human progress is possible only because some human spirits will on occasion transcend the presuppositions of their society and envisage more perfect goals for life than their society has been able to comprehend. This very capacity will always make it possible for imperial individuals and groups to arise and seek to subordinate life to their will and purpose. Whether their imperialism is the consequence of an honest deception or whether it is dishonestly compounded of the egoistic will-to-power and the human spirit's search for universal values, the inevitable expression of these imperial wills is guaranteed in the very structure of human character. Upon it all Utopian dreams of perfect harmony will be shattered.

Modern technical society is desperately in need of the socialization of economic power in order that it may minimize the injustices which result inevitably from endowing the anarchic ego with unlimited power over other life. That the proponents of this necessary social change should confuse the issues by falsely claiming to be the instruments of a perfect society and of a universal culture is itself one of those manifestations of the fateful human tendency to confuse the immediate and the ultimate. Radical theories have no understanding for this perennial problem of the human spirit; but radical social strategy offers abundant proof of its universality.

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The Old Lady Turns the Other Cheek

A STORY

By August Derleth

WHEN we came across the fields, we could see Ed Burke's place glowing with lamplight from every window on the ground floor. The party had evidently already begun. My Great-aunt Lou made a clucking noise with her tongue; she had warned Great-uncle Joe that we would be late if we waited for Gus Elker to come along with his niece, Annie, and her husband, Tip Magitt.

"Reckon we c'n find a table, Gus?" asked great-uncle.

Gus grinned and glanced over at my great-uncle from beneath his Sunday hat, his droll eyes and half-moon of yellow mustache combining to give him an expression of sad amusement.

"They's enough a us t' make a table," he said.

"I don't hold with card-playin' for turkeys," said my great-aunt tartly. "And I don't reckon Annie does, either. No which way you figure it, it's gamblin'."

Gus looked crestfallen, and great-uncle raised his eyes to the heavens and shrugged, as if to say there was no way of talking with a woman who had ideas like that. Tip Magitt smiled, his gay eyes twinkling.

The October night was soft and warm, with a gentle south wind carrying the smoke smell of burning leaves from the Ferry Bluff range along the Wisconsin. Just topping the eastern hills, the hunter's moon was rising redly, its radiance slanting long shadows down the cornrows and across the slopes. Underfoot, leaves made a dry, scuttering sound, and the earth crumbled noiselessly.

As we were going through Burke's yard, great-uncle said, "Might be the boy c'n play. That'll make four." He turned to me and asked, "How about it, Ol' Timer?"

Before I could reply, my great-aunt said, "That boy ain't playin' cards, not if I can help it. Puttin' ideas in his head, Joe Stoll! You ain't no hand to answer to his mother."

Great-uncle said nothing more.

Ed Burke's worried-looking wife met us at the door, beginning immediately to apologize for the cigar and pipe smoke that was cloudy all through the house. Ed came out of the front room, where four tables were at cards, and another stood apart with only two men waiting at it.

His coat off, my great-uncle was making for the unfinished table when he hesitated and backed out of the room, scarcely answering Hank Bloom's "Evenin', Joe and all."

Ed looked apologetic and said, "I don't know who invited them two, Joe, they just come."

"Crooked cards," said great-uncle shortly.

"I know it," agreed Ed. "I don't know how to keep myself from losin' a good turkey."

"What's the matter?" asked my great-aunt, coming up, her glasses askew on her nose and she trying vainly to see either through or above them, meanwhile ready on the instant to disapprove any move great-uncle might make. "What's my man done, Ed?"

"'Tain't what he's done," said Ed. "It's what he ain't willin' to do."

"Hoh! I ain't seen the fool thing he

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ain't willin' to do," my great-aunt snorted. "That man a mine can get into more trouble than I can keep straight. What is it now?"

Ed Burke pointed out the two men waiting at table for players to join them in a game of euchre. I knew both of them by sight; one was Fred Hefferby, a Sac Prairie storekeeper, and the other was his clerk, Toddy.

"Them two 's professional card players, Ma'am," said Ed. "They'll likely take off one a my stake turkeys. I don't reckon they play straight. It's sure they always manage to have the high scores."

My great-aunt peered judiciously at them.

"If nobody plays with 'em, I'll have to, myself, and I couldn' keep the turkeys even if I did win 'em," mourned Ed.

Gus looked at him with melancholy eyes and said, "I'll play 'em."

Ed said, "I don't reckon there's much chance a your gettin' a turkey playin' at that table."

"I ain't needin' a turkey," said Gus cheerily.

My great-aunt looked at her husband forbiddingly. "You find yourself a partner, Gus," she said.

Great-uncle coughed and looked away.

Gus wove his way among the tables, greeting his friends, and came to the table at which the storekeeper and his clerk sat.

"Evenin', Fred, evenin', Toddy," said Gus.

The two smiled up at him with smiles that were almost practised. My great-aunt snorted indignantly and suffered herself to be led away by Mrs. Burke. Annie went with them to the kitchen, where some of the other women were setting up a clatter of dishes and small talk.

Tip Magitt looked at my great-uncle, and he looked at Tip. They started off across the room together, but it was great-uncle who got to the table first. He took the vacant place, and Tip, concealing his disappointment, drew up a chair and sat down next to Gus to watch the game.

"Cut for deal," said Gus.

"Sure," agreed the storekeeper.

He took the cards, shuffled them, and cut the ace of spades. He turned it face up on the table, and grinned thoughtfully and a little proudly.

Gus looked at it. "Reckon ain't no use cuttin' any more," he said. "Can't go higher 'n that."

"That's so," agreed the storekeeper as if the thought had not previously occurred to him.

"It's a good beginnin'," said great-uncle dryly.

Fred took the deal and the game began. It was clear that the game was going from the start the way the storekeeper and his clerk wanted it to go. Toddy never said a word; he smiled once in a while, and listened to Gus and my great-uncle exclaim at the way the tricks fell. The first hand went easily to Fred and Toddy.

The next deal was Gus's. My great-uncle had a good hand, and Gus turned up trump in his suit. Great-uncle ordered it up, and it looked as if this hand would score for him, but it did not. He bungled a play, and lost the score.

"You fellers better learn to play cards before playin' us," said the storekeeper.

Neither Gus nor my great-uncle replied, though this may have been because of my great-aunt's sudden appearance on the threshold of the room. My great-uncle knew she would come immediately to the table, and was eager to pick up his hand. Toddy's deal was one-sided, and again the hand went to the score of Hefferby and his clerk.

Great-uncle turned to my great-aunt, who stood squarely behind him, and said, "You ain't helpin' me none, standin' there."

"You ain't fit to be helped," she replied tartly. "I'm waitin' to see you play cards."

"Can't play 'em if we ain't got 'em," said Gus glumly.

"Hoh!" snorted my great-aunt, her thin lips firm, and her eyes glinting behind her spectacles.

Ed Burke came over with Annie Magitt. Tip moved to share his chair with his wife.

"How you playin' tonight, Ed?" asked my great-aunt.

"Ten rounds on each table, Ma'am," answered Ed. "I reckon it's better 'n havin' 'em change. Takes too long that way."

Great-aunt Lou said, "That man a mine and Gus has just lost the first round."

"Sure, and it won't surprise you if they lose the second, will it, Mrs. Stoll?" asked the storekeeper, turning suddenly.

My great-aunt looked at him speculatively and said, "Might be it will. But I reckon maybe I'll sit in on it with him."

"I don't know as that's allowable, Mrs. Stoll," said Fred, "but if Toddy's willin', I'm agreeable. Don't seem to me you'll likely be any danger to old hands like us."

My great-aunt's mouth twitched a little. If the storekeeper had known her, he would have realized that he'd stirred her anger. She stood behind great-uncle and kept her eyes on his cards, occasionally agreeing with his plays, but for the most part directing otherwise. My great-uncle did not like it, but dared not make any protest. Apart from the fact that he was playing a losing game, he secretly enjoyed knowing that despite her help, he and Gus were doing no better.

My great-aunt was nettled. Presently she looked up and studied the storekeeper and Toddy, and after a while her mouth began to twitch again. She began to firm her lips and push them outward. That was a bad sign.

The storekeeper and Toddy took the second round also.

Fred grinned his assurance and said to my great-aunt, "That didn't surprise you, did it, Mrs. Stoll? Sure, and I don't believe it'd surprise you if we took the next round, too!"

"It certainly would," snapped my great-aunt tartly. "Because I reckon I'll play myself for a spell."

Gus looked up in dismay, his mouth half-open to protest. "Ma'am," he said. "Mrs. Stoll, Ma'am, you can't play with players like these fellers."

"Hoh!" she snorted. "You ain't done nothin' to brag on. If you ain't willin' to play, likely Annie, there, 'll sit down and take the hand with me."

Annie got up and said, "I sure will, Mrs. Stoll."

The storekeeper grinned widely and said, "Reckon now I'm playin' with ladies, I better put out my pipe."

My great-aunt cocked her head at him and made a choking sound far back in her throat. "'Tain't that pipe that bothers me," she said as she sat down.

Fred offered the first deal to Annie, who took it. The hand was uncertain, owing to Annie's playing, but in due

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course it went to Fred and Toddy. By this time Fred was fairly bubbling over with careless confidence. My great-aunt, however, said nothing, but gave more of her attention to her opponents' playing than to her own, actually once making a bad play and unnecessarily losing a trick. She did not seem to mind this beyond being momentarily annoyed at its happening. The second hand again went to the storekeeper and his clerk.

The third hand, which was Toddy's deal, surprisingly went to Annie and my great-aunt, but the fourth hand gave the score to Fred and Toddy.

"Don't you mind, Mrs. Stoll," said the storekeeper expansively. "Remember the Good Book and what it says about turnin' your other cheek."

With considerable asperity, my great-aunt retorted, "The Good Book likeways says the Devil sometimes uses the Lord's words to his own advantage." Then she glanced over at Annie, and said, "Annie, I reckon you and me's got to talk a spell," adding to Fred, "if it don't worry you none."

"Go ahead," said Fred expansively.

My great-aunt and Annie got up and left the room.

"You sure got her dander up," said my great-uncle to Hefferby.

"I reckon I did, Joe," said Fred. "But it's clear to see you don't know how to handle her. Jolly the women along; they like it."

Gus looked lugubriously at my great-uncle. Tip Magitt's lips began to tremble, but he withheld his laughter.

"If I was you, Fred, I wouldn't roast that turkey yet," said Tip.

The storekeeper laughed, a hearty sound breaking from his heavy form. "We got three rounds, me and Toddy has, and somebody'll have to do some mighty fine playin' to beat us."

In a little while my great-aunt and Annie came back and took their places at the card table. Great-aunt cut the cards and Fred dealt. It was immediately apparent that both Annie and my great-aunt were exercising much caution in playing their hands. Fred had got correspondingly reckless. I noticed, too, that Annie was paying more attention to the other three players than to her own hand. My great-aunt's actions were very similar. Somehow, these strange tactics proved advantageous, for great-aunt and Annie won three hands out of the four.

Fred was disconcerted, but his confidence easily balanced his brief surprise.

"That's one for the ladies," he said. "We'll have to do a little better, Toddy, or can we let 'em have one more?"

Toddy grinned and said, "Reckon we c'n let 'em have another one. They ain't made much."

My great-aunt smiled benignly, but offered nothing.

The next game was the fifth. It began auspiciously for my great-aunt and Annie when they euchred Fred and Toddy in both the first two hands. The storekeeper humped himself over his cards, and Toddy began to frown. The third hand went easily to my great-aunt, who played it alone, and the fourth went to Annie.

"You sure surprise me, Mrs. Stoll," said Fred, this time with considerably less geniality in his voice.

"I reckon I do," replied my great-aunt acidly. She smiled at him, but the smile was deceptive.

"I told you not to be roasting that turkey, Fred," said Tip amiably.

The storekeeper shrugged and eyed the score. Great-aunt Lou's playing a hand alone had helped to cut heavily into the lead gained by Fred and Toddy in the first three rounds.

By this time, news of the game had spread to the kitchen, and several of the women had come in and grouped themselves about the table. The first table of players had likewise finished, and had come over to watch. The women and the men passed remarks over the heads of the four at cards, but this bothered none of them. They kept on playing placidly, as if entirely oblivious of the interest their game was arousing.

When the women took the lead after the sixth game, Fred looked quizzically at Great-aunt Lou and said, "I'd sure like to know what system you're a-playin', Mrs. Stoll."

"I don't reckon I'm playin' any different from you, Mr. Hefferby," she replied. "I think this talk about systems is just stuff. I never play by system, Mr. Hefferby. I play cards."

"So do I, Ma'am, so do I," the storekeeper hastened to assert.

"Cards is a matter of luck plus horse sense," said my great-aunt firmly. "If you ain't got horse sense, it don't do you much good to have luck."

The storekeeper reddened, but made no reply. He looked darkly across the table at Toddy, who glanced down.

"I reckon Fred has met his match," said Gus, with an edge of triumph in his voice.

"It sure looks bad," agreed Ed Burke.

My great-uncle, however, was silent, his heavy brows frowning down upon his eyes, his mouth down-curved, and one finger a little nervously brushing at his mustache. In the glow of the lamplight, his jowls seemed unnaturally yellow, and the shadows under his eyes deeper than usual.

The smoke hung over the table like a fog, despite Mrs. Burke's coming in and opening windows in opposite walls of the room. Another table had now finished, and the players meandered from table to table and came finally into the group that stood around us.

The seventh game was tensely fought, and finally went to the men by a margin of two points.

"I reckon maybe the accidents is over," opined Toddy cheerfully.

Fred looked at him, unconvinced. "They're still in the lead," he said shortly.

" 'Tain't by much," said Toddy.

"The turkey goes to the highest score, even if it's by one point," said Ed Burke.

Silence came down upon the table and the room as the eighth game began. The first deal, as usual, was Annie's. In dealing the cards, she betrayed nervousness, and finally turned up the last card for Fred. Fred had already picked up his first four cards, and several of us had seen that there were no face cards among them.

"I reckon we can have a redeal on that, Ma'am," said Fred easily.

"We don't play that way," protested Gus, surprised. "It's the easiest thing t' tip over a card, I be dog if it ain't."

Ed Burke coughed and flushed angrily.

"Give him a redeal," said my great-aunt. "The rules of the game entitle him to it."

"That's right, Ma'am," said Fred.

My great-aunt's face was wooden, and her smile no less so. "I reckon we can beat you without the cards," she said.

Annie redealt the cards, but Fred and Toddy had now definitely lost the sympathy of the audience. My great-aunt again took the first hand, playing it

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alone, but the men took the second and third and finally, the fourth. This score placed them once more in the lead, but by only one point.

There was no sound to disturb the silence between the eighth and ninth games. My great-aunt looked grimly at Annie, and Annie looked confidently back. The ninth game began with the first hand going to the men, but the game itself went to Great-aunt Lou and Annie, Annie this time playing a hand alone and considerably adding to the score.

When the first hand of the tenth game went to the men, a murmur of excitement grew around the table. By this time every one had finished playing but this table, which had been the last to get started, and now every one in the house, except Burkes' sleeping children, was crowded upon the table.

The second hand went to the women, who euchred Fred and Toddy, and the third hand swung the game, for my great-aunt played it alone and won every trick.

Fred threw up his hand and said, "It's your turkey, Mrs. Stoll and Mrs. Magitt. I don't know how it happened."

Great-aunt Lou sniffed a little and rose. "Luck and horse sense," she said. "But I don't hold with card-playin' for turkeys nohow."

My great-aunt lingered until the rest of the party had gone. Tip and Annie stayed until Great-uncle Joe and Gus and I could come with Great-aunt Lou.

When at last every one had gone, my great-aunt turned to Ed and said, "Annie and me can't take that turkey off you, Ed. I don't hold with gamblin' for turkeys, and card-playin' is gamblin'. Annie feels that way, too."

Ed was abashed. "Playin' like this among friends sure ain't gamblin', Mrs. Stoll, Ma'am," he said.

"Don't you feel bad, Ed," said my great-aunt. "I ain't sayin' a thing about you. I can't take a turkey I ain't come by rightly."

Ed said, "If you or Annie won't take it, Ma'am, I reckon I can't make you. But I c'n give it to Joe and Gus."

"You sure can," said Gus. "I ain't a-goin' t' fight about it." He grinned cheerfully.

"No, and I ain't neither," said Joe stoutly, defying my great-aunt's disapproval.

But Great-aunt Lou only smiled.

Gus took the turkey and we started away across the fields. The moon stood high in the sky now, and the night was clear with moonlight like transparent wine on the ground. Along the Ferry Bluff range, fires were still burning brightly, lines of crimson flame straggling along the hillsides. There was a crispness in the air now, and the night was more quiet, only the sound of an occasional car on a distant highway rising into the stillness, and the equally far sound of nighthawks crying in the sky. One by one the lights in the Burke house went out behind us, and the house receded into the moonhazed distance.

We went for a considerable way in silence.

Finally my great-uncle said, "I like t' died the way you beat them two. I ain't seen you or Annie here playin' cards particular before this time." He paused uneasily and added, "And I be dog if you ain't gettin' purty idees in that head a your'n, Lou."

Annie smiled, but said nothing.

Great-aunt Lou said, "We ain't no right to a turkey we ain't rightly come by, has we, Annie?"

"No, Mrs. Stoll," agreed Annie.

"You know 's well 's I do that ain't rightly gamblin'," said my great-uncle indignantly. "And you makin' Ed feel bad!"

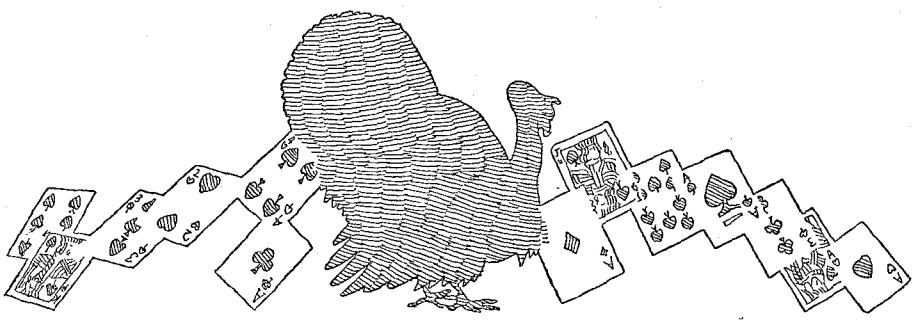
"Well, now," said my great-aunt mildly. "Even so, we ain't no right to that turkey."

We came to the ridge where the Magitts and Gus would leave us to go to their farms. My great-uncle's farm lay below us, the roofs of his buildings a subdued silver in the moon's bright light.

Great-aunt Lou turned to face us and said, "I seen them two was cheatin' right and left. I seen their signals when you were still playin' with 'em, and I seen 'em again when Annie and I begun to play. I turned the other cheek, like Fred Hefferby said, and it was different on the other side. So I took Annie out and told her what they were. That low-down Fred Hefferby read the Good Book to me, and I says to myself, I says, 'If the Devil can use the Lord's own words, I don't see that the Lord can't sometimes use the Devil's to teach him a lesson.' So I told Annie their signals and kept her a-watchin' them two, and I figured out a couple for us if we come to be needin' 'em. But that don't entitle us to the turkey. And anyway, I don't hold with card-playin' for turkeys."

Great-uncle Joe stood looking at her as if she had suddenly revealed herself as another person.

My great-aunt smiled confidently. "You're a sight with your mouth hangin' open, Joe Stoll," she said. "Come on; it's bed time. You and Gus c'n fight over that turkey some other time."



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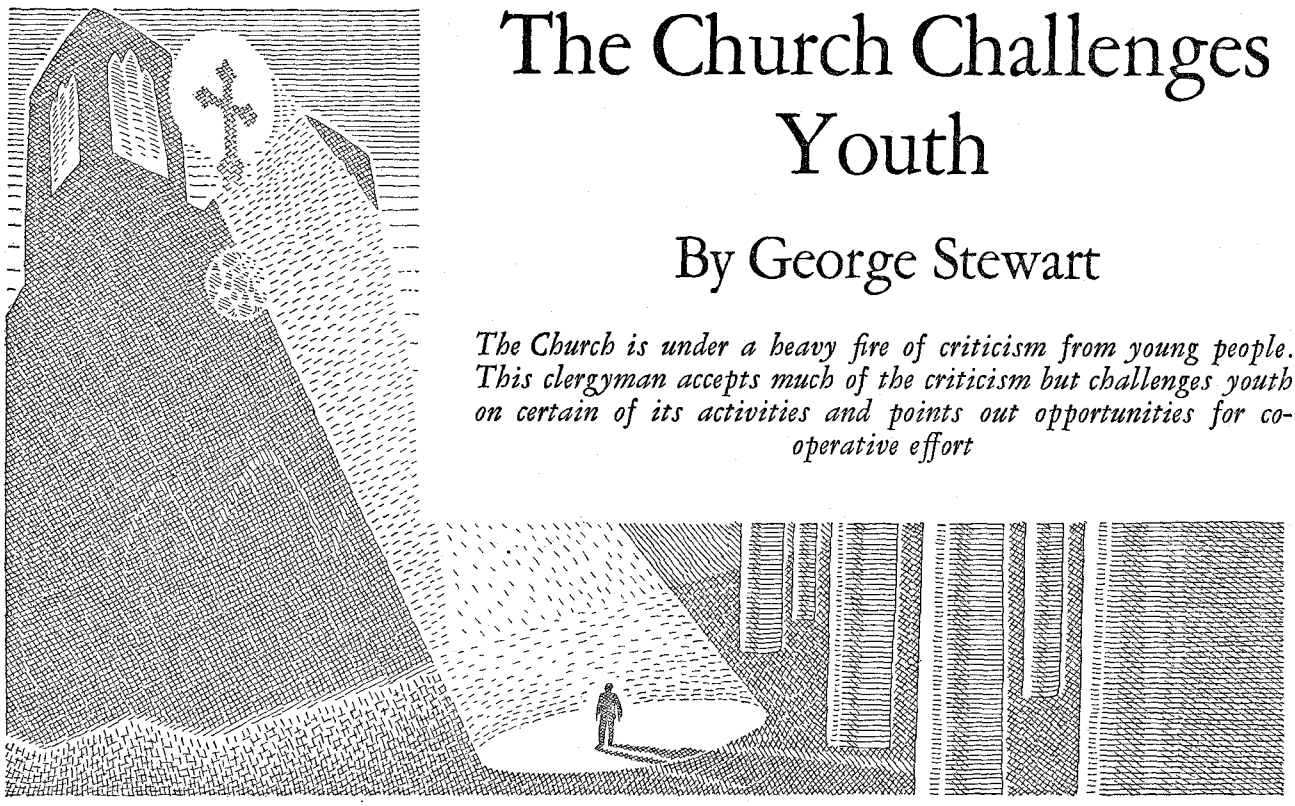

The Church Challenges Youth

By George Stewart

The Church is under a heavy fire of criticism from young people. This clergyman accepts much of the criticism but challenges youth on certain of its activities and points out opportunities for co-operative effort

THE Church faces a situation it ignores at its peril. Under the hard hitting and, on the whole, fair criticism of young people the clergy cannot wrap themselves in smug defiance and point to the achievements of other days.

We ministers and the Church as a whole are accused in print and to our faces of failing to make contact with the realities of modern life. It is said that we do not make vivid any belief or principle which can give meaning or guidance to the human scene, that we are unable to relieve youth of a sense of futility, and that we are helpless to provide a positive philosophy of life. The Church is condemned by a recent writer of being more interested in keeping intact its dogma, ritual, and observance, than in grappling with the issues which torment our day. These are sincere criticisms, and should receive careful attention from a church which knows it is under fire and which fails to interest any large share of educated youth.

But in order to have a more nearly complete statement, is it not also fair to ask, What challenge does the Church make to youth?

It asks youth to think, to achieve a maturity, to match its influence and its chance. The spectacle of youth throughout the world is not reassuring to those who for better or worse must carry on the business, the institutions, the government, the education, and the spiritual training of our day. In Germany the so-called Youth Movement, a number of unfederated groups embracing sport, nature study, gliding, mountaineering, and religious organizations have gone over lock, stock, and barrel to the Nazi movement in a wave of enthusiasm, without any serious examination of the issues involved. Pastors and priests, supposed to be only interested in an outworn, other-worldly philosophy, are among the few to protest. They have not *failed* to make contact with the realities of modern life. Many are in jail because of that contact. Some are dead.

In Russia we have a repetition of the same thing. Of three hundred pastors and priests whom I knew in southern Russia only three were alive a year ago. They were not all lazy, indolent, ignorant, nor members of Black Hundreds. They were unafraid to protest against governmental injustice. They did not seek to excuse the Church for past evil, they attempted to assert some of the primary rights of man, and they died for their efforts.

In Italy, youth has flocked to fascism with almost unquestioned loyalty. The Catholic hierarchy and the small Protestant group of clergy have been almost the only elements which have sought to correct the excesses of Mussolini. All dictatorships are supported by the red-hot enthusiasms of youth.

Youth is, and should be, a time for great enthusiasms. But with modern devices for inflaming vast masses quickly, young people are in an especially dangerous position. They need to think and think hard about war, totalitarian statehood, and rampant nationalism. The Church challenges youth to think seriously before it deserts the difficult processes of democratic government for the specious efficiency of communism or fascism. It asks youth to have more faith in man, before it confesses defeat and turns over its thinking to one small group or to one leader.

Unfortunately youth can point to the policy of the Church in the Great War as a reason to distrust it now. I admit the damning evidence given in *Preachers Present Arms,* which contains the utterances of ministers across the nation, who gave their ardent blessing to the sadistic mass murder we called The Great War. There is a statement of mine in that book made in the delirium of war which should make any decent man humble and ashamed. Still in the war I found among some ministers and

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among a smaller number of men the most realistic and ethical thinking which was apparent in society. Twenty thousand ministers have now sworn never to help another war. Will they wash out in the crisis? Some will, of course. But thousands will not.

The Church asks youth to think before it leaps. The action of youth today does not place it in a position above its blundering elders.

The Church challenges youth to play fair.

Admitting the tragic failure the Church made in not discriminating between patriotism and religion in 1914–1918, and since, still it is just to say no group has done more to lay upon the conscience of America the issues of war and peace. This has been done not only by great preachers such as Fosdick, Merrill, Page, Coffin, and others but in even greater degree by men unfortified by prestige who have done spade work in small towns and country places. They have had to deal with that large element of the population unacquainted with international subjects whose minds are stubborn with inherited prejudice and a Yankee Doodle type of false patriotism. Not a few of these preachers have lost their positions. In some cases young college people helped and encouraged these men, but not in many. This situation requires no mutual recrimination but sympathy and mutual aid.

Another contact with the realities of modern life has been made in the hotly contested field of economics. We ministers have often made fools of ourselves here. Who hasn't? Nevertheless ministers, priests, and rabbis have since the war been in the vanguard in holding up to the white light of public view the savage injustices in our social and economic order. Neither university professors nor business men nor any other group have been more courageous, or have suffered more in struggling for fairer wages, decent housing, adequate hospitalization, or care for the unemployed, the aged, or the infirm. On these issues also many ministers have been driven from their pulpits.

The Church is accused of teaching a false attitude regarding sex. As I know them, ministers as a class are not apt to dwell upon sex as essentially evil or as the reason for man's stubborn tendency to depravity. There are of course fools and charlatans in every profession. But the average Protestant minister deals with sex as an important and clean aspect of life. He feels, and says, man is body, mind, and spirit and in the full expression of all three in ways which do not hurt himself or society, man achieves his highest life. Some of the best sex instruction carried forward anywhere is in Catholic and Protestant seminaries. The average minister believes in birth control and sends his young people to clinics and doctors who can give sane instruction. He is bright enough to know, however, that information about birth control and related subjects, no matter how explicit, will not solve the sex problem. He believes in monogamy, not simply because there is ancient tradition for it, although he respects that teaching, but rather as a practical matter: he knows man cannot eat his cake and have it too. No one is rich enough to squander. Nature and religion are not antagonistic but corroborative.

Youth is apt to labor under the misapprehension that sex was discovered somewhere in the Harding administration, that no one over thirty really understands much about it.

Many ministers believe that in our scrambled society divorces are inevitable and not a few desirable. When divorced people come to ask the Church's blessing upon a new marriage, many of us, where the parties are innocent, or where they show a genuine determination to found a home in love and honor, remarry them.

Young people tell us that it avails little to assert the sanctity of marriage. They say it would be more useful to help them discover the reason for an increasing divorce rate, and to prepare them for happy marriages. In this I agree. Church and school and home can easily point out the flaws in modern family life. Can they do the harder thing, give young people a sound training in the bases of a harmonious married life?

There is much good literature in convenient form available on sex and marriage for parents, children, and young people. It is written in a lucid style and attractively printed. I have seen more of it in action in churches than in homes and colleges. Some clergymen send booklets for each age group in the home to every parent in the church and Sunday school. We believe that nature, involving body and sensitive psychological factors, demands what religion teaches, thoughtfulness, foresight, honesty, mutual regard. Now and then a minister receives a flare-back from parents on this matter of sex instruction, but such altercations generally end in a better understanding of the problems by all parties concerned.

Another place where the Church has come into painful contact with the realities of modern life has been in the realm of race relations. Here too there is no unanimous agreement, and here too numbers have had their fingers burned, their positions snatched from them, and their reputations blackened. There are great, dark areas in the Church on this matter as in politics and in education, but there is a hopeful and a large group, North and South, who are working for better racial relations and a fair deal for underprivileged non-whites.

The Church challenges youth to play fair, to recognize the attitude of thousands of its servants on war, economic justice, sex, marriage, and race, undeniable contacts with the contemporary scene. And, if youth has added insight and fresh courage, it is asked to lend a hand. The clergy makes no absurd demand that criticism be stopped —that would be cowardly and absurd—but go to small home-town ministers, and if they are stuffy or afraid, as many of us are, give us the larger airs and knowledge which youth, fresh from college, in some measure ought to possess.

A word about the clergy. Most of us know that when we go into the ministry we are to be subjected to sharp scrutiny and often to ridicule. If a man cannot take that he had best not enter the Church. There is and perhaps always will be a reproach about religion. This is also true about sincere laymen. The ministers I know have read *Tartuffe, Elmer Gantry,* and numerous other comments on their way of life. They do not resent them but take them for what they are worth. In many cases they are worth a great deal. One need not develop a martyr complex about it but rather examine the quality of all criticism and profit thereby. But why is it that intelligent men and women who can discuss a hospital row, a school fracas, or a club fight with admirable discrimination take a perfectionist attitude when it comes to the clergy? The aver-

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age minister is about on the same level as the doctors and lawyers of the community. In some places one group is superior to another, but in general they are apt to rate about the same culturally and intellectually.

The Church is too often identified with its servants. The cut of our coats, our children's manners, our wives' hats, too often affront overdelicate souls who then condemn the Church. We are ashamed that we do not do better work, are not better men. But can sensible people expect a minister's family to make a good external showing upon an average salary of less than a thousand dollars a year? Many receive more than that, some perhaps unethically high pay, but most do not. Is faith so tender a plant that the slightest wind of discontent shall uproot it, the first hot breath of drought sear its branches? Let the minister stand up like a man and face his work, by the same token let the layman use the intellectual processes in studying the life of the Church that he applies to other affairs.

The Church challenges youth to exercise that quality of patience which all adult life requires. Medicine, education, engineering, politics, all have their schools, their liberals, their fundamentalists, their rascals, their bitter conventions, personal animosities, pettiness, neglect of their main purpose. These qualities are common to mankind. We all have a right to expect something better of the Church. We should demand it!

The Church is always taunted with its divisions, and it is a scandal that they have existed to this date. Not in excuse, but in explanation, one can say we are entering a second historical phase in American Protestantism. Due to the mode of settlement, Dutch, Irish, Scotch, English, German, French, and others brought their national or linguistic churches with them. Each year now sees a new phase, the union of various denominations. We are seeing significant unions along the major lines of temperament, taste, and spiritual experience. No good cause could be advanced by offering to men only liturgical or only freer churches. Spiritual experience, taste, and temperament differ. There should be appropriate churches for each of the major types.

The horizontal cleavages between low church and high church, liberal and fundamental, await that growing tolerance which acknowledges varieties of religious experience and is willing to live and let live, a tolerance already achieved in many large denominations and dawning in others. There will always be a hard, unyielding fringe about any widespread institution.

The Church challenges youth to be patient in the long, hard process of working out a philosophy of life. Young people insist that for them a religious interpretation of life means not so much dealing with the nature of man and of God, not so much the assurance of immortality, not so much achieving a method of dealing with the problem of evil and the vast indifference of nature, as in the drawing up of a clear-cut code of ethics, a moral yardstick by which to guide and measure life today.

But no code or standard which can arrest the attention of thoughtful young men and women for long can be set up without direct reference to the above matters. Cardinal Manning once said to Hilaire Belloc, "All human perplexities are ultimately theological." This was not the answer of a smug churchman but of a practical thinker.

Maturity leads man to think upon the ultimata of life and of faith. We vary in our religious thought and in our daily life according to temperament, environment, education, and culture. We find the way to God and faith and the reinforcement of religion through nature, social service, friendship, art, incidental experience, worship, private prayer, or by a devotion to the person and teachings of Jesus—in our own way. No two people take quite the same road. Men are different, their ways to truth and love and religion or any other interest of the human spirit differ, even though we do fall into certain major types. But once we have arrived at some measure of faith, those of us who are thoughtfully inclined begin to organize our thinking about our experience. This organization of thought about religion is what we call theology. At its worst it can be a terrible curse, at its best it can affirm authentic experience and state what we most reasonably conjecture from what we know.

No one need be afraid of or despise the word theology. Perhaps the real weakness of the American Church is the attempt to get along without the hard discipline of thought. Youth and age are alike in demanding the full fruits of philosophical travail without wishing to go through the hard mental processes involved. Youth seeks to avoid the loneliness and misery of thought by escape into action, as we all do. It is easier to read Siegfried's *America Comes of Age* or to work in a clinic than it is to read Miguel de Unamuno's *Tragic Sense of Life* or to think hard on the nature of God.

Youth and age alike must exercise patience when they demand a clear-cut formula for birth and work and death and the future life and all that lies between. Neither art, nor science, nor religion can deliver the sum total of the insight of the human spirit upon demand as if they were shop boys bringing the morning's milk. Some things are earned, some received, some given, in all these fields.

The Church challenges youth to cooperate. No sensible churchman would contend against the relevancy and the justice of young people's strictures, but youth often sees only a part of the whole religious and moral picture.

It would be amusing, if it were not so difficult at times, to see able and enthusiastic youth, who come to us as teachers and club leaders, make monkeys out of our ministers. We have numbers who are regular, punctual, and prepared. But some of the most winsome and intelligent lack team play, disappoint their classes or clubs, and are devoid of imagination to see the loss of interest and good-will involved when irate parents ask about absent teachers or wait with children a half hour for a tardy leader. The same shabby treatment is accorded some of the most influential ministers of the nation. These young men and women have everything—save iron fidelity to the children entrusted to them.

Quite often ministers are compelled to pass up college people and turn to a more faithful group composed of clerks, stenographers, and factory workers accustomed to regular duties. Youth has many splendid and legitimate invitations and distractions which have their proper place, but sensible young men and women should be fair enough not to let down boys and girls in a cavalier manner. That we ministers often let down the young people is admitted, and truly.

Fundamentally the Church's work

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lies in the cure and development of souls. This is what the sincere and thoughtful portion of society rightly demands of us. I know no harder task. No group could be so spiritually dead that it could claim prowess in such a field. Nevertheless it is our commission. No matter how exciting a political campaign or a crusade may be, or how interesting social alleviation where one can lose oneself in action, there must be an inner spring from which that action flows. Year in and year out the lay men and women who carry on effectively in reshaping the social, economic, and spiritual forces of our day are impelled by a power derived from the same source from which Jesus drew His strength. The land is littered with the wrecks of disillusioned idealists who have tried to combat inertia, greed, political corruption, scholastic snobbery, race prejudice, and entrenched graft with only their enthusiasm to stay them. I do not say these people should belong to my church or to any one's church, but, to stand in the storm, they would be the first to acknowledge their need of that power which it is the Church's main function to communicate to men.

When the *Civitas Dei,* when a really just society, is built, it will be built of sound bricks. First comes the sound individual and then the sound society. Youth is right when it insists that man must be fed inwardly. This is what Jesus called the bread of life, His own experience when He said, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

The Church's work, if it be true, is the same as the work of its Founder, both personal and social. Jesus prayed, "For their sakes I sanctify myself." Dozens of churches I know provide services, books, quiet places for prayer, conferences, encouragement for individuals, as well as doing their share in forwarding constructive philanthropy and in combating social evils and economic injustice. There must always be the personal and the social emphasis. Anything else is a half gospel.

The Church offers four major opportunities to mankind.

One is worship. This is best exemplified in the liturgical churches. The freer churches have done much in making more significant and beautiful the celebration of the goodness and the love of God which is the essential act of worship. Here would be included the sacraments which to many are the chief gift of the Church. The presence of other gifts is a reinforcement most of us sorely need at times, and not a few regularly.

A second opportunity lies in collaboration in the Church's work. There are not real jobs for every one. There are, however, many important tasks which lay men and women can do better than any minister. A group can often accomplish a constructive work impossible to the lone worker.

A third opportunity the Church lays before men is the constant use and consideration of the Bible. With all of its various levels of spiritual value, its stories of crime, its folk lore, Oriental poetry, and tedious and sometimes contradictory chronicles, the Church stands or falls with the Bible, for there we have not only the recital of man's deepest insight, but the story of the life of Jesus Christ. The Church believes in the Bible not as a magic book but because it has the unvarnished record of the dealings of God with men. It is not the only book that does so, it is the supreme book of the Christian faith. *If youth craves a rule, the Ten Commandments are still valid, reinforced by nature and social experience; a code, the Sermon on the Mount, is intact; a way of life, the Golden Rule, is still a way which demands heroism.* But none of these can be used as proof-texts—they must be applied to life, all of life.

A fourth opportunity the Church offers is group activity among people who are seeking to follow the teaching and example of Jesus. No serious person can be self-righteous enough, no person's hands are clean enough to demand that the members of the Church be all spotless and all pure. They are a mill run of the children of earth. The arms of the Church should be as wide as the invitation of its Master. It invites those who are seeking to receive and to share spiritual values to throw in their lot with others. There are hypocrites and moth-eaten saints in that membership, there are also broad-minded, clear-headed, and gallant souls.

The Church believes in Jesus as a historical person who brought to mankind an amazing personality, a keen mind, and a compassion utterly untainted by self. His total impact upon His generation and upon history has been such that we are persuaded to describe Him as both the Son of Man and the Son of God. For the Church He is the standard, the authority, the teacher for all of its life. He is the Church's one hope, sometimes its goad, always its one reason for existence. At its best youth knows this, and rightly raises the finger of correction when the Church deviates from the simple and disturbing way which He pointed to man.

But can one not worship, work for his fellows, read the Bible, and be aided by thought upon and loyalty to Jesus without going to Church? Of course. Men differ. Still most men find their lives strengthened by association with others in a common approach. Many young people, especially from college, say they do not care for the people in the local church. They do not meet them socially, and are not interested in them. A fair reply would be, you do not need to live with them or marry them, but such a coming together in mutual study, celebration, or work does help divergent types to respect and understand those of far different background.

The Church should accept youth's challenge, or the challenge of any person or group which seeks to lighten dark places, banish disease, right wrong, spread the love of beauty, or deepen the understanding and acceptance of the words and example of Jesus. The Church can ask no man to give assent to a detailed blue-print which promises a perfect answer to all the specters of the night. It can and does ask that men and women and children start where they are, believe all they can believe now, and act upon it.

It is often true that a town crowded with competing churches, served by inferior men, has little to offer the returning student or the thoughtful young worker who has had no chance for college. This is a shameful situation, too long tolerated by great denominations, which is being rapidly corrected. But such a situation is youth's opportunity.

Youth, if it will search, can find churches in nearly every town, where it can help create the kind of spirit its needs demand. As in every other of life's major interests, young people are rightly privileged to continue to give the criticism of clear minds, but are also asked to give their sincere cooperation.

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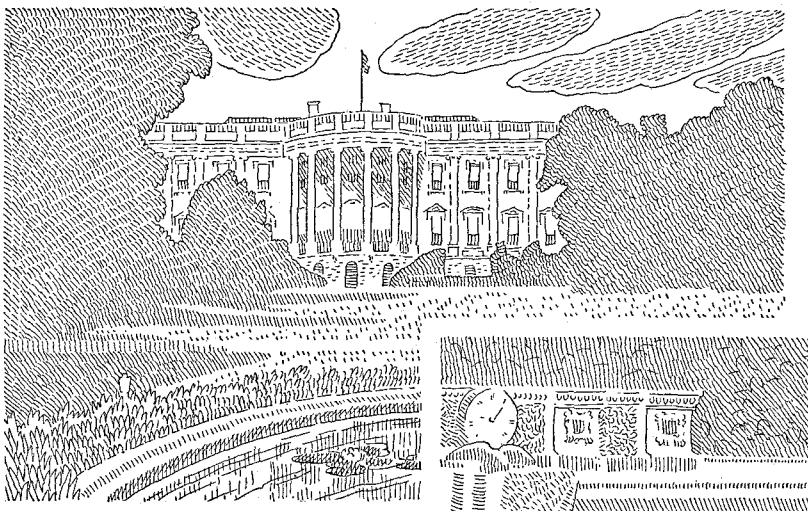
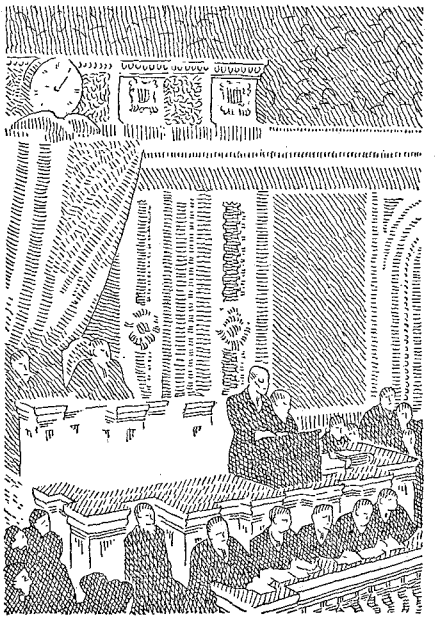
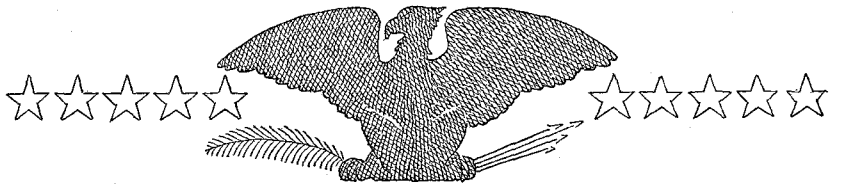
PART VI OF "ACROSS THE BUSY YEARS"





Things Seen and Heard in Politics

By Nicholas Murray Butler



EDITOR'S NOTE: President Butler during all his long years of knowledge of and friendship with men and women in public life has made it a practice to write down immediately afterwards any interesting conversations or significant episodes. Here, from his voluminous notebooks, are a group of commentaries, stories, anecdotes concerning American public figures—Speaker Reed, Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, Bryan, Beveridge, and others.

I. SPEAKER REED ON THE AMERICAN IDEA OF WAR

DURING the month of April, 1897, there was held in Washington an International Postal Conference to which the British Government sent as delegates Sir Spencer Walpole and H. Buxton Forman. While they were in Washington, Henry Cabot Lodge, who was then serving his first term as Senator from Massachusetts, gave a dinner in honor of these two gentlemen. Among the guests were Theodore Roosevelt, who had just become Assistant Secretary of the Navy in President McKinley's Cabinet, and myself. After dinner the talk turned for some reason or other upon war, and both Lodge and Roosevelt were very emphatic in their eulogies of war as a necessary means of settling great national and international differences and problems. Doubtless they exaggerated a good deal, but even allowing for exaggeration, what they said was quite grotesque. The two Englishmen were plainly staggered by all this and their amazement was written on their faces.

Finally, Sir Spencer Walpole turned to Reed and said: "But Mr. Reed, the American idea of war must be very peculiar. It must be something very different from ours. We could not possibly talk of war in this light-hearted way. Tell me, what is the American idea of war?"

Reed, without changing his expression a particle and with that peculiar manner and voice which added immensely to the humor of what he said, drawled out: "The American idea of war is to take the farmer from his plow, and to return him to his plow—with a pension!" Surely subsequent history has fully justified Reed's definition of forty years ago.

II. ABRAM S. HEWITT'S ACCOUNT OF HOW HE LOST THE GOVERNORSHIP OF NEW YORK AND POSSIBLY THE PRESIDENCY

One of the most absorbingly interesting political stories to which I ever listened, was told by the late Abram S. Hewitt on December 17, 1891, under the circumstances which I shall relate. How far Mr. Hewitt was accurate in his recollection and statement of facts, and how far he allowed his imagination to be guided by his feeling and his ambition, I do not know, but certainly the story is one of absorbing interest.

On December 17, 1891, the newly established Drexel Institute in Philadelphia, of which my warm friend, Doctor James MacAlister, had been chosen president, was to be formally dedicated. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan invited a company of gentlemen to be his guests for this occasion and to make the trip to Philadelphia in his private car. Among the group were Abram S. Hewitt, Bishop Henry C. Potter, Andrew Carnegie, Thomas L. James,

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Chauncey M. Depew, H. McK. Twombly, and Morris K. Jesup. An open fire was burning brightly in the sitting room at the rear end of the car and about it we quickly gathered. How Mr. Hewitt got started, I do not know, but it was not long before he took the floor and held it all the way to Philadelphia while he recounted his story of how Grover Cleveland came to be in the White House instead of Mr. Hewitt himself.

Mr. Hewitt was intimately concerned with the conduct of Mr. Tilden's campaign for the presidency in 1876. He occupied a position of great influence in the direction of the Democrat campaign. As Election Day approached and the fight waxed constantly hotter, daily conferences were held at Mr. Tilden's house in Gramercy Park, where invariably his friends and neighbors, Mr. Hewitt and Mr. David Dudley Field, came each morning. All during the month of October the Republicans were making headway against Mr. Tilden with the widely published charge that, if elected to the Presidency, he would be committed to having the so-called Rebel Debt paid by the Government of the United States. Mr. Hewitt urgently pressed Mr. Tilden to repudiate this charge and to put himself publicly on record to the contrary effect. Mr. Tilden, always vacillating and anxious to avoid positive decision, delayed acceding to Mr. Hewitt's request although he professed a willingness to do so at the proper time. Meanwhile the Republican attack grew in force and Mr. Hewitt's urgency steadily increased. Finally on the morning of October 24, 1876, with Election Day close at hand and the issue plainly doubtful, Mr. Hewitt went to Mr. Tilden's house for his usual morning visit, carrying in his hand a statement on the subject of the so-called Rebel Debt which he asked Mr. Tilden to sign for publication. Mr. Tilden demurred, but Mr. Hewitt insisted and finally went so far as to say that if Mr. Tilden did not then and there sign what he, Mr. Hewitt, had written, and allow it to be published, he, Mr. Hewitt, would withdraw from all farther connection with the campaign. Mr. Tilden, thus driven into a corner, took Mr. Hewitt's paper, looked it over, and, having altered the final paragraph, signed it. The paper as drawn by Mr. Hewitt ended with the sentence: "Let the dead past bury its dead." Mr. Tilden changed this into "Let by-gones be by-gones," and added a score or more words of his own. As soon as Mr. Tilden had signed the paper, Mr. Hewitt took it and quickly left the house for the party headquarters on Fifth Avenue, since he knew enough of Mr. Tilden's nature to feel that in a few moments Mr. Tilden would regret his signature and ask to have the paper brought back to him. Sure enough, before Mr. Hewitt reached the corner of Fourth Avenue, Mr. Tilden's Negro servant came running after him to say that Mr. Tilden wanted him to come back with that paper. Mr. Hewitt emphatically answered: "No, the paper has been given to the newspapers." He made his way as fast as possible to the headquarters of the Democrat National Committee and gave to the newspapers the letter signed by Mr. Tilden, which was published throughout the country on the morning of October 25, 1876, and which put Mr. Tilden emphatically on record against the payment of the Rebel Debt by the Government of the United States.

Mr. Hewitt said that Mr. Tilden never forgave him for this act although it was plainly to Mr. Tilden's advantage, and the breach thus created grew during the next few weeks when Mr. Hewitt was working for the determination of the result of the disputed presidential election through the appointment of the Electoral Commission. By this means he hoped to avoid resort to force or lapse into anarchy. Mr. Hewitt insisted that Mr. Tilden would, at that time, have gone to any lengths to obtain the presidency and that he, Mr. Hewitt, was one of the powerful restraining forces which kept Mr. Tilden from precipitating a conflict and perhaps bringing on a new Civil War. Mr. Hewitt stated this several times with much emphasis and was plainly entirely convinced of the correctness of his view.

As affects Mr. Tilden, the sequel is well known, but Mr. Hewitt's recital of the sequel as it affected him has, to the best of my knowledge and belief, never been made public.

The rest of the story is this, and was doubtless suggested by the fact that at the time Mr. Hewitt was speaking, President Harrison's term as President was approaching its completion and there was already discussion of the possibility of again nominating Grover Cleveland as the Democrat candidate for the presidency at the election of 1892.

Mr. Hewitt began by saying that he and not Grover Cleveland should have been elected President in 1884 and that this would have happened were it not for the following circumstance, which is immediately related to what has already been told.

It appears that after the Republicans had nominated Secretary Charles J. Folger for governor of New York in 1882, the Democrats felt sure of their ability to defeat him at the polls and began to look about for a candidate in all respects satisfactory. Despite Mr. Folger's personal character and high qualities he was felt to represent one faction of the Republican Party, and those who in 1884 were to support Mr. Blaine against President Arthur, were very vigorous in their opposition to him. There was much talk in the press of General Henry W. Slocum of Brooklyn and of Roswell P. Flower of Watertown and New York, as probable Democrat candidates for governor. Mr. Hewitt went on to say that a confidential conference of leaders was held and that under the guidance of John Kelly, then the master of Tammany Hall, he, Mr. Hewitt, was agreed upon as the party nominee of the convention to be held at Syracuse on September 22, 1882. Mr. Hewitt stated that nearly all the leaders, or at least a large majority of them, agreed to this program and that many of them assured him that he would be chosen Governor in 1882 and then nominated and elected President in 1884. Two or three days before the convention was to meet at Syracuse, some one suggested that it was hardly proper to go forward with this program without at least taking into their confidence the titular leader of the party, the Sage of Greystone, Mr. Tilden. This was agreed to and two or three important Democrats called upon Mr. Tilden to outline that program. Upon hearing what was proposed, Mr. Tilden flew into a rage and announced that he would never support Mr. Hewitt, that Mr. Hewitt had been untrue to him in 1876 and 1877 and that if Mr. Hewitt were nominated, he, Mr. Tilden, would write an

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open letter against his election. This quite unexpected development staggered John Kelly and the other leaders, and they went to Syracuse dismayed and wholly unable to agree upon a candidate. For various reasons they were not satisfied with either General Slocum or Mr. Flower. Conference after conference was held in the Syracuse hotels and finally a hearing was given to an eager body of young Democrats from Buffalo, who were urging the nomination of the mayor of that city, Grover Cleveland. John Kelly said he wanted to see Cleveland and look him over. He, Mr. Cleveland, was sent for to come to Syracuse and apparently passed inspection satisfactorily. He was made the nominee of the convention and, as all the world knows, was elected Governor by the then record majority of 192,000, and was at once in the eye of the public as the Democrat nominee for the presidency in 1884. To that office he was nominated and elected. Mr. Hewitt's point was that Mr. Cleveland was a child of fortune and grasped the place which he, Mr. Hewitt, had earned and deserved, and which he would have gained had it not been for the implacable enmity of Mr. Tilden incurred through doing what he, Mr. Hewitt, believed to be service in the interest of his country.

Mr. Hewitt told the story with great animation and complete conviction of the accuracy of its every detail.

III. Theodore Roosevelt's Part in Defeating the Ratification of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty

The circumstances in connection with the issuing of a statement on February 12, 1900, in criticism of the pending Hay-Pauncefote Treaty by Theodore Roosevelt, are these. Frederick W. Holls, who made his charming house in the outskirts of Yonkers the center of many delightful political gatherings and conferences, had invited for the week-end preceding Lincoln's Birthday, 1900: Theodore Roosevelt, then governor of New York; Andrew D. White, but recently returned from The Hague Peace Conference where he had been first American delegate; David Jayne Hill, who was then first Assistant Secretary of State; Doctor Albert Shaw, editor of *The Review of Reviews*, and myself. The conversation turned on the pending Hay-Pauncefote Treaty and the possibilities of a future Panama Canal with all that that implied in politics and economics. Mr. Holls took from his shelves a volume containing the declarations on this subject by James G. Blaine, and these were discussed and generally assented to by the entire company. Finally some one, probably Mr. Holls himself, urged that Theodore Roosevelt should issue a public statement along the lines of Mr. Blaine's doctrine, which of course antagonized the policy Secretary Hay was then urging upon the Senate. This matter was discussed for several hours and finally Theodore Roosevelt took a pen and wrote a brief statement which appeared in the newspapers of the following morning, and which is believed to have been the real cause for the failure of the Senate to ratify the Treaty. John Hay was very much provoked at the whole matter and was particularly incensed when he learned that Doctor Hill, his associate in the State Department, was present at Mr. Holls's house when the statement was prepared. Poor Doctor Hill was, however, perfectly innocent in the matter, for in accepting Holls's invitation he could never have dreamed of what was going to take place. The statement was given to me, and I made a trip to New York Sunday evening in order to give it to the newspapers. I have in my possession the original manuscript of the statement with T. R.'s interlineations and erasures.

IV. Governor Theodore Roosevelt and a Charter for New York

When Theodore Roosevelt became governor there was a good deal of earnest discussion as to the necessity of making a new and thoroughly revised charter for the City of New York. The Greater City had just come into existence and its charter was a marvellous and wonderful production. It was really not a charter at all but an elaborate code of legislation brought together with great patience and much labor, and as unlike a genuine charter as any document could possibly be. I had been through the municipal campaign of 1897 as a strong supporter of the candidacy of Seth Low for mayor, and had made a good many speeches in different parts of the city on various topics of municipal organization and administration. When the discussion of charter revision became current, Theodore Roosevelt sent for me and asked me whether I would accept the chairmanship of a commission to revise the New York City charter if he got the necessary legislation. I told him that I should regard it as a great honor to be chairman of such a commission provided there was an opportunity to write a real charter, that is, a constitution of government for the City of New York which should be a model of its kind in fixing the relations of American state governments to great municipalities such as New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Boston, and others. The governor heartily applauded this suggestion and said that he would back me to the limit if I would undertake to guide a charter revision commission along such lines. I told him that I was not willing to waste my time on any fool undertaking and that before I accepted I must know whether there would be support for my plans sufficient to justify me in giving a year's work to it. The governor suggested that I consult various persons, including active politicians, business men, municipal reformers, and others, and report to him what I ascertained opinion to be. In about two weeks I went back to him with the assurance that there was no interest whatever in obtaining a real charter for New York and that nothing could be done except to tinker with the existing mass of legislation and to patch it up here and there. For such a job, I told the governor, I had no appetite and must beg to be excused. This ended the matter so far as I was concerned. My friend, George L. Rives, accepted the chairmanship of the Charter Revision Commission and worked with characteristic patience and public spirit upon a thankless task for many months. New York is still without a real charter. Such a charter as I have in mind could be compressed into thirty or forty printed pages. It would be simply a grant of power and the setting-up of a framework of government for the municipality by state authority. It would bring to an end the shocking state of affairs that has now existed for many years, by which a major portion of the New York tax-payers' money is expended pursuant to terms of mandatory legislation passed at Albany. The

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idea that the salaries of policemen, firemen, school teachers, court officers, and other city employees should be fixed by statute, has always seemed to me preposterous. I see no hope for better government in New York until that city is not only permitted, but compelled, to take the responsibility for governing itself with thorough, modern, and effective administrative machinery for so doing.

V. Theodore Roosevelt's Succession to the Presidency

When President McKinley was shot at Buffalo, I was spending the summer at Rye Beach, New Hampshire. Because of my cordial political and personal relations with the President, and my intimate friendship with Theodore Roosevelt, then Vice President, I was even more agitated and concerned than most others. I immediately communicated with friends in Buffalo, and found that it was not desirable for any more of the President's friends to assemble there. So I remained at Rye Beach and awaited the outcome of the President's injury. I was, however, in occasional telegraphic communication with T. R., whose headquarters were in the Adirondacks. Finally, when President McKinley died, T. R. telegraphed me to follow him to Buffalo. But that seemed to me injudicious, and I telegraphed a reply putting myself entirely at his service but suggesting that I go to Washington after the funeral rather than to Buffalo. This was arranged, so I proceeded to Washington and arrived at the house of the President's sister, Mrs. W. S. Cowles, where he was stopping before he took possession of the White House itself.

It was in late September, and daylight began to fade about six o'clock. A little before that hour, as I recall, T. R. marched in, clad in the Presidential frock coat and silk hat, and after greeting me said that he wanted to go for a walk before dinner. We started off together in the dusk and walked at great speed straight out Sixteenth Street. We must have walked nearly or quite two miles before we turned and walked back to the house of Mrs. Cowles. T. R. talked vehemently and volubly all the time, and was in a great state of emotional excitement. Our intimacy was such that he could let himself go, and so relieve his pent-up feelings. He said a hundred interesting things, many of them important, but I am now able to recall but a few of them.

I was particularly shocked by his criticisms, favorable and unfavorable, of various public men, and he already showed the maleficent influence of Henry Cabot Lodge, who, true to his instinct as a professional politician, had hastened to warn T. R. against bringing with him to Washington any of his close friends in New York. Lodge had chiefly in mind Frederick W. Holls and Albert Shaw, and possibly myself as well. He need not have bothered himself about me, because there was no office in the gift of the President that I would accept, a fact which the President very quickly ascertained. I doubt whether Albert Shaw would have accepted public office. But Holls would have been glad to do so, and would have been a distinguished ornament to the administration, as well as a great practical help to it. He had unusual political knowledge, particularly in regard to foreign affairs, and unflagging industry, together with a very wide and influential acquaintance in Europe.

During this hour or more of rapid-fire conversation, T. R. expressed with great vigor his lack of confidence in himself as President and his feeling that his administration would not be successful. He repeated this thought over and over again in varying forms and from different points of view. Finally, as we were approaching the end of our walk, I said to him: "Theodore, you are entirely mistaken. You will be an enormous success as President. You are here for seven and one-half years beyond peradventure. Your youth, your vitality, your many-sided interests, will all captivate the American people so soon as they come to know you better. I have no fear whatever of the success of your administration. Your real problem, as I see it, is something quite different. You have come to the Presidency at an amazingly early age, and you will go out of the presidential office at fifty. The real problem that confronts you is whether you can be a sage at fifty. If you can, your permanent reputation seems to me certain. If you cannot, then the outlook is different."

I think that as matters turned out, the question as to whether T. R. could be a sage at fifty was the most important that he ever had to answer. It surely was a trying test of temperament and character.

VI. President Theodore Roosevelt and the Organization of the Carnegie Institution

An amusing incident occurred in connection with the organization of the Carnegie Institution at Washington, which was the occasion of my writing a message to the Congress of the United States which was never sent, and of which I still have the original manuscript. The circumstances were these:

Mr. Carnegie had consulted me relative to his plan for the organization of an endowed national university at Washington and I had pointed out to him the folly and wastefulness of any such project, urging in its stead the establishment of a fund for the promotion of scientific research of every kind under the most generous and catholic provisions. My plan for the organization of the Carnegie Institution differed from that finally adopted, which was largely the result of the influence of Doctor John Shaw Billings and Doctor Daniel C. Gilman, whom Mr. Carnegie also consulted. When the plans for the undertaking were well under way, Mr. Carnegie conceived the notion of having it organized as the Smithsonian Institution is organized, thus making it, in a certain sense, an official government undertaking, or at least giving it official government recognition. Mr. Carnegie persuaded President Roosevelt that this would be a good thing to do and he urged the President to ask Congress to provide by joint resolution for the acceptance of his proposed endowment and for the establishment of a plan of organization for the Carnegie Institution which would be similar to the plan of organization of the Smithsonian Institution. President Roosevelt telegraphed me to come to the White House, and on arrival laid the plan before me and said that he highly approved it. He added: "You know a great deal more about this matter than I do, so sit down and write a message to Congress, making the proper recommendations, that I can sign and send tomorrow." I objected strongly and said to the Presi-

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dent that Mr. Carnegie's idea was unsound, that any attempt to act upon it would have most unfortunate results for the President, for Mr. Carnegie himself, and for his undertaking. I pointed out that the demagogs, both in the press and in the two houses of Congress, would at once attack Mr. Carnegie and parade once more all the stories, *ex parte*, about the Homestead strike and the money wrung from the sweat of the toilers and so on, without end. The President replied that he had thought of that and he did not believe it amounted to anything. We carried on the discussion for perhaps an hour and finally the President said: "My mind is made up; please write me that message." So I sat down at the writing desk in the old Cabinet Room and wrote a message to Congress presenting the President's views as I understood them. He, meanwhile, took a book and read. When the message was finished, I handed it to him and he read it very carefully two or three times. He then said: "That is all right. I shall not change a word of it. I shall sign it and send it to Congress in the morning."

At this point I became really alarmed as I saw an important political and educational mistake was about to be made, and I begged the President at least to postpone sending in the message. He, however, insisted upon his own view and his own plan. Finally, in despair, I said to him: "Please get hold of Root and find out what he thinks about this." The President replied: "Root knows nothing about it." I answered: "That may be, but you ought to have his judgment on the matter of policy involved." Finally the President yielded and sent word to Root to come at once to the White House. Root, who had been peaceably reading in his library at home on a cold winter night, arrived at the White House about ten o'clock, just a bit cross at being disturbed at that hour. In a few short sentences the President stated the matter to Root and outlined our difference of opinion, but did not tell him which of us supported the plan. He then handed to Root the proposed message. "There is the message that I am going to send to Congress in the morning." Root took the paper, put on his glasses, and read the message slowly through. Then, assuming that the plan was mine and looking at me with great severity, he said to the President: "Where did this damn fool idea come from?" And then, in about five minutes of vigorous talk, he demolished the whole project. Root took my point of view entirely, but went farther than I did and expressed himself in pretty vigorous fashion. He handed me back the proposed message, which I folded up and put in my pocket, and the matter was ended. Some time later, in the spring of 1904, the Carnegie Institution was incorporated by an act of Congress as a public but non-governmental undertaking, which was, of course, the only wise plan to adopt.

VII. Attorney-General Knox and the Isthmus of Panama Matter

This anecdote, highly amusing in itself, and wholly characteristic of both Theodore Roosevelt and Philander C. Knox, is recalled on reading Pringle's Life of Roosevelt which goes fully into the whole history of the Panama matter.

At a Cabinet meeting where this question was being discussed and President Roosevelt was showing more than usual sensitiveness to the public criticisms that were being made of him and his action in respect to the revolution at Panama, the President turned to the Attorney-General and said:

"I think, Mr. Attorney-General, that it will be just as well for you to give us a formal legal opinion sustaining my action in this whole matter."

The Attorney-General looked quizzically at the President and said, with a smile:

"No, Mr. President, if I were you I would not have any taint of legality about it."

Knox himself is my authority for the story.

VIII. T. R.'s Definition of a Constitutional King

Another characteristic anecdote of Theodore Roosevelt has come back to my recollection after many years. During one of my many visits at the White House, President Roosevelt was receiving a foreigner of some consequence, whose name I do not now recall. The visitor was expressing to the President in rather stilted language his conception of the presidential office and he ended his discourse by saying: "In my judgment, Mr. President, you have more power than any constitutional king."

An odd smile came over Roosevelt's face and he quickly replied with all his emphasis and gesture: "A constitutional king! Why, a constitutional king is nothing but a combination of the Vice President and the leader of the Four Hundred."

IX. Theodore Roosevelt and the Romanes Lecture at Oxford

In June, 1910, the ship by which I journeyed to Europe passed somewhere in mid-ocean the ship that was bringing Theodore Roosevelt home from his African and European trip. A few of us conceived the notion of sending him a wireless dispatch made up of quotations from the Bible. We achieved this, and sent it off signed by myself, Ogden Mills, Paul Morton, and one or two more of T. R.'s friends, but no reply was received.

When I reached Oxford a few days later, I found that academic capital echoing with various amusing anecdotes and impressions of Roosevelt's visit. One of the best of them was this:

Roosevelt delivered his Romanes lecture in the Sheldonian Theater and, at the suggestion of Henry Fairfield Osborn, took as his topic "Some Biological Analogies in History," which he discussed at inordinate length. It was a very journalistic and superficial piece of work, but Oxford received it politely and with deferential attention. As the Vice Chancellor, President Warren of Magdalen College, left the Sheldonian after the lecture, he was joined by the University orator and well-known academic wit, Mr. A. D. Godley. "What did you think of the lecture?" asked the Vice Chancellor of Mr. Godley. "Well," replied the latter, "it would appear that the biological analogies in history are three: Longitude, Latitude, Platitude!"

X. Anecdotes of Senator Beveridge

The personality of Albert J. Beveridge, formerly senator from Indiana, was such that he has become the subject of a number of capital anecdotes.

The first relates to Senator Beveridge's ambition to be Temporary Chairman of the National Republican Convention of 1904. Some weeks before

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that Convention was to meet I happened in upon President Roosevelt in his office at the White House, and found him in a gale of laughter. He said:

"Sit down and hear the funniest thing that ever happened. I have just had a marvellous interview with Beveridge."

The President then went on to tell the following story:

Senator Beveridge had appeared by appointment, and drawing up his chair close to the President said:

"Mr. President, I have come for your final answer. Am I, or am I not, to be Temporary Chairman of the Chicago Convention?"

The President could not escape a direct reply but fenced a little for time, and said something about the importance of the post, the necessity of striking a key-note that would resound throughout the country, and so on. Finally the President said:

"Senator, you know we all have the highest admiration for you, but after considering this question from every point of view and talking it over with my friends we have come to the conclusion that the best man to be Temporary Chairman of the Convention is Root."

Beveridge stiffened, turned a little pale, and then with great dignity said:

"Whom did you say, Mr. President? Root? Elihu Root! What can he say that the country will listen to? Very well, Mr. President, so be it. I am once more alone." Then rising and striking an attitude in imitation of Senator Beveridge, the President said that this interesting interview ended with this peroration:

"So be it, always alone. Alone on the farm, alone at school, alone at the Bar, alone in the Senate, alone in the party! Good-morning, Mr. President." It is no wonder that President Roosevelt was in a gale of laughter.

The second incident occurred on the evening before the marriage of Alice Roosevelt and Nicholas Longworth, which took place at the White House on February 17, 1906. On the evening preceding, John Kean, then Senator from New Jersey, gave a large dinner at his house, followed by a reception, to which pretty much all the wedding guests from New York were invited. Senator Beveridge was there. Shortly before midnight he came to me with very solemn mien and said: "Where are you stopping?"

I replied: "At the Shoreham Hotel." He said: "Please walk home with me, I wish your advice." There was something almost portentous in his manner, but as I was accustomed to this it did not surprise me. We walked away from Senator Kean's house, and it was soon obvious that conversation was very difficult because Beveridge had something very much on his mind. We strolled along in the moonlight almost in silence until we reached the apartment house in which he was then living on Vermont Avenue. We entered in silence and ascended to his apartment. He threw open the door, turned on the lights and waving me to a seat disappeared through some curtains into a room beyond. In a moment or two he returned clad in smoking jacket and slippers, still entirely silent, and strode over to the fire, which he freshened up a bit. Then standing with his back to the fire, and swinging slightly backward and forward on his toes, he gazed at me for some seconds. Then came this remarkable question:

"Butler, shall I take the nomination in 1908 or shall I wait?"

Nobody but Beveridge would have thought of asking that question. Of course, I told him to wait.

Beveridge was an earnest and able public servant. That he did not live to complete his Life of Lincoln was a tragic loss both to American history and American letters.

XI. Anecdotes Regarding William Jennings Bryan

The death of William Jennings Bryan in 1925 brought to mind a few stories of him that are of general interest.

A few months after President Harding took office, I was stopping at the White House for a short visit. On returning to the offices just before luncheon, the President asked me whether it might not be well for him to invite Mr. Bryan to lunch, since he was waiting in the anteroom for an opportunity to pay his respects. My answer was that it would be good fun to have Mr. Bryan at the luncheon table. The President therefore took him to the White House and at the table there were only the President and Mrs. Harding, Mr. Bryan, Doctor Sawyer, and myself. The President remarked that Mr. Bryan was looking exceedingly well and must have enjoyed a good summer holiday.

"No holiday at all," responded Mr. Bryan cheerily. "I have been speaking on the Chautauqua Circuit and have addressed probably no fewer than 600,000 of our fellow citizens. And, by the way, Mr. President, I have a new opening for my Chautauqua speeches which always makes a hit. I say, 'Ladies and gentlemen, before he entered the White House, President Harding frequently spoke on the Chautauqua Circuit to great audiences. After he left the White House, President Taft addressed Chautauqua audiences in several states. Now, ladies and gentlemen, if one can go from Chautauqua to the White House, and from the White House to Chautauqua, will you not listen with patience to one who has meandered between the two for twenty-five years!'"

This was the first time that I had ever heard Bryan tell a story on himself, and it seemed to me to indicate that he was growing much more mellow than of yore.

Bryan went on to tell a second story on himself which was equally amusing. He said that he had it from the chairman of the Republican State Committee of Massachusetts in the campaign of 1896. It seems that a Republican county chairman who wished a supply of McKinley buttons for his constituency sent a representative to Boston to procure them at a cost of $10. When inquiry was made of the man who sold the buttons, he replied that there was such a demand for McKinley buttons that the price had gone up to $15, but that he could supply Bryan buttons for $10. The inquirer hesitated a moment and then said thoughtfully: "Well, I have only got $10, so you better give me Bryan buttons. I don't suppose the boys will mind so long as they are buttons!"

The last time I ever saw Bryan was when we met on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington about six months before his death. Bryan was quite a picturesque figure, since he wore a

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broad-brimmed hat and a long cape with a metal clasp at his throat. As we approached, he waved his hand and hailed me by name. We stopped for a chat almost in front of the New Willard Hotel. Shaking his finger at me, Bryan said: "Butler, do you know what is the matter with you?"

I answered: "My dear Bryan, there are so many things the matter with me that one or two more will not count. Let me know the worst."

"The matter with you is," he answered, "that you will not take me seriously."

"On that point, my dear Bryan," I replied, "it is impossible for us to get up an argument!"

Still another good Bryan story is this: After Mr. Taft had been nominated for the Presidency in 1908 at Chicago, Mr. Bryan received his third nomination at Denver. The following morning Mr. Taft received a telegram from an ecstatic admirer which read substantially as follows: "Hearty congratulations on your certain election in November. Bryan was nominated for the first time at Chicago, for the second time at Kansas City, and for the third time at Denver. He will be nominated for the fourth time at Salt Lake, for the fifth time at San Francisco, for the sixth time at Honolulu, and for the seventh time at Manila, thus getting steadily farther and farther away from the White House."

I always got on very well with Bryan despite our differences on almost every conceivable public question. I first met him during the Presidential Campaign of 1888, when he and I were both on the program to address the gathering at a county fair in mid-Nebraska. At that time I was much struck with his method of appealing to a mixed crowd and by the rather exceptional success with which he met. We were in violent opposition on monetary questions and on prohibition, but I never doubted the man's sincerity.

XII. Anecdotes of Woodrow Wilson

At the Lotos Club dinner in his honor on Thursday, November 1, 1923, Mr. Lloyd George told me two amusing anecdotes of Woodrow Wilson. I inquired whether he had seen Wilson while in Washington and how he had found him. He said that he had spent an hour or more with him and that his physical condition was very bad indeed. He described Wilson as slipping down in his chair toward the left side through sheer helplessness and only righting himself from time to time with some difficulty. Lloyd George added that Wilson's mind, while doubtless not capable of any sustained effort, was in fine working order for ordinary conversation and repartee. He gave these two illustrations:

The name of Poincaré was mentioned and Wilson promptly said: "When we were in Paris I found that Poincaré was a liar and a sneak and I observe that he has not changed a particle."

Lloyd George asked Wilson his opinion of President Coolidge, and Wilson said that he would reply by citing an anecdote of Oscar Wilde, who, when approached by some one for whom he did not care, adjusted his monocle and staring blandly at the visitor asked: "Are you any one in particular?"

XIII. John Sharp Williams and David Jayne Hill

A most amusing incident took place at the annual meeting of the Trustees of the Carnegie Endowment, held at Washington in April of 1921.

David Jayne Hill was making some remarks about the general international situation and while urging strongly policies that would make for international peace, he vigorously criticized the existing League of Nations and, in particular, insisted that the Government of the United States should have nothing whatever to do with the League. John Sharp Williams, who was then Senator from Mississippi, sat listening to Doctor Hill, his hand at his right ear and a most innocent and childlike look upon his face. When Doctor Hill had finished, Senator Williams got up and in his own peculiar manner, with his inimitable drawl, said substantially this:

"I have listened with great interest to Doctor Hill's speech in favor of peace and against the League of Nations. What he has said reminds me of a story told of General Jubal Early at the second battle of Bull Run. As the battle was about to begin and General Early was riding up toward the lines, he passed a chaplain making for the rear as rapidly as possible. General Early stopped and said to the chaplain: 'Where are you going?'

"The chaplain replied, 'I am going back where it is safer.'

" 'Turn around and go back to the front,' said General Early. 'Aren't you ashamed of yourself? For years you have been praying for a chance to see Almighty God face to face and here at the first chance you really get, I find you running away.' "

Senator Williams sat down and the Trustees roared with laughter.

XIV. Elihu Root's Argument Against the Validity of the Eighteenth Amendment

For years it was my custom to go to Washington to hear argued before the United States Supreme Court any case which seemed to me to involve far-reaching Constitutional principles. Among the never-to-be-forgotten arguments to which I listened were those on the first income-tax case, on the Insular cases, on the dissolution of the Standard Oil Company, and on the case involving the validity of the Eighteenth Amendment. Elihu Root closed the argument in support of the contention that the Eighteenth Amendment was not a valid addition to the Constitution.

At the close of his argument a most dramatic incident took place. I had assumed that every word which counsel spoke was recorded stenographically, but to my surprise, found later that this was not the case. Root's closing sentences, however, made so profound an impression upon me and were so burned into my memory that I can never forget them. After a careful and somewhat lengthy argument upon his printed brief, Root reached the end of what he had to say at 4:24 P.M. Looking up at the clock above the head of the Chief Justice, he saw that six minutes remained before the hour when the Court would rise for the day. It evidently passed through his mind that the psychological effect of his argument would be better if he himself occupied the remaining six minutes of time rather than to permit any other argument, which could not possibly

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be advanced very far, to be begun. Closing his brief and drawing himself up to his full height, Root stretched out his forefinger toward the Chief Justice and speaking with deep emotion concluded with almost exactly these words:

"If Your Honors shall find a way to declare this so-called amendment to the Federal Constitution valid, then the Government of the United States as it has been known to us and to our forefathers will have ceased to exist. Your Honors will have discovered a new legislative authority hitherto unknown to the Constitution and quite untrammelled by any of its limitations. You will have declared that two-thirds of a quorum of each House of the Congress, plus a majority of a quorum in each of the two Houses of the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States, may enact any legislation they please without any reference to the limitations of the Constitution, including the Bill of Rights itself. In that case, Your Honors, John Marshall need never have sat upon that bench."

The hour of 4:30 had arrived. The Court rose and the assembled audience melted away. They had heard a really great utterance on behalf of American constitutional government and American liberty.

Some months afterward, I was taking lunch, as I often did, with Chief Justice and Mrs. White at their home in Washington. We three were alone. The conversation turned on many things when suddenly the Chief Justice said: "I do not think I have seen you since you came down to hear the prohibition amendment cases argued."

I said, "No, Chief Justice, I have not been here since then."

With a suspicion of a smile at the corners of his mouth, the Chief Justice added: "I do not think that you liked our decision."

I replied, "Well, Chief Justice, had you not mentioned the matter, it would not have been becoming in me to speak of it, but since you have given me this opportunity, I must say to you in all seriousness that, in my judgment, your Court in rendering that decision struck a more powerful blow at the Constitution of the United States than all the radicals have been able to do since the government was founded."

The expression of the Chief Justice became deeply serious. His eyes filled with tears and speaking with profound feeling he said: "I agree with you entirely, but what were we to do?"

The explanation of this extraordinary remark by the Chief Justice was that during the later years of his life and public service he was in mortal terror lest the rising tide of radicalism should be able to diminish or to sweep away the authority of the United States Supreme Court as an independent and essential part of the Government of the United States. He took note of every antagonistic or critical utterance relative to the Court by whomsoever made, and he was literally terrified lest a growing spirit of revolution should weaken or destroy the fundamental principles which the Court represented and betokened.

XV. Woodrow Wilson and the Supreme Court

When, on January 28, 1916, President Wilson nominated Louis D. Brandeis of Boston to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, there was furious criticism and opposition to the confirmation of this appointment from many members of the bench and bar.

All this recalled an experience which I had early in life with Woodrow Wilson which, though it did not seem very important then, has grown in significance as the years passed. In 1887 President Cleveland nominated L. Q. C. Lamar of Mississippi, at that time Secretary of the Interior, to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court to fill an existing vacancy. Mr. Lamar's personality and character were held in high esteem everywhere, but his nomination to be a member of the Supreme Court was severely criticized on the ground that he had never had previous judicial experience and for more than thirty years had been engaged in active political life and therefore away even from practice at the bar. Shortly after this nomination was made, Woodrow Wilson and I, who were delivering some lectures at Johns Hopkins University and were living together at the University Club, were guests for dinner at the house of President Gilman. The dinner was in honor of Andrew D. White, Mr. Gilman's classmate at Yale, who had just returned from one of his periods of diplomatic service in Europe. After dinner the conversation turned on Mr. Lamar's appointment, and, among others, Andrew D. White expressed grave doubt as to the wisdom of appointing to the Supreme Court a man who, however talented or high-minded, was without judicial experience, and who had been long removed from active practice at the bar. Among those present there was general agreement with this judgment until finally Wilson spoke and expressed with emphasis and precision of language a directly contrary view. He said that men like Mr. Lamar were just what the Supreme Court most needed; that it was high time to appoint to that Court men who had had no judicial experience and who were out of touch with the active practice of the bar; and that he hoped the time would come when some President would be willing to appoint to the Court a man who was not even a lawyer, but who had a large and comprehensive grasp of American political and social principles and problems.

In the light of some of Wilson's words and acts later in life, this extraordinary expression of opinion made thirty years earlier takes on exceptional interest.

The October Scribner's *will be larger in size and richer in appearance. Fiction and articles will be greatly enhanced in interest through the use of color illustration and modern photography. Watch for it!*

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Mrs. Parker

A STORY

By Raymond Holden

MRS. PARKER was not really sick. There was something the matter with her interior which called for observation, so Doctor Anderson sent her to the hospital. He was not sure whether it was gall bladder or some form of allergy.

Mrs. Parker was a hearty woman of forty who had always had enough money to make it unnecessary to look for friends. She had therefore missed considerable of that excitement which comes of hoping for a miracle. She was the sort whose aspect and manner make young people think they may be wrong about the horrors of middle-age, but whose aspect and manner are at once a comfort and a torture to themselves. Mrs. Parker was tall and well-proportioned and, even in bed, appeared statuesque rather than flabby. She had elements of true beauty, but they were handicapped by a mask of indecision. She was none the less definitely middle-aged inasmuch as she was afraid that life was never again going to touch her. For this reason Mrs. Parker almost welcomed the hospital. Mr. Parker was on the board of directors of the institution and in going to it, under the care of Doctor Anderson, the idea of whom was exciting to her, she felt that she was being romantic about the absent Mr. Parker, as if she were kissing his picture while she exposed herself to danger.

Mrs. Parker did not mind staying in bed for it gave her lots of time to brush her hair, which she loved to do. She had always thought that if she had been able to feel about some other things as she did about her own hair, she might have known great passion. As things stood, she thought that she would be glad to compromise for the friendly interest of an exciting man.

In the hospital she got to know, within certain limits, when Doctor Anderson, who was considered an exciting man, was due to come and observe her. She always managed to be brushing her hair when he arrived. That was the time when her hair seemed most alive, after a good brushing. It hung down on either side of her face in dark, fine-textured silken waves. Although it was a very dark brown, there was a golden luster in it.

Mrs. Parker did not have a private nurse, not because she couldn't afford one but because she wasn't sick enough to need one. The floor nurses, being a trifle scornful of her, somewhat as foxes might scorn even a noble horse, left her pretty much alone. During the first two days they had taken her temperature but after that they did nothing except prepare the reports which Doctor Anderson actually asked for, which included blood tests and such things.

Mrs. Parker always saw to it that none of her friends came to visit her before lunch. Mr. Parker, being in Peru attending to something in connection with his copper mine, did not come at all. She kept the morning free for Doctor Anderson, though he never used more than half an hour of it. She could not prevent a slight accumulation of nurses outside her door whenever the doctor was present. The whispers of the nurses and what Mrs. Parker sometimes thought was tittering annoyed her at first. She got used to it, however, for after four or five days Doctor Anderson formed the habit of picking up whatever book she had beside her bed, looking at it, and then sitting down for a few minutes' chat.

Mr. Parker was not unimportant. He was merely absent. Doctor Anderson knew that if Mr. Parker was pleased with the way he took care of Mr. Parker's wife, it might be possible to get the new laboratory equipment which the hospital needed but could not afford. Mr. Parker could afford it.

On her sixth day in the hospital Mrs. Parker took the liberty of making a few light brush-passes at her hair during the doctor's chat. She felt very much pleased because, on that day, he stayed longer than usual. She had no misgivings. It was just a game, but it gave her

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such a sense of excitement as she had not felt for a long time. When one is sick, all bets are off, so to speak, all rules suspended.

Mrs. Parker talked very earnestly about her condition, though she had not the faintest idea what it was. Doctor Anderson, who enjoyed looking at a handsome woman, was very affable. He was a bachelor by choice. He was immensely pleased by women. His bedside manner could not have been improved upon by an experienced actor. He admitted to his patient that medical men knew very little about the functions of many parts of the human body. That modesty interested Mrs. Parker and made her feel important. She remarked that she put herself entirely in the doctor's hands.

She leaned back and began fumbling behind her, trying to straighten her pillows. She smiled archly at Doctor Anderson, who rose to help. At that moment a short, plump, very clean, very firm and very young student nurse known to Mrs. Parker as Miss McCall, pushed open the door.

Mrs. Parker looked at the nurse from behind Doctor Anderson while he leaned over fixing the pillows.

"Yes?" said Mrs. Parker, very much annoyed. "I didn't ring. It must have been some one else."

Miss McCall, looking perfectly self-possessed, was eyeing Doctor Anderson sideways. She grinned at Mrs. Parker and backed out, saying, as if to the doctor, "Oh, I beg your pardon."

Doctor Anderson stood by the bed. He made a hidden but abrupt gesture toward the nurse.

"All right?" he asked of Mrs. Parker.

Mrs. Parker smiled, raising her eyelids until her eyes had perhaps more of a look of rapture than she had intended.

"Lovely, thank you." But her moment was spoiled. There was a sound of light laughter in the corridor.

Doctor Anderson buttoned his expensive tweed coat, ran his right hand through his wavy dark hair and walked to the door.

"See you tomorrow," he said, and went out.

Mrs. Parker, extremely mortified, stared at the door. Beyond it she could hear the doctor's voice and laughter, followed by laughter from the nurses. Mrs. Parker decided to break that up. She dropped her hairbrush to the floor and rang her bell. She sat looking at the window when the nurse came in answer to her ring.

"I dropped my brush," she said without turning. The nurse picked up the brush and set it on the table.

"Thank you," said Mrs. Parker with dignity. The nurse went out.

On the seventh day Mrs. Parker was ready for Doctor Anderson. She had had her hairdresser come in and wash her hair and give it a little extra wave. The hairdresser had left the hair put up. When Mrs. Parker heard the doctor's step in the hall she took out the pins and let her hair down. Her heart beat very rapidly. She felt as if something were going to happen. Her body seemed to glow, like a child's.

"Oh, good morning, Doctor Anderson," she said. "You're early this morning."

She was sure that her eyes were very bright and her cheeks warm with natural color. She believed, because she wanted to, that Doctor Anderson caught his breath as he caught sight of her.

The doctor looked down at his watch.

"Am I? I don't think so," he said. "How's the patient? Ready to go home?"

Mrs. Parker's heart sank. As she lay awake waiting for her breakfast she had considered the possibility of developing further symptoms. Now, excited by the beauty of her moment, she had forgotten what it was that had made them seem plausible. She brushed vigorously at her hair, sifting her fingers through it, her heart thumping like that of a little girl on the way to a party. Mr. Parker was not expected back from South America for two weeks. Mrs. Parker did not want to go home.

"I guess we're ready to let you go," said the doctor. "The inflammation seems to have subsided. No pain, is there?"

"Well no, I don't suppose so," said Mrs. Parker. She didn't know what else to say.

"You've had a good rest anyway. Now you can go the pace for a while." The doctor smiled.

"I really lead a very quiet life," said Mrs. Parker looking down.

Doctor Anderson threw back his head and laughed. He slapped his knees.

"But I do. Why do you laugh?"

Mrs. Parker brushed the hair back from her cheeks and looked out wistfully.

"I bet you're on the go every minute, a charming woman like you."

Mrs. Parker smiled softly.

"You flatter me," she said. She looked down again for a moment, then added, "When my husband is away I have no one to be on the go with. Just a lonely woman."

The doctor laughed heartily, fingering his watch chain.

"Is that an invitation?"

He laughed again.

"One thing—I'd go easy on cocktails for a while."

There was a pause.

"Do I look as if I didn't?"

"I can't say that you do. But then you can't see your spleen." Doctor Anderson laughed again.

Mrs. Parker laughed too, shaking the hairbrush at him. She did not feel much like laughing but she knew that laughter made the corners of her eyes look better and helped to show a fine set of genuine teeth.

Doctor Anderson picked up a magazine from the foot of the bed. He got a good part of his rest by these little delays in each patient's room. They were valuable to him in that way. He felt that in Mrs. Parker's case the rest was having a double effect. He was sure that he had worked her to the point of wanting to speak to Mr. Parker about the laboratory.

Mrs. Parker rested her chin on the tip of her hairbrush and leaned forward a little, trying to think of something to say that would lead somewhere. At that moment the door opened and Miss McCall entered, carrying a thermometer and looking very businesslike. Mrs. Parker sat back, looking startled and then angry. She started to say, "Why do you have to . . ." The nurse merely muttered, "Temperature," and shoved the little glass tube into Mrs. Parker's mouth.

Mrs. Parker eyed the doctor helplessly. He laughed, got up and said, "Well, I'll be running along. Call me up if you're not all right. It's been nice having you here. Will you remember to speak to Mr. Parker?"

Mrs. Parker, her lips tightly compressed upon the thermometer, stared after him and, as the door closed, turned her eyes toward the nurse's face.

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It showed no expression of any kind.

"Just the same," thought Mrs. Parker in her disappointment, knowing that all opportunity had passed and wanting some one to blame for it, "I'll bet she did it on purpose."

Mrs. Parker, established again in her spacious, comfortable, well-tended home, found that she could not quite recapture the cloak of resignation in which she had formerly moved about the place. There seemed to be something missing. She did not know what it was, but she found that whenever she was most aware of it she was also conscious of the excitement of that moment at the hospital when she had timed to the second with Doctor Anderson's entrance into her room, the sudden letting down of her freshly washed brown hair.

She concluded that there was something between her and Doctor Anderson and that she wished to study it, to cherish it, to clasp it to her bosom. This conclusion, however ridiculous it may have been, caused a little shudder to ripple up her shoulders. She sat down and wrote a note to the doctor, saying that in thinking over the hopes he had expressed for the new laboratory, she found that there were several points on which she was not clear. She would, she said, like to get them straightened out before her husband got home and she had to present the matter to him. Wouldn't Doctor Anderson drop in for tea or to take dinner with her? It would be so nice to see him again, especially in an unofficial capacity. She hoped he could take the time.

The mention of her husband's return in a letter to Doctor Anderson thrilled Mrs. Parker very much. It gave her at once an affectionate sense of fidelity to Chris Parker, and an exciting feeling of danger, the one because of her husband's inevitable—and genuinely welcome—return, the other because of his absence. Mrs. Parker felt positively gay after putting the note in the mail. She went upstairs and brushed her hair.

The following afternoon, just as Mrs. Parker was coming into the house, a messenger arrived with a large, fat envelope. Mrs. Parker tore it open. It was from Doctor Anderson and it enclosed five or six typewritten sheets as well as a personal little note. The personal note said that the doctor was so busy he really couldn't take the time for social engagements. He appreciated the interest Mrs. Parker was taking in the work and was very, very grateful for it. He would indeed have enjoyed seeing his charming patient under circumstances that would permit him to consider what was right with her exterior rather than what was wrong with her interior, but he felt that such pleasure was not, at the moment, for him. The enclosed memorandum, which he had prepared for the Medical Director of the hospital, and which outlined his plans for the laboratory, would, he believed, give Mrs. Parker the information she required.

Mrs. Parker threw the letter and the memorandum on her bed, took off her hat and gloves, sat down at the dressing table and stared at herself in the mirror. She fluffed up her hair on one side of her head with her fingers, lowered her eyelids, as if to cover the embarrassment which her eyes conveyed to her, and picking up a nail file began to work at her finger nails. Her breast rose and fell strongly. She held one corner of her mouth drawn in a little.

Suddenly she threw down the nail file, got up and read the doctor's letter again. She did not bother to look at the memorandum. She carried the note to her dressing table, set it down, open, among the jars and bottles, and again sat down. She took the pins out of her hair, let it down, shaking it out with her hands, and drawing the heavy fall of it back from either side of her face, looked at herself in the mirror.

Although Mrs. Parker had a regular box at the opera, which she shared with another family, she ordered an extra ticket in the orchestra for her next Thursday night. She mailed the ticket to Doctor Anderson, saying that a friend had given it to her and that she would be glad to have him use it if he could—or give it to some one if he couldn't. She mentioned the number of her box and said that if he did go she would be glad to have him stop and say hello. She felt that this procedure would get him to the opera without the chance of the refusal he might have made had she asked him to accompany her.

Mrs. Parker wore her black taffeta—a gown which, while a little youthful for her, displayed to superb advantage the mature beauty of her back and shoulders. She went to the opera house alone and earlier than was usual with her. She sat in the front of her half of the box. The other family did not come at all.

Mrs. Parker had made a note of the row and number of the seat which she had sent to Doctor Anderson. She looked over the edge of the box and fixed her eye on it, occasionally venturing even to use her opera glass in order to verify the findings of her natural eye. She trembled a little with a kind of inward shyness of laughter, remembering that she had felt very much the same stomach-wrenching excitement on a September morning many many years earlier when, after two years of growing toward a teacher whom she adored, she finally sat waiting in a schoolroom, trembling with almost unbearable delight at the thought of what it was going to be like to see the eternally inaccessible object of her devotion open the door and walk into her world.

Mrs. Parker felt warm and important, arresting, vivid, and noticeable. It was like that moment in the hospital all over again. Curiously enough, she even found herself wishing that her husband were present to take note of her glory.

Whether it was because of an abrupt catching of herself upon the brink of that wish or what she saw below, at any rate Mrs. Parker started out of her happy dream and turned cold. There, being shown by an usher into Doctor Anderson's seat, was a perfect stranger, a man in street clothes who hugged to him an overcoat and an old felt hat.

Mrs. Parker moved, feeling quite weak, to the back of her box, as if the stranger had caught her spying on him. She sat and threw back her head. Her firm white throat stretched quivering under the light. She was saying to herself, without a sound, "Oh God! Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!" Her heart beat violently.

The music broke in upon her dismay. Mrs. Parker, occasionally turning her white arms inside out and looking down them, flicking at her taffeta skirt, sat feeling very middle-aged and very mournful. She wanted to go home but, half hoping for a miracle, could not make up her mind to do so.

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After the first act, she went out into the anteroom of the box, and holding her handkerchief to her nose, looked into the mirror. She wanted to be sure that it was she who had that moment in the hospital to remember. It was. That fact comforted her a little. It enabled her to recall that Doctor Anderson was an extremely busy man, that his absence was not necessarily a snub.

There was a sound of voices in the corridor outside. Mrs. Parker turned suddenly, leaning back against the wall, her arms spread out, her crumpled handkerchief in one hand, her head thrown back against the mirror. Her heart was pounding again. She did not dare be sure that she recognized Doctor Anderson's voice but she thought she did.

There was a knock at the door. Mrs. Parker did not move.

"Come in," she said.

The door opened and Doctor Anderson, smiling and elegant in his evening dress, stepped in.

"Hello there!" he said.

Mrs. Parker collected herself out of the scattered pose of hopeless abandon and, feeling genuinely embarrassed, took the doctor's hand. He was reaching behind him with his left as he took her hand.

Mrs. Parker, intent upon his face, did not notice what he was reaching for, until a plump young woman in a red evening dress, her hair brushed up all about her head and combed smooth on top of it, stepped from behind Doctor Anderson and bobbed smilingly into place beside him.

"You remember Katherine, don't you?" said the doctor, looking down at the girl.

Mrs. Parker smiled and looked from Katherine to Doctor Anderson.

"Katherine?" she said inquiringly.

"Yes. Katherine. At the hospital. You must remember her."

Mrs. Parker's smile broke for a moment.

"Oh!" she said. The smile returned. "Why of course! Of *course!* How stupid of me. I didn't recognize you, Miss McCall!"

"I hope you don't mind," said the doctor. "But I turned in the seat you so kindly sent me so that I could get two together. Good performance, isn't it?"

"I don't like that Pons woman," said Miss McCall good-naturedly, "and I don't care who knows it."

Doctor Anderson slapped his thigh with his left hand, put his right arm around Miss McCall's shoulders and drew her to him.

"Good old Katie," he laughed.

Mrs. Parker, her cheeks feeling a little stiff, backed toward the box and drew the curtain which shut it off from the anteroom. She did not want Doctor Anderson to see that she had been the box's only occupant.

"Shall we go out and walk around a little?" she said.

"Oh, I think we'd better be getting back to our seats. We've got so many people to walk over."

Doctor Anderson gave Katherine's shoulders a little squeeze.

"I'm certainly grateful that you sent him that ticket," said Katherine.

"Not at all," said Mrs. Parker. She took the girl's hand and looked down into her eyes, smiling a trifle mysteriously. "I'm glad you could come."

"Did you get what you wanted out of that memorandum?" asked Anderson as he followed Miss McCall into the corridor.

"Oh, plenty, thank you. It was just what I wanted," said Mrs. Parker. "Good-bye. So glad to have seen you."

She shut the door and remained standing for a moment with her hands on the knob, her fine shoulders drooping a little, a wistful look on her face. Then she picked up her wrap and purse, straightened her hair a little and went downstairs.

Because her own car would not have been there so early she took a taxi home. On the way she sat staring out through the taxi window, drumming on the sill with her fingers. Occasionally she drew a deep breath. There was a faint smile on her face. Sometimes it grew, sometimes it lessened. She was surprised to find that the hurt did not persist. Strangely enough, she felt a sense of relief. She was thinking of that beautiful exciting moment in the hospital. She was thinking with real tenderness of Doctor Anderson.

"Shall I go through the Park?" asked the driver.

Mrs. Parker, aware that she had been spoken to, leaned forward.

"I beg your pardon," she said. "I really didn't hear what you said." Her voice was warm and soft.

"You wanta go through the Park?"

Mrs. Parker leaned back on the seat, straightening her wrap on her shoulders, looking down at their whiteness.

"Any way at all," she said.

She had begun to realize that the blessing of her joy in the excitement which she had felt at the hospital was born of her capture of a belief, a confidence, and a delight in herself. That grace is a pitifully appealing blessing in that its kind often comes to men and women just as they are in full bloom and on the point of losing forever the physical causes of it. Its coming at such a time is like a ceremony transferring to the retentive spirit a quality which is no longer safe with the flesh.

Mrs. Parker paid the taxi and almost ran upstairs. In her own room she undressed and took down her hair. She felt very calm, having learned, with less pain than it would have taken to learn the same thing in youth, that the apparent inciting object of an emotion may be the least important part of it.

Mrs. Parker thought of Doctor Anderson and of her husband.

"Poor Darling!" she said, but it was her husband that she meant.

Next month—Stories by Jesse Stuart, Benjamin Appel, Irving Fineman, and others. Articles by Joseph Stagg Lawrence, Wendell Chapman, Mary Colum. The Magazine will be larger in size, richer in appearance.

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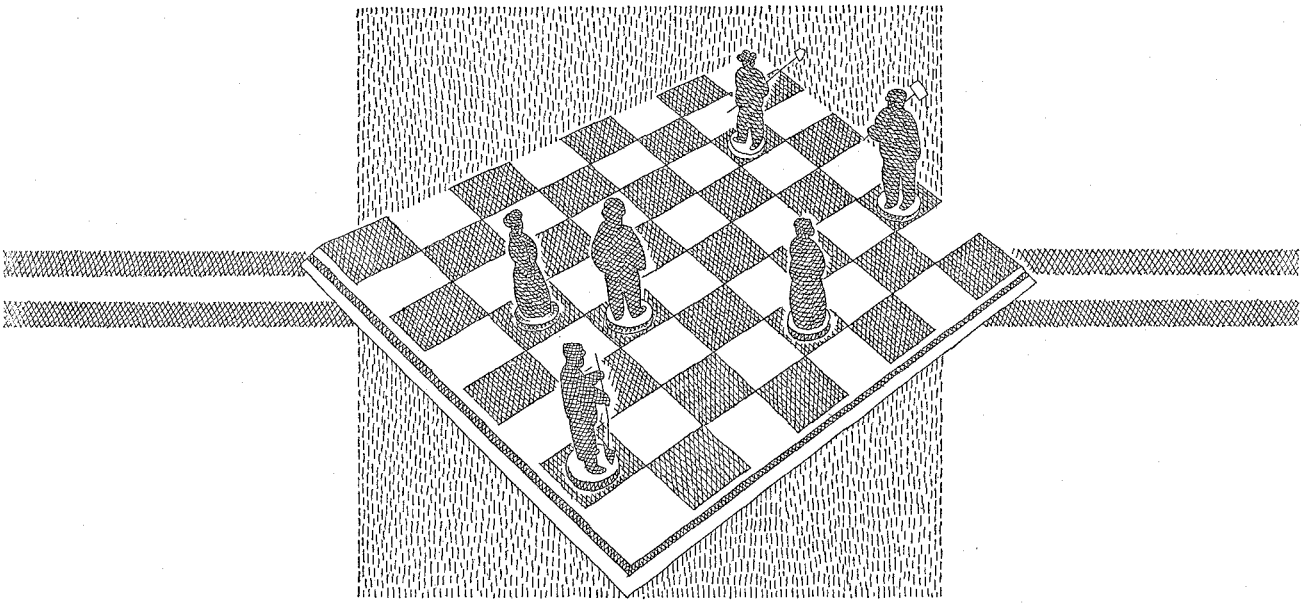

Man, the Forgotten

By C. C. Little

What man needs is not so much a New Deal as an entirely New Game — a new conception which will consider man as an individual rather than a unit of a mass

It is the habit of mankind to laugh heartily at the ardent but stupid monkey which, having reached its lean and sinewy paw into a bottle neck and having grasped the bit of food which the bottle contains, persists in holding on to that morsel until the hunter is able to come up and capture the greedy one. If we stopped to analyze the characteristic behavior of the American people and their leaders it is quite possible that the similarity of our reaction would cause our mirth to die with considerable rapidity.

The particular morsel that we as a nation have grasped is the materialistic philosophy which holds that nations and civilizations are made or marred by economic successes or failures. The last two Republican administrations strove by economic means to maintain a vanishing material prosperity. The present Democratic administration is pledged to a policy of attempting to create a new material prosperity by methods which differ in emphasis but not in principle from those of its predecessors. As a lasting testimonial to that fact it chose the gambling term "A New Deal" to characterize its efforts. By so doing it admitted that a mere realignment of economic values and a redistribution of economic opportunity and advantage would be its primary objective. Although its methods have at times been radical and startling, its fundamental principles were not inherently different from those which in a time of unlimited prosperity and an apparently inexhaustible economic demand for production, were the guide of our political leaders of the other major party. Both groups believed that economic factors are the great and final Truth.

There is, however, another way of looking at the present situation—an entirely different approach. To continue the gambling figure already employed it might be described as "A New Game" with different rules and objectives. It may be of interest to consider such a possibility.

II

The New Game would consist in a scientific and controlled attempt to build a new type of democracy characterized *mirabile dictu* by placing the emphasis of interest and effort on the *demos*—the people. Our present habit is to consider the person as something to be fed, clothed, educated, entertained, doctored, housed, and otherwise used as an economic unit. The size of a population has therefore been of much more interest than its quality. Its economic behavior expressed in terms of employment, unemployment, purchasing power, and industrial adjustment has been of much more concern than its biological or sociological behavior expressed in terms of energy, health, idealism, unselfishness, loyalty and a host of other fundamental qualities. It has been a long, expensive, and unsuccessful experiment made possible only by the vast natural resources of our country, and by its enormous size. It has been conducted, for the most part under optimum economic conditions giving it the best possible chance for success, for over a century, yet the signs of its failure are everywhere about us.

It will not help for more than a rela-

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tively short time to complete a New Deal by which one man's profits are given to another. A glorified game of national poker is not the final answer to our problem even though the "bank" has an almost unlimited supply of credit. History is full of instances where attempts have been made to stabilize nations and even civilizations by the accumulation and controlled distribution of wealth. *Such attempts have always failed.* There is no need to review any of them. They are well known to any high-school graduate. Stone was precious to one age of man, bronze to another, gold and silver to our own. It should not take us long to come to a realization that there is no mystical value in the nature of our own economic security which makes it any more likely to endure than those which have come and gone before it. Man's inventive genius has done wonderful things in utilizing material substance for his comfort and financial gain. The present stage setting for the failure is, therefore, admittedly "stupendous" and "colossal," surpassing in every respect that created by Ancient Rome or by Egypt. The brilliance of the setting, however, guarantees no increased probability of permanency to the social theory which activates and controls our present civilization.

III

From some past experiences we may derive a reasonable amount of encouragement in facing the possibility of a New Game—based on the study and control of people—rather than dollars.

One illustration may be taken from the record of Colonial Americans. These people of marked individuality and independence, continually and habitually subordinated the economic factors in any situation to the human values. The revolt against the Mother Country, though it used economic facts as an excuse, was born of a sense of outraged personal independence and a determination to be free from unwelcome domination and restriction. As long as our country was guided by motives of that type it gained steadily in strength and stability.

A second illustration may be taken from the experience of the World War. It was found that, as a general thing, college graduates moved up into positions of authority more rapidly than those who had not been to college. It was impossible to account for this on the grounds of greater experience in the practice of war—for that experience had been lacking. The most probable explanation was that the college graduates represented a selected population characterized by greater average intelligence and more desirable emotional traits than the general run of the population. The average mind failed completely to grasp this. The interpretation commonly placed on the superiority of college men was that some definite material economic advantage was attached to a four-year college course and could be absorbed from it. As a result, those believing in that theory flooded the colleges in postwar days bringing with them the very traits which not only guaranteed the failure of their efforts but also provided a difficult and unwelcome quality of materialism for the colleges to try to digest. As long as the colleges were left free from materialism the quality of education improved. It is reasonable to assume that the old standards of personal fitness may again return.

A third example—possibly provocative to some—may be taken from the present political procedure of the national administration, of the League for Social Justice, of the efforts of the Townsendites and of other "Soak the Rich" movements. Each of these lines of endeavor is so constituted that its chief element of active strength depends upon the *skillful psychological manipulation of the outstanding materialistic urge of its constituency.* They have cleverly utilized our great natural and national longing for wealth and comfort to advance their own destinies. No blame should be attached to them for this. They are the first crude signs of a new order of political effort which deliberately makes use of the *psychological characteristics of the average uninformed and irresponsible voter.* To be sure, the obvious catering to the disgruntled group and the economic abuse of those who have to pay the bills, give promise of causing grave social unrest. The main point, however, is the intelligent citizens will realize that the sole menace and strength of these newer political efforts lie in the fact that they are building on a biological basis; the nature of the limited or specific psychological characteristics of their constituency and *not* on the soundness of their economic situation which is conspicuous by its absence. The present experience may therefore encourage intelligent people to begin to build with the same sort of quality—namely the biological nature of man—but with a higher purpose than to exploit the malcontents and to create a temporary flow of money from one group to another.

IV

In point of fact there are signs that some such influence has already begun to make itself felt. Some of the evidence that this is the case is unfortunately stained and smeared with the taint of materialism so nearly universal in our country. In spite of that fact, however, the method by which proposed reforms would operate is a new one. It involves the deliberate and conscious control of certain groups which have proven to be unable to cope successfully with the complexity of our present Western Civilization.

The first indication of a change in this direction has been noted by those who for the past two decades or longer have advocated a more intelligent control of the influx of immigrants to the United States.

So long as aliens provided cheap labor by which the industrialist could increase his net profits, and so long as the unlimited expansion of production could be successfully absorbed, this problem had two sides. It was difficult to obtain a hearing for more intelligent selection of immigrants. When, however, unemployment inflamed the already diseased tissues of our economic system two things happened. First, the growing agitation of groups against our form of government showed, on analysis, that an unduly large proportion of aliens were among the leaders of such unrest. This raised in the mind of the average United States citizen the specter of a much advertised "melting pot" that had not actually been able to produce a true blend. The natural reaction was to favor the deportation of those who refused to share in the orderly and controlled adjustment of our social and economic inequalities. This was unconsciously utilizing the New Game of human values. Second, the fact that hundreds

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of thousands or millions of jobs needed by citizens were occupied by aliens who were sending their earnings to the objects of their greater personal loyalties, in their various homelands—struck home with a vengeance. Though economic in its detail, the principle underlying this situation was an unresolved nationalism.

Today one finds the average American citizen much more attentive to those who ask him to consider the *quality* of potential citizens than he was in earlier years.

V

Consistent with this, two other groups which for years have suffered deliberate persecution, abuse, and misunderstanding, suddenly have come into their own.

The first of these are the organizations and individuals that have long advocated the legal spread of contraceptive information under proper auspices. The second are the advocates of a sound permanent eugenic policy for the United States.

It was only three or four years ago that the spread of contraceptive information was a hotly debated and controversial subject. The right of woman to use deliberately the scientific information and methods available for the health and happiness of herself and family was vigorously contested. The center of emotional opposition was the Roman Catholic Church.

Now, however, that organization, finding itself marooned on a rock by the rising tide of knowledge and liberal thought on the part of its own younger lay members, has begun to half wade, half swim with its more progressive constituent groups towards shore. Only those who occupy positions from which it is unwise to admit too rapid a retreat act as though their feet were still firmly placed. Actually, however, they must feel the shift of the tide beneath them and realize that they too must move soon or be left behind.

As an admission of this stands the approval by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of the spread of a certain type of contraceptive information through the United States mails—a far more radical step than any as yet taken by other groups. To be sure the method advocated by them is—to continue the natatory analogy—a good deal like the bathing suit of the gay 90's. The main point however is that they are "in the swim." The perfectly normal and apparently unavoidable reactions of the millions of young liberals within the church will be to use their own good judgment as to the detail of methods selected. It will become increasingly evident to these individuals that, once having admitted the principle, the church cannot expect to vie with science in choosing the method.

What has been the chief cause of a remarkable change of this type which might, under other circumstances, have taken a quarter of a century or longer?

The answer again is economic pressure, although biological principles are at its base.

We have always had "relief" and a budget for that purpose from public funds derived from taxation. When the demands were modest they could be met without personal privation to the taxpayer. When they became abnormally large the taxpayer decided to investigate. What did he find? He found an essentially uncontrolled rate of childbirth among families on relief, as unwelcome to the already suffering and under-privileged members of those families as it was to him. He found that he was unable to keep his own children in college—for financial reasons—but must pay the bills of unhappy persons breeding children whom they did not want.

The immense increase in clinics and centers from which contraceptive information can be given has been the universal answer. If our present situation continues there will soon be many thousands of such clinics where hundreds now exist and where scores existed three years ago.

Voluntary control of pregnancy and childbirth is a great torch on one side of the gateway through which intelligent humanity is moving towards a civilization based on human quality—a New Game.

VI

On the other side of that gateway stands the torch lighted by Eugenics. For decades it has flickered with a barely living flame. Derision, deliberate misunderstanding, utilization of Eugenics as a name to cover a pseudoscience of erotic and pornographic physical culture and sexology all combined to come close to extinguishing it.

Now, however, the flame has mounted and has begun to burn brightly. When maudlin sentimentalists advance cases of the approaching eleventh child in a family of ne'er-do-wells, the query is heard on all sides "why not sterilize one or both parents?" There is no answer except an over-emotional outpouring about sacred rights. Herein, however, we recognize sacrilege—if the rights of human reproduction are sacred. The animal prostitution of such rights is a fouler desecration of Man than the intelligent limitation of them to those who will not abuse them.

Eugenics, moreover, has come to realize more fully its own responsibilities as the completeness of the social disaster lying prone at the feet of false economic gods becomes daily more evident.

Formerly the major emphasis of its efforts was in the direction of restrictive measures against the biologically and socially unfit. It felt ten years ago that, for the average man, things were progressing with a reasonable degree of contentment and security. It felt also that there were grave doubts as to how long this situation would continue. Its warnings, however, were pushed aside by a greedy unheeding horde hurrying to the feed troughs of economic prosperity.

Now, in considering the picture as adversity has changed it, Eugenics finds a tremendous need of stabilizing the constructive elements in our population as well as of controlling and restricting the destructive ones.

VII

In evaluating the constructive elements Eugenics need not be handicapped by the consideration of intoxicated or moribund political parties. It can face facts and try to interpret them for the greatest good of the nation. There is much to be learned from Europe.

Italy's emotional overactivation of a nation whose biological and social disciplines refuse to include deliberate eugenic control can be ignored in any future program for the United States. It would seem to be merely a question of *when*—not *whether*—the crash will come.

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Germany's aroused "national pride" has led to many desirable reforms and to a heightened sense of responsibility for future generations. The desirability of accurate biological records and the immense potentialities for future progress by intelligent control of the biological factors are also of outstanding value in guiding us. Unfortunately the discriminatory activities which have largely been based on religious grounds —as well as the whole overemphasis on force which has accompanied the changes—have provided undesirable qualities that in the public mind have overbalanced many of the more desirable phases of the German program.

Russia, in its frankness as regards human biology and its recognition of the fact that human quality is the most permanent factor in any nation, has done the world a great service. Many of its newer developments may well be utilized by us. There are, however, in this case as in that of Germany emotional factors which bear on the whole situation. Private capital as a reward to individual initiative and the family as an extremely valuable social, economic, and biological unit should not be discarded by us or be allowed to disintegrate without further experimentation with both under more favorable conditions.

There is no reason why such conditions should not be provided. To do so, however, will require admission by the general public that biology, psychology, and sociology have real contributions to make. Such an admission would also require a reorganization of our federal, state, and local governmental agencies to allow the new point of view to study the situation, establish the necessary system of human records, and eventually follow out the line of action indicated by the analysis of the material thus obtained.

When this is realized, instead of our governmental activities focussing their attention exclusively on State, Treasury, Navy, Commerce, and similar objectives, we shall find that Public Health, Sociology, Education, and Race Betterment will assume positions of importance in the national cabinet and in local governments.

It may be necessary to guarantee some sort of permanent high council to those who administer these matters, in the same way that the Supreme Court provides council in legal matters. Certainly the last court of appeal in such problems should be non-partisan and non-political.

VIII

One may thoroughly believe in the soundness of the argument for a New Game in our efforts at building a nation and a civilization of lasting worth and yet fail to see any way in which he can contribute to its origin.

The answer is simple.

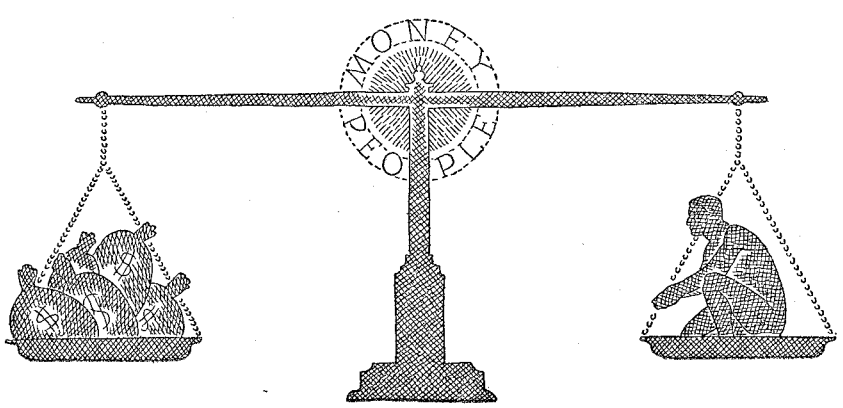
Encourage, wherever you encounter them, the organizations or individuals that are attempting to develop an attitude of interest in, and study of, the individual differences which are inherent in human beings. Among these will be included the following:

1. Groups in education which believe that a better understanding and utilization of intellectual and emotional differences between individual students are the most important factors in the educational process.
2. Groups in labor which recognize different individual abilities in workmen and desire to supplement a basic minimum wage guarantee by a merit system of increased pay with increased effective service.
3. Groups in medicine which encourage careful individual records and periodic physical and psychological examinations for every one—normal or abnormal.
4. Groups in sociology which believe that heredity as well as environment is important and which recognize inherent as well as acquired differences between human individuals.
5. Groups in all lines of human endeavor that believe in greater freedom for, and more assistance to, those individuals who must continue to be responsible for the well-being of under-endowed persons as well as for the solution of their own problems.

To those who are impatient to see the introduction of such changes as have been outlined a word of caution may not be out of place.

Ardent propagandists will not bring about the desired new dispensation nearly as quickly, universally or permanently as the rapidly growing realization of the inadequacy and failure of the Old Game—with or without New Deals. The temporary nature of successes and the oppressively final nature of failures under that sponsorship will —through that primitive economic nervous organ, the pocket book—make more converts than the arguments of the greatest scientists.

To observe keenly and incessantly the signs of dissatisfaction with the rules of the Old Game, to advance whenever and wherever possible the destinies of those beginning the New, and finally to assist in transferring the great mass of disillusioned, angry, and "broke" players from the former to the latter, is the task that lies before those of us who wish to see our country built upon the rock of human quality rather than the sand of economic expediency.



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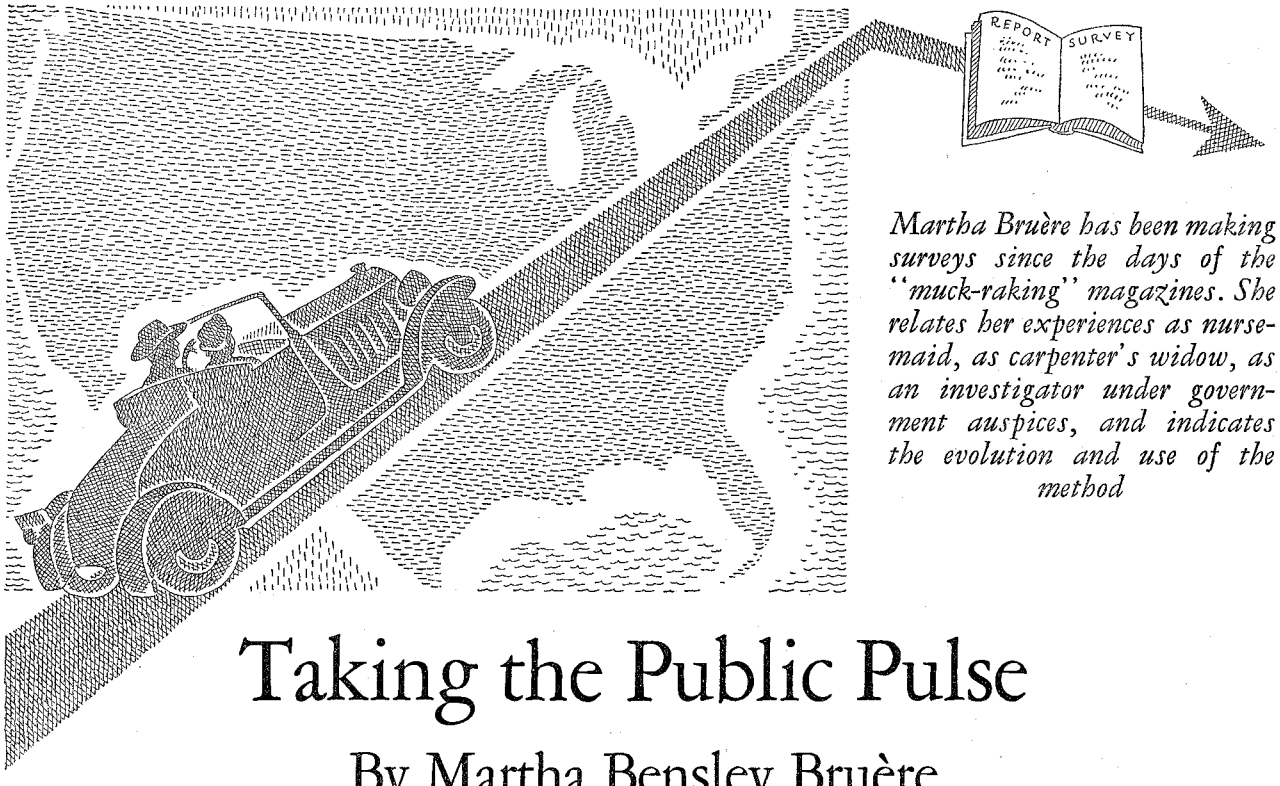

Martha Bruère has been making surveys since the days of the "muck-raking" magazines. She relates her experiences as nursemaid, as carpenter's widow, as an investigator under government auspices, and indicates the evolution and use of the method

Taking the Public Pulse

By Martha Bensley Bruère

It is recorded in the Old Testament that King David made a survey. He sent out men to "number the people." God, however, was exceedingly displeased and punished them with a pestilence. But when Moses sent men to discover what the people in the Land of Canaan were like, what they ate and how they lived, and the envoys returned with nothing nearer a statistic than a bunch of grapes, God was annoyed only because the findings of that survey were not acted on. For Moses' survey was a study of quality as against mere quantity, an interpretation instead of a tabulation of numbers, and so was of the essence of the life which God had breathed into Adam.

In spite of that Divine approbation, some latent Puritanism in the human race stigmatized Moses' sort of social survey as spying, snooping, gossip-mongering, scandal- and tale-bearing. It has taken thousands of years for us to understand that what "he said" and "she said" is the form into which high-voltage, *statistical* information must be "stepped down" for home consumption. Not until the Great Civic Muck-raking of twenty-five years ago was the social survey dragged out from under its cloud.

Social surveying had just become mildly respectable when a friend on the staff of a New York magazine wrote me that the editor wanted to know how the American child was treated in the American home. So intimate a piece of muck-raking must be done from the viewpoint of a nursemaid. Since the magazine could not personally become a nursemaid, would I do it for them? That letter was like an invitation from Columbus to discover America!

What I found out about the American child and the American home is not nearly so important as the cross section of American life which I was able to cut at the servant's level. I had taken it for granted that a nursemaid must have different clothes, a different accent, different manners from mine. A bookkeeper's assistant, who was my roommate in the Milwaukee Young Women's Christian Association, killed that illusion for me.

"She can talk as swell as she likes, but she's a servant. I wonder they took her in here!" I heard her say.

I was quite safe from discovery in my own Chicago clothes, speaking with my own Chicago accent, pursuing my own Chicago ways, for I had sunk suddenly below the level where I was observed as an individual. I was service. If I was noticed by my employer as a human being it was either because I was a poor servant or a humorous character. It was the most serene level at which I have ever lived. My work, like the work of the maids, cooks, and butlers around me, was far easier than a college course. Eight dollars a week and "sleep in" was adequate pay for what I did. Not in any other work in any other world have I ever been so triumphantly successful as I was as a nursemaid.

The subsidiary position occupied by servants in the community protects them against any direct economic shock which might induce revolt. Sustenance is drawn from the great world and passed on to them in a sort of emulsion. In a well-to-do household the nursemaid occupies the same position as those barnacle-like creatures which attach themselves between the swimmerettes of the horse-shoe crab. So long as her horse-shoe crab is a good provider the nursemaid is secure. Hers is a restful life, free from anxiety but not from ennui. Although she can remain at that sub-human level in one capacity or another all her working life, and then be retired by some humane employer as an old chair is stored in the attic, no girl seems to want to be a perpetual nursemaid any more than she wants to

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be a perpetual debutante. There is but one real way out—marriage. This is as much the chief interest of the nursemaid as the tunnel out of his cell was to the Count of Monte Cristo.

My note book records how five of us waited two mortal hours in a Sixth Avenue employment office to be interviewed. I can see the three Irish girls, the little German, and myself as I was then, in the dim, stuffy, gray-walled room discussing marriage. We rated our matrimonial assets with the utmost frankness.

Of course as women we would not marry James or Peter. We would marry Thor or Krishna or Apollo. But to a nursemaid caught in a blind alley with marriage the only way out, almost any one would do.

I found, however, that the matrimonial field was wide, for with peace and prosperity brooding over the land the men whom I now met socially had little to distract their minds. There was work and there was woman.

"You might do worse than take an old fellow like me," said the head waiter in a New York hotel.

He was a dignified figure of a man as he sat beside me in the servants' dining-room, and his table manners were perfect. When he pulled my chair back for me I felt like a duchess. His tread was more dignified than that of any bishop I have ever met, and a crown of conscious superiority rested on his head. What would the home life of such a man be like? I admitted in all humbleness that to be a satisfactory wife to a head waiter took more ability than I had.

Another nursemaid, who aired her charges in Central Park at the same time I did mine, argued with me about it.

"He'll keep working a long time yet. You're standing in your own light. You'll not get a chance like that again in a hurry . . . what you scared of?"

When I urged her to try and catch him herself she said she would. I've always wondered if she succeeded.

Those who happened to read the accounts of that first survey saw, I think, a series of American interiors with well-to-do parents and children moving among their chairs and tables and books and friends and those other pieces of domestic equipment, their servants. There was no self-consciousness in these portraits because no one poses before a nursemaid. No statistics could have given the pictures I saw, no real servant would have seen them I am sure. The cross section which that survey cut for me was pretty near the bottom of the social structure. A nursemaid doesn't see much below when she looks down and when she looks around at her own level she sees a haphazard human conglomerate, on which it would be dangerous to build any social structure—not because it might explode, but because it is lacking in integration and stability. I do not see that there is anything fundamental to democracy at the level of that cross section, and certainly there is no servant in any Utopia I ever read of.

To have made one survey, makes it almost imperative to make another. I had walked into my nursemaid's apron blindly and with considerable terror. As one survey followed another I learned that the survey technic centered on using the ear instead of the tongue. By the time I was offered a chance to make a survey of workingmen's wives I had learned to listen very well indeed. A cross section at their level would cut through the widest part of the community. There was no need for any disguise, the editor who was to publish the study assured me. All I had to do was to go about and ask questions.

Now it is one thing to ask questions and quite another to get them answered. And whether they are answered or not depends on whether they are asked from inside or outside the group you are questioning. I got on well with my survey of the wives of the New York garment workers because I had lived for a year in a tenement filled with them. I had marketed from pushcarts with the wife of a "cutter" who taught me to buy either the white or the yellow of an egg, or one leg of a chicken; who made me understand how much better it was to throw the garbage out of the window when the policeman wasn't looking than to carry it down five flights and then climb up again with the empty pail. Barring race, we lived in the same world.

But when Mother Jones, by her passionate denunciation of what she had seen in the soft coal country and the anthracite valley, lured me into studying the miner's wife, I found something quite different. I went confidently down to Wilkesbarre but there I discovered that a miner's wife has a social position as definite as that of the Duchess of York. You cannot introduce yourself to her on the street. I called on a benevolent priest who told me how good his flock were and how bad they were and how God maintained an attitude of mercy toward them, but did not respond to the suggestion that I would like to meet some of them. I went up the long flight of stairs to the Union Headquarters. The organizer told me how the women stood screaming at the mine mouth when the bodies were brought up after an accident, but he would not take me on a round of visits. I waylaid a travelling salesman.

"You got to be careful of these hunky women," he said. "The cops go to their places two and two. Why? If there's one alone and the women get their hands on him they just take him apart. Maybe you find something in a ditch afterward and maybe you don't."

I left Wilkesbarre and went through those tiny towns which are to be reached only by an infrequent passenger coach coupled to the end of a string of coal cars. I haunted the "company stores" where miners' wives got credit against their husbands' pay checks. When a group of them came in, there was I in the midst of them buying a spool of thread or an egg beater. But to the storekeeper I was always an object of suspicion. I bought crackers in order to eat them lingeringly, I purchased dried herring for the store cat but the time always came when he made it clear that I had better go. And what to do with the things I bought! It surprises a miner's child to be stopped in the street and handed a spool of thread. No hotel chambermaid appreciates the gift of more than one egg beater. I was not half so real as a workingman's wife as I had been as a nursemaid. How was I to get a place inside this great group where I could listen? Must I actually find a workingman who would marry me?

Back in New York I met a most ingratiating friend in a widow's bonnet.

"Have you an old bonnet? One that's shabby? One that you don't want?" I cried.

The carpenter's widow which that bonnet transformed me into crashed the gates! I went where I would and

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talked with every one. It was through "George" that I made friends with machinists' wives in Pittsburgh, with the wives of country builders "up state," pick and shovel men, mill operatives, and many a kind hand has been laid on my shoulders with the comforting assurance "You'll easy get another."

Peace and prosperity were not brooding undisturbed over the land while I was a carpenter's widow. There were unemployment and discontent. The government was getting edgy toward Mexico and we women were getting edgy toward the semi-official war talk and went to peace meetings together. We had no means of getting our ideas and intentions into print but we were at the level of revolt and there were a great many of us.

"They'll take no man of mine out of here to shoot no Mexicans," said the wife of a south Chicago steel worker. "What we done when they tried to bring in the scabs we'll do again. What? We just put the babies on the tracks in front of the engine and dared them to come on. Emmy, there she laid as peaceful in her little blanket and the wheels not a foot from her head. Would I have left her lay there if the engine hadn't stopped? Sure I would!"

"Sure she would," said Emmy standing tall and slender with her own baby in her arms. "And I'd do the same!"

I sat on the roadside with the wife of a Pennsylvania miner.

"It'll not be for long they'll send our men down and the fire damp not blown out before them. There's some of us ready and more than willing to run the boss down there and set off the match—more than willing!"

An Italian woman above Minetta Lane laid hands on the family bread knife at the mere mention of the truant officer in connection with her eleven-year-old daughter who was making artificial flowers.

"Will the school give me food? Shall we starve while Carmena reads in a book?"

A workingman's wife is of that great cross section of the country where revolt must begin if it is to get anywhere. It is not easy to get information from her. I have approached her with an official badge on my arm and with the greatest inaccuracy and reluctance she has told me the size of her family, how much she spends on potatoes and tea, what insurance she carries on the baby. But when I was a carpenter's widow she told me what she felt.

I made surveys which were cuts through the sweatshops and the street trades and the illegal work of children, and then my husband and I made a study of the country church. What was happening to those white-spired meeting houses among the New England hills that had been built by contributions of grain, young cattle, or cash? To those home missionary enterprises in the southern mountains? To those box-like structures set to face each other across village streets in the Middle West at the time when Presbyterians could not worship God in company with Baptists?

Just as the red-bud was carpeting the Blue Ridge, we reached the country of moonshiners and feuds. The roads we had to travel had been cut through the "bresh" by removing the largest trees and leaving the rest to God and the chance traveller. It is usual to "ride the mountain" on horseback, but we made the unfortunate choice of a small horse attached to a rickety buggy. The long lean men with rifles lying easily in the crooks of their arms were not expecting to meet social surveyors but revenue officers and it was surprising how often their verbal directions led us away from where we wanted to go. Whatever we were or were not, we were kept completely outside their world.

We were lost one night on the top of a ridge between two dark valleys with only one faint light far to the right and no sound but the distant howl of some animal. My husband started down through the bresh while I waited forlornly at the horse's head—so little real companionship is possible with a hired horse! After what seemed like the passing of years there came shouted directions to drive on to a big oak, lead the horse around a fallen tree, hold him back hard in the breeching down a hill and turn to the right . . . and there a soft, drawling, kindly voice:

"'Light ma'am. We got space for the Reverend an' you all."

I was quick to check my husband's tendency toward veracity. The "Reverend" became our passport through that lean and lovely land. It preceded us mysteriously. It was an efficient, hard-working dove of peace that opened doors.

We rounded into one warm valley and came upon a log cabin stopped with mud. A bevy of ragged, light-haired children disappeared hastily behind the cabin and a woman in a blue calico wrapper and a sun bonnet straightened from her hoe and looked us over. Then she came forward, took her pipe out of her mouth and held out her hand to me.

"How'dy stranger! Whar you an' the Reverend hail frum?"

"New York," I answered.

"Ain't it awful lonesum livin' way off thar like thet?"

By commiserating us for the misfortune of living so far from the rim of that valley she set us near the center of her world and gave us the vantage ground we needed. For though you can make a statistical survey if you can get near enough to a thing to count it, you cannot make a social survey except from a place where you can look from inside out.

The life in those southern mountains has been literary material for a generation, but to go into that world then was to see American life still untouched by the political revolution of 1776; or by the old Industrial Revolution, or the present Technological Revolution. It was like looking our great-great-grandfather in the face.

When we pursued the country church into the fat land of the Mississippi Valley we continued to wear that same ministerial tag—not because we wanted to but because we could not tear it off. That any one so interested in the church as we were must be officially connected with it was taken for granted, and no merely courteous contradiction could shake the conviction. It was an interesting study in psychology to see my husband gradually abandon the attempt to keep his own identity and disport himself unconsciously like a clergyman. There was the hat he bought somewhere on the way—its brim was flat and wider than usual, its crown was square and higher than usual, its color was indescribably subdued—an ecclesiastical hat if ever there was one! Somewhere in Missouri "Brother Brewer" was first asked to occupy a pulpit. Because he had let people take him for a clergyman, he was unable to refuse. Sitting in the min-

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isterial pew with other sisters strong in the faith, I shook with dread. What was he going to say? That long-suffering, jaded congregation got, instead of the unadulterated gospel served hot that they were used to, an amiable discourse on the public-school system. If they missed the accustomed outpouring of the spirit through orthodox channels, they were surprised into interest though fortunately not to the point of emotional response. But spiritual emotion can be stimulated by almost anything and I was as thankful to see Brother Brewer come down from that pulpit as I would have been to see him safely off a slippery precipice. I knew better than he did that there is something emotionally stirring in the round full voice of a large man standing before the altar. Some weak brother might have been convicted of sin before he could be stopped, and as "Sister Brewer" I pled with the Almighty that any intending convert could hold back until the next Sunday when we would be gone.

We saw that prosperous Middle West as demanding a better grade of almost everything that their fathers had been content with—better shoes, better seed corn, better schools, and a better church. Spiritually the church was no longer what they lived by. It was become a sort of magic symbol to which they turned in emergencies. This we were to find out.

The summer was at its height when we got into the corn belt. The steam engine pounded doggedly through waves of green, each gentle swell exactly as high as the one before, each little valley dipping down in the very same arc . . . over and under, over and under, hour after hour after hour!

"Lovely cyclone weather," said the conductor as he passed down the aisle.

I could see the mules with drooping ears pacing the long aisles between the corn rows and the men at the handles of the cultivators who had turned the color of the dust of which God made Adam.

"Lovely cyclone weather," a station agent called up as we passed.

A dozen of us got off to change cars at a forlorn waste of cinders where tracks crossed, and the watchman came out of his little shelter.

"Lovely cyclone weather. Nothing to do but pray if one of 'em gets started," said he, and like our fellow passengers he glanced at Brother Brewer's clerical hat.

Suddenly the strip of shade we stood in was gone, the whole earth was greenish gray, and a dark cloud, sharp edged as a knife, came rushing up the sky. The watchman dragged us inside his shelter. Nothing to do but pray! None of them did it but they turned toward Brother Brewer as though he were a witch doctor who could exercise magic. But the cloud veered a little to the north and the wind, pushing against the walls till they bent and cracked, let them spring straight again and with an insulting spit of rain was gone.

The long section we had cut through the nation during our survey of the country church was not parallel to any of the other studies we had made. It cut on an irregular bias as Broadway cuts through the rectangles of the other streets in upper New York. I studied the various sections as I had once studied cross sections of the embryo chick, with the idea of fitting them together into a book. But I reckoned without two things: one was that the social survey was seen as important by more and more people who had grasped the fact that human action seldom results from contemplation of statistics alone; the other was that I myself had developed a taste for the special form of adventure that surveys afforded, which was like the recurring fever of malaria. Book or no book, I kept turning a hungry eye on those who foster surveys; secretaries of Foundations, editors, leaders of causes.

I was making a rush for my home train when the voice of Lillian Wald, head of the Henry Street Settlement, stopped me and I caught the word "survey." I negotiated the traffic back across Forty-second Street. Miss Wald told me that the National Federation of Settlements wanted to know how prohibition was working. . . . I set my suitcase on the curb; I had no intention of deserting my unborn book, of course, but I did want to hear. She said that the study was to cover the whole United States . . . an insidious aroma rose to my nostrils. She said it would include the national habits of our great conglomeration of races . . . the intoxicating cup was at my lip. What was a book to this?

"When do we begin it?" I asked.

In that survey I followed a strange trail. Politically speaking, we Americans bow before our Constitution. It is to us almost a sacred thing to be added to only by ourselves and after enforced deliberation. The first seventeen amendments had been concerned largely with rights and duties. Now we had added one which concerned the use of the stomach. Were we doing what we had commanded ourselves to do? I set out to discover whether prohibition was working or not, but from the Atlantic to the Pacific it was taken for granted that what I wanted to know was not whether it *was* working but whether it *ought to work!*

"Do you believe in prohibition?" I was asked again and again in the hushed voice of one who wants to know if you are at peace with your God. No one could believe that I could be a mere observer. Everybody treated me like a hardened sinner at a revival. Sometimes I would be taken in hand by a fierce old saint concerned for my soul who would roar at me "Facts don't matter when there's a principle involved!" Sometimes by a rampant old sinner who entered the race for my conversion as a sporting proposition. I was moved by their arguments. I always am. But no survey maker can take refuge behind a conviction.

I came to the surface after that prohibition survey trying to shake from my eyes and ears a great mass of irrelevant information. The question I had been set to answer was whether the Eighteenth Amendment was operating and if not why and where. A great many people seemed concerned with the answer, among them members of the United States Government. I was asked to appear before a Congressional hearing in Washington.

They sat, these members of Congress, in a rising semi-circle like students in a surgical clinic while down in the center I occupied the strategic position of the subject about to be dissected. Before them were all the available statistics—and that was not enough. Every shade of opinion was represented and eloquently expressed—and that was not enough. They wanted to know what the people were saying and doing and feeling about this law they had made. I could not help thinking of Moses as I stood before that

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august body. He had been a wise man to make his survey before he took any action. No wonder God approved of him. If a dozen trained observers had been sent across the country before the Amendment was passed it would have been more effective than to send one so long afterward.

Last October I was sitting on the sands of Cape Cod painting the portrait of a pine tree. Came a man from the Inn halooing, "Washington on the wire!" I left my paints, I left my tree, I plodded back across the sand. A survey of the relief situation was projected . . . would I take part in it?

A group of us were assembled like the parts of an automobile and fitted together into one smooth running machine. We were told specifically that statistics were not what was needed.

"We have those—all we want. Go put your fingers on the pulse of the people!"

How did those who were receiving relief feel about what they were getting? How did those who were paying for it in taxes feel? What would happen if the scales tipped either way? This was to be no survey made after action, it was to be a survey of feeling made beforehand as a possible preventive. Preventive of what?

Heralded by official letters, authorized to travel by air, water, or land, the telephone and telegraph mine for the asking, I descended upon the nine industrial cities which had been assigned me. Although I wore a social-worker suit bought in Boston, people of power treated me as though I were wife to the Lord High Executioner and personally handy with the ax, or else as though I were hand in glove with the overseer of the mint. Mayors waited upon me, the police were my courteous escorts, committee chairmen tried to prevent my talking to rough dirty men or getting my precious feet wet. The social survey had come into its own!

Now the pulse of the community is not like an individual pulse which can be found in a definite spot and timed by the doctor's watch. It beats in what people say to you in stores and trains, in what is news to the reporters, in what pictures are applauded in the movies, and particularly in what is talked about while people eat. Neither is the pulse of the community a simple thing. It is a compound of many vibrations, irregular and unpredictable, and sometimes agitated by unimportant causes. My problem was to discover which of the thumpings and poundings were the real heartbeats of the community.

I talked with the banking groups: plenty of money in the banks, vast deposits piled up, but no way to invest at a profit. Idle money was as real a liability as idle men. Was that pulse, so full of strange tremblings, the pulse of the community?

I talked with the taxpayers on whom the burden of relief must rest—employers and security holders and prosperous citizens generally.

"Why don't I start up my plant again? Who'd I sell to? Let the government stop monkeying with hours and wages—that's none of their business—and I might!" . . . "I don't believe in all this work relief! Look at the way they loaf on the job! And why not use machines instead of all those men? You'd think nobody had invented a steam shovel! Give 'em food and let it go at that!" . . . "What's going to happen when these billions have to be paid? I'll be on relief I know that!"

Doubtfully I considered the finger that had registered these things. Had it been upon something that was not the pulse of the people?

I saw the social worker group, breathless under this emergency, with pulses beating to the Slavic 5/4 measure which is not the marching time of any race, and which seems to say "Give them food today! Give them clothes tomorrow! Give them coal next week!" Was that the new rhythm of the community pulse?

I saw the group who hoped that it was, the group largely inherited from the time before the depression, who had no other ideal than to live by charity. Their calm, serene, satisfied pulse I knew was not that of the community. It was too like the servant group through which I had cut a section years before.

I saw the groups in revolt who felt that to rise and smite would bring a new world, and who needed no more than a roaring voice to lead them, and I thought that the pulse of the people could not pound and stagger like that.

And then one day I joined a crowd of fourteen hundred entering the relief headquarters and sat down on a bench among the same sort of working men's wives I had studied before. In spite of flutterings it was the same pulse . . . heavy, and powerful, and ready for any action that would bring security to them and theirs. They looked to the government as they had not done before, as the bringer of the good life and their criticisms were only on small matters.

"They ought to give your man a little so's he can get his cigarettes. It ain't so good having him around all day, anyway!"

"Like it is now you gotta cut his hair for him—in the back anyway."

I said that I hadn't yet tried to cut my husband's hair and they advised to put it off as long as I could.

"He don't like the way he looks after you done that to him!"

What they all wanted was work—work for their husbands or themselves. With every hint of what the administration would or would not do in relation to work their pulse fluttered, but it did not yet beat in time with that of the revolt group or the group of perpetual dependents. I thought as I finished that survey that in putting my finger on the pulse of my friends the workingmen's wives, I had put it on the pulse of the community.

There has ceased to be anything haphazard about the making of social surveys. Aimless wandering never had a part in it and aimless listening still less. No expert survey maker listens just because she hears a noise, or looks just because something moves.

The making of surveys is a sort of social service which cannot be performed by those who have no taste for adventure. We who make them are necessarily the descendants of Columbus and Balboa, but we cannot do our adventuring geographically any more. That job is done. My remote ancestress—the nursemaid I once was—had no idea that she was letting me in for life at a continually advancing listening post which is now planted in the spot where an anxious electorate voices its hopes and expectations of its government.

Did Moses know what he had started?

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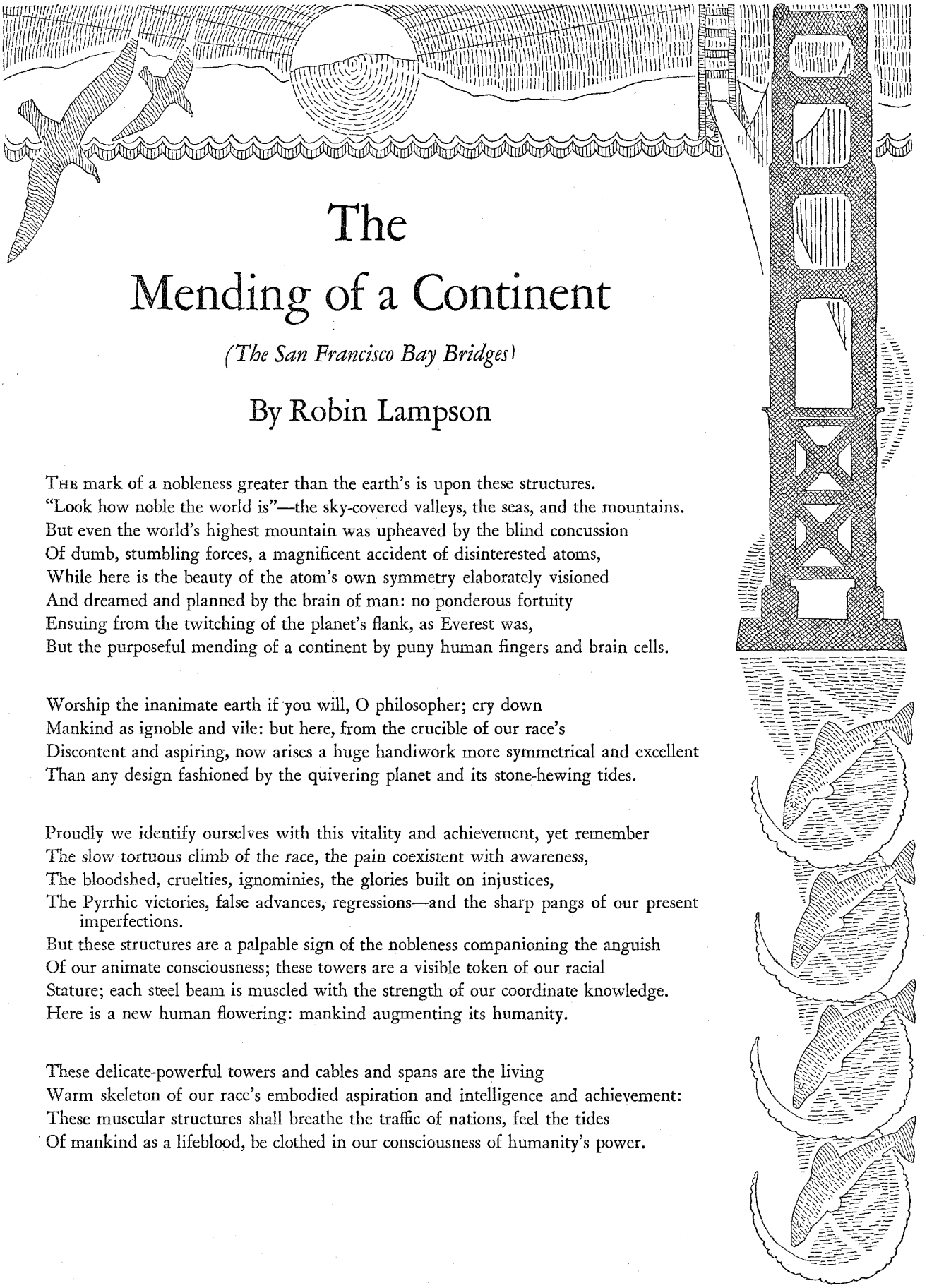

The Mending of a Continent

(The San Francisco Bay Bridges)

By Robin Lampson

The mark of a nobleness greater than the earth's is upon these structures.
"Look how noble the world is"—the sky-covered valleys, the seas, and the mountains.
But even the world's highest mountain was upheaved by the blind concussion
Of dumb, stumbling forces, a magnificent accident of disinterested atoms,
While here is the beauty of the atom's own symmetry elaborately visioned
And dreamed and planned by the brain of man: no ponderous fortuity
Ensuing from the twitching of the planet's flank, as Everest was,
But the purposeful mending of a continent by puny human fingers and brain cells.

Worship the inanimate earth if you will, O philosopher; cry down
Mankind as ignoble and vile: but here, from the crucible of our race's
Discontent and aspiring, now arises a huge handiwork more symmetrical and excellent
Than any design fashioned by the quivering planet and its stone-hewing tides.

Proudly we identify ourselves with this vitality and achievement, yet remember
The slow tortuous climb of the race, the pain coexistent with awareness,
The bloodshed, cruelties, ignominies, the glories built on injustices,
The Pyrrhic victories, false advances, regressions—and the sharp pangs of our present imperfections.
But these structures are a palpable sign of the nobleness companioning the anguish
Of our animate consciousness; these towers are a visible token of our racial
Stature; each steel beam is muscled with the strength of our coordinate knowledge.
Here is a new human flowering: mankind augmenting its humanity.

These delicate-powerful towers and cables and spans are the living
Warm skeleton of our race's embodied aspiration and intelligence and achievement:
These muscular structures shall breathe the traffic of nations, feel the tides
Of mankind as a lifeblood, be clothed in our consciousness of humanity's power.

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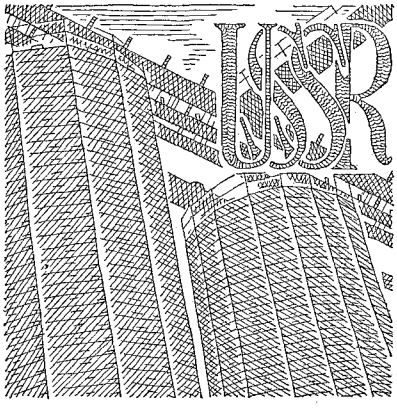

RUSSIA and AMERICA

Two articles citing special qualities both in the system and in its component human beings which make the Soviet Government a peculiar phenomenon

What Does Russia Prove?

By Eugene Lyons

ARRIVING guests were confronted with a sign in bold black lettering: "All discussion of Russia strictly forbidden tonight—we want peace and amity!" But the prohibition was futile. Before long the company was split into angry camps of pro- and anti-Bolsheviks, with an in-between contingent which was belabored by both sides. The hostess who had posted the edict was herself in the thick of the battle.

Underlying the intensity of the argument was the tacit, unchallenged assumption that something momentous is being finally solved in the new Russia. The same assumption is at the bottom of 90 per cent of the polemics about the Soviet system, the flood of books, articles, and lectures. Once and forever, the relative merits of capitalism and communism, individualism and collectivism are being decided within the Soviet frontiers, and all that will remain for the outside world to do is to accept the decision. If the Kremlin succeeds—capitalist economy is doomed. If the Kremlin fails—communism is bankrupt.

That assumption, of course, has been elevated by the cohorts of Stalin to the position of Holy Dogma Number One, under the label "construction of socialism in one country." All human history, in their view, must stand or fall by the results achieved in the U. S. S. R. Consequently, no sacrifice is too great for the maintenance of power in Russia—not even the sacrifice of the revolutionary movements of the rest of the world or, for that matter, of the communist principles themselves. To question the nature of the "success" or the "socialism" attained in the one country is black blasphemy.

The partisans of the current brand of Bolshevism, however, are no more certain of this than their bitterest enemies at the other extreme. These latter, too, proceed on the uncritical assumption that the success of Stalinism in Russia is equivalent to a demonstration of communism in practice, binding upon the rest of the world. Mr. Hearst's papers and *The Daily Worker* agree at least in regarding the Russian experiment as decisive and final.

I can expect no sympathy from either camp therefore when I venture the heretical view that the success or failure of the particular economic and political systems now being fortified in the Soviet Union is by no means decisive for the rest of mankind—for America, in particular.

It is the thesis of this article that Bolshevism is a specifically Russian phenomenon, immensely significant for the revolutionary economic ideas that it has popularized but far from conclusive as a living laboratory test of these ideas for the industrialized Western world.

Whatever doubts there may have been on that score, I believe, have evaporated since the earlier internationalist impulse died down and its supporters were dispersed in prisons and places of exile. The tide that carried Joseph Stalin to the peak of power was a nationalist reaction against the world that had failed to revolt. Under its self-deluding slogans it was an expression of national self-interest and self-sufficiency, wholly in line with the intense nationalism of the rest of the world. Despite half-hearted slogans dusted off for holiday occasions, that self-interest is every day more deeply intrenched. It beats down world-revolutionary sentiment whenever that seems inimical to its own existence.

Certainly the economic system in Russia is not capitalist. (Neither, for that matter, is the economic system among the aborigines of central Africa.) That negative quality seems to suffice for know-nothing foes of capitalism, hurt to the quick by the iniquities of the profit system. They refuse to examine the régime that has replaced it, and particularly the direction of its development.

Much of the to-do about Russia in our intellectual circles is therefore meaningless to the point of being ludicrous. The socialist nation that is presumably the subject of such shrill partisanship is nowhere on the map—it is a never-never land conjured by wishful thinking, bourgeois jitters, and propaganda.

The Russia defended so earnestly by yesterday's liberals, in particular, exists largely in their desperately hopeful imaginations. It is peopled by noble Proletarians, ignoble Kulaks, heroic Bolsheviks, villainous Rotten Liberals and other neatly constructed abstractions. Some of these are equipped with shiny factory-made Soviet Psychologies, the rest struggle under the handicap of Bourgeois Mentalities; and none of them have much reference to the liv-

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ing, breathing, loving, hating, and suffering Russia of reality.

In the depths of their minds these champions of an imaginary realm probably suspect their self-deception. Otherwise, why should they run away in such fright from anything that might bring the reality into focus for them? Books appear describing methods and conditions abhorrent to their conscience —they "abolish" them in a panic of abuse and name-calling. Harsh criticism of the Kremlin from communist quarters (communist despite the "counter-revolutionary" labels now a principal product of Soviet industry) reaches their ears—they drown it in shrill invective.

There is more than a touch of the tragic in this anxiety to safeguard the picture in their minds against disturbing contact with facts. Even in their pilgrimages to Russia, they take elaborate precautions to hear nothing and see nothing that might mar the lovely contours of their dream.

The major portion of the polemics on Russia is thus predicated on elaborate make-believe. A species of highly centralized state capitalism, its form and content both determined largely by the specific Russian conditions under which it developed, is in itself a fascinating novelty. A state monopoly of all the means of production and distribution, of all the means of earning a livelihood whether in industry or agriculture, resting on a state monopoly of all thought and feeling over a sixth part of the globe: these are innovations that rank with the industrial revolution of a century ago as crucial historical phenomena. The political structure, too, is worth close study, both as part of the anti-democratic reaction throughout the world and for its own pseudo-Marxist rationalization of absolutism.

These things are interesting and important. But they have only an indirect relation to the "communism" and "socialism" around which the polemics rage.

II

At a moment when the strain of the first Five Year Plan seemed almost unbearable, the Soviet capital was shocked by a play called "Peter I," written by Alexei Tolstoy and produced by the Second Moscow Art Theater. In a series of sharply etched scenes out of Peter's life, the first-night audience saw the Bolshevik effort in historical replica. They saw Peter imposing Western industrial methods upon a backward nation against its will, regardless of sacrifices in lives and resources. They saw him driving the peasantry with a whip along new social paths, building factories and cities with unwilling, apathetic, and slave labor. In his very Westernism, Peter appeared most Asiatic, brutally indifferent to the sufferings of millions of individuals in an obsessed devotion to the larger destiny of the State.

The non-communist intelligentsia of Moscow tittered inwardly, pretending not to notice the remarkable analogy. Communists were scandalized. It was generally assumed that the play would be swept off the boards and Tolstoy "disciplined." But nothing of the sort happened. Joseph Stalin himself saw the production and—another Petrine touch!—commanded it to remain. It is still on the Moscow Art repertory, a bold political parable in the midst of rigid censorship.

The recurrent patterns in Russian history are too much on the surface to be overlooked except by deliberately shutting one's eyes. The fascination of delving into Russian history while living in present-day Russia lies in the recognition of ancient attitudes and methods one has assumed to be peculiarly Bolshevik. More and more they reveal themselves as peculiarly Russian.

The imprint of the country's past is indelible. Whatever ideas have been imported from German, French, and Italian revolutionary theorists have been filtered through Russian minds and forced into the molds of age-old habits of thought and action.

In 1933 the Kremlin proudly announced the completion of a canal connecting the White and the Baltic Seas. The job had been done entirely by convict labor, some two hundred thousand men and women, working under cruel physical conditions, dying like flies in the process. The work itself was conducted in absolute secrecy, but its completion was celebrated on the front pages with typical Soviet ballyhoo. Soviet writers were ordered to celebrate the achievement in prose and poetry, and did literary handsprings on the public squares to prove their fervor.

To an outsider there was something nightmarish in the spectacle of a revolutionary régime disclosing and boasting of a convict job of such proportions. But the Kremlin, and for that matter the ordinary Russian, saw nothing reprehensible about it. A seemingly impossible undertaking had been carried through successfully, and the costs in human life did not matter. The public admission of forced labor on such an immense scale did not embarrass the new rulers, ostensibly dedicated to human freedom and happiness.

Only in the light of Russian history does such seeming callousness make sense. One needs to recall how Peter, who first planned this canal but did not get around to building it, constructed a new capital on the swamp lands at the mouth of the Neva. He, too, mobilized an army of forced labor, drove it relentlessly and "liquidated" the recalcitrants among the hapless horde. And he, too, succeeded and boasted of his success without troubling to reckon the price. The city he built was called after him, St. Petersburgh, even as the canal is now called by the name of Stalin.

A great Russian historian, Prof. V. O. Kluchevsky, writing long before the revolution, summed up the character of Peter by reference to the fact that the great Tsar believed "that culture can be instilled into a country the more that the country stands culturally unprepared!"

> This [he wrote] was why Peter directed his activity as a reformer exclusively to measures needing to be imposed by force, and relied exclusively upon that agency for enforcement of popular benefits. Which belief that the impossible was not the impossible, and that the life of a nation could at any time be diverted from its historical channel into an entirely different one, brought it about that Peter's policy, a policy designed to improve the popular labor, only overstrained that labor, and led to reckless and prodigal wastage of human lives and human resources.

Substitute Stalin's or Lenin's name for Peter's and the passage sounds strangely contemporary. Its significance, however, is not alone in the personalities of these men. It is in the consistency of the national history of which they are the expression.

Running through that history, giving it its characteristic color, is the idea of the State as an end in itself, with

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the people as mere raw material for its glorification. To the average Russian today, as in the long past, the government is something external. Its edicts are natural catastrophes against which there can be no recourse. He may revolt against his landlord, against the local official, but the source of all power partakes of the supernatural. It is too far off and formidable to be questioned. The European idea of the individual as a participant in government—now receiving left-handed recognition even in the ardor of its suppression, as in Italy or Germany—simply is beyond Russian political experience.

Soviet spokesmen in recent years ceased to brag about their iron dictatorship, chiefly because it forced them into the obnoxious company of the Hitler legions. They began to talk of their system, despite its externals of coercion, as a mystic sort of "higher" democracy, more "real" than the staple kind outside. Nevertheless the Kremlin has just published a new constitution promising precisely those democratic procedures and guarantees worked out by democratic peoples. Whether the newly projected parliament will be another rubber-stamp Duma, whether the new civil rights will be more than paper rights, we shall not know for a long time.

Meanwhile, it is significant that the promised new freedom does not come through popular pressure. It is a gracious gift from on high. Louis Fischer, who does not normally exaggerate in the Kremlin's disfavor, has called the projected constitution an "abdication by the dictatorship"—what is more, a voluntary abdication. The simple fact is that except for a portion of the pre-revolutionary educated classes, Russians did not and do not yet understand the concept of self-government. The attempts to explain Soviet methods of rule by texts from Marx are therefore silly. The attempts to foist those methods upon the revolutionary movements of the rest of the world are mischievous. Like so much else in the new Russia, its political system is specifically Russian rather than socialist or Marxist.

Patriotic Russians of the pre-revolutionary type protest against the accepted picture of a Tsarist Russia steeped in Asiatic barbarism. They plead that it is unfair to compare Twentieth Century Russia with Twentieth Century Europe. A more equitable parallel, as an intelligent Russian émigré sought to convince me recently, would be with the Europe of some three hundred years ago. The comparison, of course, would then be less flattering to Europe.

However that may be, the fact remains that the Russia overtaken by the first proletarian revolution was still largely medieval. The intervening centuries could not be bridged by revolutionary fiat. The advanced ideas imported from Europe, have of necessity been adjusted to an essentially medieval milieu. No matter how large the word Marx may be written over Bolshevism, it remains Russian at its core.

"The Muscovite state," Prof. Kluchevsky wrote at another point, "was formed painfully and slowly. We can now scarcely understand and still less feel what sacrifices of the people's welfare it cost, and how it pressed down on the existence of the individual."

Always, in Russia, the sacrifice of the individual in the interests of the larger idea. Under the new "socialist" slogans, that historical pattern remains unchanged. Any view of the Russian revolution which disregards it, which assumes that the Russian experience is in essence typical for the rest of the world, is just political gibberish. Phenomena such as the ruthless "liquidation" of millionfold classes, such as man-made famines, tempos of industrialization that doom entire generations to suffering, a passportization system that virtually ties the population to its jobs—the explanation for these will be sought in vain in the pages of Karl Marx. It can be found sooner in the pages of Russia's history.

The immense power of the Soviet secret police, until last year known as the O. G. P. U., makes it almost an autocracy within the autocracy. Who can understand this organization without reference to the Tsar's *okhrana?* And the genealogy of the *okhrana,* in turn, can be traced back to the *oprichina* established by Ivan the Terrible and given unlimited control over the lives and property of all his subjects.

It was a professor high in the esteem of Soviet historians, M. N. Pokrovsky, who declared that secrecy was the characteristic sign of a serf state. He was referring to the secrecy that marked the régime of Nicholas I, a century ago. Serfdom in Russia existed until modern times and its psychology cannot be eradicated overnight. Meekness and patience and a capacity for suffering in silence are still pre-eminently Russian attributes, carried over from the recent past, and their effect in molding the Soviet experiment cannot be overestimated.

The compulsion of secrecy, it happens, is still strong upon Russian rulers. Ordinary vital statistics, such as figures for deaths, marriages and divorces, are frequently regarded as State secrets. Routine information which elsewhere is available for the asking is guarded in Russia by dire penalties for "espionage."

I recall an incident which, trifling in itself, reflects the phobia for secrecy. In connection with a newspaper article I needed the names of the members of the Council for Labor and Defense, the highest military body, and trustingly asked the Press Department for the information. That department was scandalized by my audacity and in a few days advised me formally that it could not reveal State secrets. By that time, however, I had found the names fully listed in the Annuaire Diplomatique published by the very Commissariat of which the Press Department is a part!

The barriers of inaccessibility around Soviet officials, too, are reminiscent of the past absolutism. Except for a few "canned" statements misnamed interviews, Commissar Litvinoff did not permit himself to be interviewed for publication by any one in Moscow in all the six years that I was there; it is only when he is abroad that he condescends to give genuine interviews—much to the chagrin of the resident correspondents. As for the more important leaders, the times they have allowed themselves to be questioned by the press in the last seven years can be counted on the fingers of one hand.

The almost total isolation of Russia, too, is traditional. The West has always been, as it now is, *terra incognita* for all but a negligible minority of the Russian population; and Russia has been no less distant, mysterious, and forbidding to the Europeans. Foreign travellers in the Tsar's domain before the revolution felt that they were in a topsy-turvy world, where none of the familiar standards of their own world

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seemed to apply. The sense of leaving the old reality behind as one crossed the frontier into Russia—described nowadays by enthusiastic tourists as their initial reaction to "socialism"—was recorded by foreign visitors in almost the same words a century ago.

It was this deep contrast, indeed, that drew foreigners back irresistibly whether they approved of Russian social conditions or not, just as it does today. In much of the detail—customs inspection, surveillance, passport troubles, bureaucratic afflictions, excessive hospitality on the one hand, and fear of contact with foreigners on the other—old Russian travel books are so close to their present-day successors as to be comical. I have read solemn current records of "Bolshevik" methods and peculiarities that can be duplicated in books written in the times of Alexander II.

If anything, the safeguarding of that political and social isolation has become more efficient and purposeful. The influx of foreign culture and literature is more carefully controlled than ever, only the fraction that jibes with official dogmas being allowed through the close-meshed sieve of censorship. News from abroad is suppressed or colored as a matter of course.

Certainly there are new elements in the Soviet scene, the products of revolution, propaganda, industrialization, and time. But they are a liquid that must adjust itself to the shape of the old Russian vessels.

In his superb scholarly story of the Russian revolution, William Henry Chamberlin did pioneer work in tracing the continuity of Russian history. "The heavy hand of the Russian past," he writes, "left unmistakable imprints on the psychology and character and ultimate outcome of the Revolution itself."

That past, at any rate at the stage at which the revolution overtook it, has little in common with the industrialized West of our age. The common ground is especially narrow between Russia and the United States.

The country that dropped like an over-ripe fruit into Lenin's hand in November, 1917, lacked a cohesive middle class such as, by all Marxist precepts, should disappear under capitalism. Oblivious to his dicta, that class under capitalism was never stronger than now and in one country after another is swinging affairs in the direction of Fascism. Russia's native capitalist class was relatively weak, and bled to impotence by the war. Its proletariat was small, and still so fresh from the farms that it resented industrial exploitation more bitterly than the Western proletariat inured by many generations to its destiny. The overwhelming mass of the population was politically illiterate, intimidated, closer in their psychological make-up to the freed slaves of our South than to the American "peasants" of the prairie states.

III

The basic conditions in Russia—the historical background, the economic level of the country, the cultural and psychological conditioning of the population—are so remote from our own as to make the "test" of communism meaningless.

This is not to deny the historical importance of the world's first anti-capitalist revolution and of the political and economic developments in Russia since then. A great many important things are being demonstrated in Bolshevik Russia which must affect the rest of the world. Some of the technic of government by terror-plus-propaganda, for instance, is already being applied by other European nations. Bolshevik methods as a short-cut from primitive semi-feudal economy to modern industrialized economy, to cite another instance, may conceivably influence nations at a stage of development roughly equivalent to Russia's before the World War. Russia is a laboratory of immense scientific interest for its experiments in mass behavior under the most centralized authority on such a scale in all history, for its attempts to solve problems of minor nationalities along new lines, for the effects of the absolute isolation of a huge sector of the globe from outside influences. In these and other problems Russia may provide momentous and perhaps decisive solutions.

But the practical test of Marxian socialism in an industrialized country still remains to be made, and it is futile to speculate where it will be made. There is nothing fantastic in the thought that Russia may be among the last outposts of the old world when communism shall have triumphed elsewhere. With an intrenched State capitalism, supported by regimented conservatism and new privileged classes, resting on a meek and politically backward population, Bolshevik Russia may easily hold out longer than other nations against the communism to which it is ostensibly dedicated.

It is my contention, in short, that Bolshevism may succeed in Russia—that is to say, may succeed in retaining autocratic control of the country and providing its population with more of the products of industrialized economy—yet communism fail. Already the Moscow régime tends to collaborate with capitalist governments in defense of its national interests and with diminishing consideration for international or communist objectives, though it is still constrained to employ united-front and anti-Fascist slogans as moral justification. In the major upheavals which our changing world probably faces, Russia, as an established system of power, may ultimately find itself ranged on the side of the established order of which it is a part, and against the emerging new order.

And the collapse of Bolshevism, by the same token, may have slight effect upon the progress of socialist ideas and socialist revolutionary efforts. Spokesmen for the bourgeois order would naturally seize upon it as conclusive proof that socialism cannot function; even now they point triumphantly to Russian conditions as proof that socialism is a failure. But anti-capitalist elements would just as promptly attribute the downfall to the Kremlin's alleged betrayal of the original communist objectives; already communist opposition groups are at great pains to divorce their larger socialist objectives from the narrower State interests of the Moscow régime. In any case, the developments in other countries would depend on local economic, political, and psychological factors not even remotely related to events in Russia.

The bourgeois democratic revolution in France a century and a half ago, it should be recalled, failed in the land of its origin. A new monarchy replaced the old one. But the French revolution marched on, in other places, in other forms, and in time returned to its homeland. In some measure it is still on the march. The principle of the divine

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rights of kings never recovered from the blow, regardless of what happened in France itself. England, the nation that fought the French revolution most vigorously, was as thoroughly transformed by its ideas as any other country.

The Russian revolution struck an analogous blow at the divine rights of capital, but Russia did not by that act obtain a monopoly on proletarian revolution or the guarantee that the new order would first come to fruition in Russia. The ideas it injected into the stream of human thought are not confined by any national frontier and are independent of events in Russia itself. They are manifest in changes transpiring even in the United States. They may find their fullest expression far from the land of their origin, possibly despite that land.

The parochial thinking of self-styled communists who place all their revolutionary eggs, all their hopes for humanity, in the Russian basket, refusing to see the holes in that basket, may be advanced in intention. It is narrow and reactionary in effect—as narrow and reactionary as the thinking of capitalists who imagine that failure of communism to eventualize in the Soviet Union will turn the tide of history. It precludes honest, scientific criticism of Soviet affairs and turns the whole business into a narrow orthodoxy. More important, it deprives Russia of the one possible brake on its autocratic régime —the force of revolutionary opinion in the outside world.

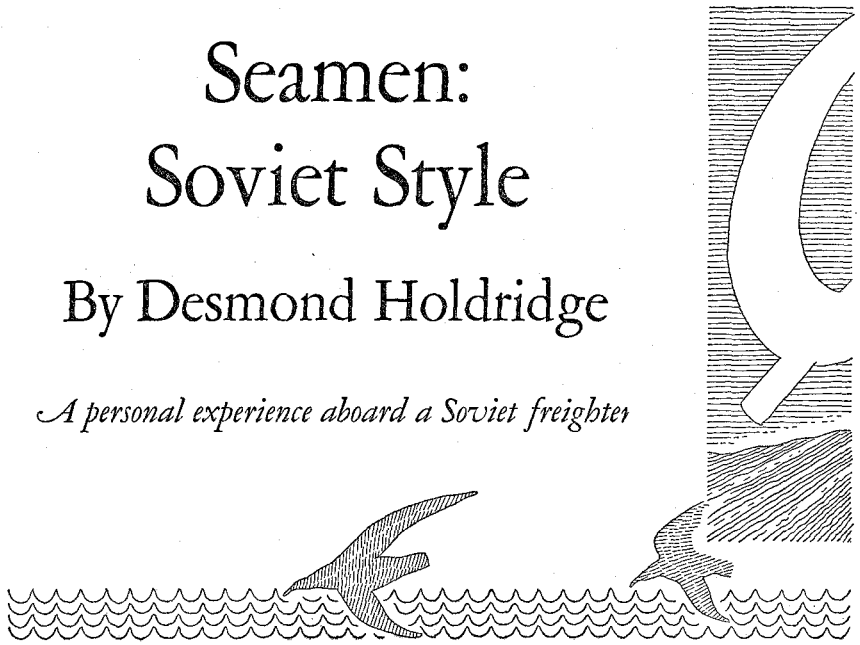
That opinion, instead, has been transmuted into hysterical hosanna-singing. Russian methods, more closely related to Ivan the Terrible and Peter I than to Marx, are sanctified by "communist" labels and glorified as immutable "laws" of revolutionary technic. The truly socialist elements in the Russian scene are confused with the local accretions, blunderings, and excesses. The very shortcomings of the Russian revolution, tragic products of economic and cultural backwardness and ancient absolutist tradition, are raised by such thinking to revolutionary virtues. They are even made obligatory for revolutionary movements outside Russia!

The sooner Bolshevism is recognized as a characteristically Russian product, the sooner the miasma of prejudice and hysteria over the whole Russian business will be lifted.

Seamen: Soviet Style

By Desmond Holdridge

A personal experience aboard a Soviet freighter



THE word "communism" has always conjured up in my mind a picture of six men asleep in a dirty bed with their boots on. If this is not enough in the way of prejudice, there is the fact that, in common with most men who have gone to sea for any length of time, I was loath to believe that ships could possibly be run in any other fashion than the one that has prevailed for the several thousand years during which the human race has used the sea. Yet, after a coastwise voyage as the nominal supercargo of the *Stari Bolshevik*, a Soviet tramp freighter, I am forced to describe life aboard her in terms that may give the appearance of partisanship.

The appearance, however, is only apparent; I found the *Stari Bolshevik* an extraordinary ship, different from any other kind that floats, but she was peculiarly Russian. The methods of discipline in use were predicated on the existence of an entirely new sort of sailor, a sort that could only be evolved after a cataclysm, such as the Russian Revolution, had upset the ordinary norms of human behavior. The average American tar, I am afraid, would be bored to tears with an arrangement that gave him splendid quarters, good food, high wages, and a complete social equality with his officers, while, at the same time, it deprived him of his cherished right to get drunk in port and forced him to spend an appreciable part of his watch below improving his mind and listening to propaganda.

Before I had been two days aboard the *Stari Bolshevik*, I had been convinced that, insofar as quarters are concerned, sailors have never had such a good time of it since men went to sea. I was more or less prepared for the large cabins, equipped with two berths, two lockers, a small writing table and a wash stand, that had been allotted to each pair of common seamen, but it was distinctly suprising to find that the commodious living quarters had been achieved by clever naval architecture rather than sacrifice of useful cargo space. The captain and his officers had also been given accommodations considerably better than those standard in ships of other nationalities: the captain had a large sleeping apartment, with bath, and a huge sitting room on the boat deck, and the chief officer had a two-room suite to the comfort of which I can testify, for I shared it with him. The other officers and engineers had fared equally well though in strict accord with their rank.

In the dining saloons, the tendency to reward brains with a greater degree of comfort than brawn was observable, for the officers and engineers ate with the captain in a large saloon under the bridge while the crew took its meals in an even larger compartment at the after end of the amidships house. The officers' mess was the conventional affair to be found on freighters the world over: a long table with armchairs on one side and a settee on the other almost filled an oblong room of sizable propor-

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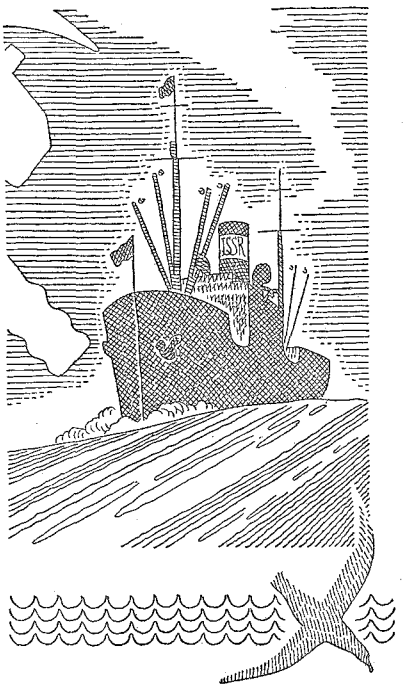

tions and was attended by the elder of the ship's two stewardesses. The crew mess room was precisely similar in the matter of finish and woodwork, but the two long tables and four smaller ones were covered with oilcloth rather than the snowy table cloth used in the saloon.

Since the crew mess room was also a ship's club and a classroom it had a much more festive appearance than the austere officers' saloon; its bulkheads were festooned with red streamers and flags on which were inscribed communist slogans and aphorisms. One huge red velvet flag was emblazoned with a device reading: *Forward the World Revolution!* A photograph of Lenin was flanked by those of Voroshiloff and other Soviet bigwigs. A plaster bust, also of Lenin, gazed at a big bulletin board covered with bits of poetry, caricatures, and short sketches turned out by various members of the ship's company.

The appearance of caste line created by the separate dining saloons was entirely dispelled between eight o'clock in the evening and midnight for then the entire ship's complement not on watch would gather in the crew mess room for dominoes, chess, and music by the vessel's really admirable string orchestra or by an American broadcast station. The captain, during these four hours, was never called by other than his first name and, if he had a preference for the company of his officers, I never saw it; his favorite partners for domino games were the third officer and two mechanicians.

Almost any American shipmaster would say that this picture of camaraderie and social equality between captain and crew, while a very pretty one, is purchased at the price of the discipline that is the heart of a ship, but the shipmaster would be wrong; discipline aboard a Soviet ship is rigid and extremely seamanlike.

In Australia the seamen's union became so powerful that it was virtually able to dictate its own terms to the owners, masters, and officers of the Commonwealth's merchant fleet, and chaos ensued. Did some drunken larrikin feel aggrieved at the food served for lunch a few hours before sailing time he could hold the vessel until the union delegate found time to come aboard and consider the case. Conditions were intolerable until the strength of the union was broken; the class warfare was not ended by the worker getting a more equitable share of the profits of his labor, it was merely intensified by his getting in his hands better weapons with which to wage it.

An entirely different state of affairs prevails aboard a Soviet ship: the captain, officers, engineers, and crew all belong to the same trade union and a form of discipline has been evolved that has its closest counterpart in that which is common aboard a cruising yacht whose owner sails her with the aid of his friends rather than with that of a paid hand. Aboard such a craft there is rank and gradation of authority, but there is also complete social equality. But, to say that a Soviet ship is entirely similar to a yacht, in this respect, is to make an over-broad generalization, for there is much more to the matter than that. The *Stari Bolshevik* was built in Leningrad, a few years ago, to carry lumber in the White Sea. When she left the shipyard her present crew was put aboard her and they immediately held a meeting for the election of a Ship's Committee. The committee, as elected, consisted of the third officer, the second cook, a sailor, and two mechanicians; the cook was the chairman.

All disputes between the captain and the crew are referred to the committee for adjustment, but its capacity is a purely advisory one; the captain refers his troubles to it for arbitration, but, if he chooses, he can inflict punishments, levy fines, and, in general, wield absolute authority without regard for the committee's wishes. Nevertheless, while he possesses the authority, he seldom exercises it; it is easier to turn any unpleasantness over to it for action and, furthermore, persistent disregard of its desires is dangerous; its report to the trade union of any attempt to achieve a petty tyranny is very likely to cost him his command and, with it, his membership in the union.

Punishments consist of light fines for small delinquencies, while, for breaches of discipline, neglect of duty, and similar offenses, a significant entry is made in the log book. When three such entries have been made against a man's name he is expelled from the crew and put ashore for one or more voyages, as the Ship's Committee may think best. The severest penalty is expulsion from the trade union, a catastrophe that ends a man's seafaring career and makes his life ashore distinctly unpleasant; among other things, it involves a greatly increased rental for the same apartment that he occupied for a comparatively small sum as a union member. In effect, a man who will not fall into line may be starved into submission, and the only appeal from a judgment made aboard the ship is by a weary trip through the mills of bureaucracy, which seldom grind out a reverse decision.

Another thing that goes far toward encouraging pleasant relations between captain and crew is the fact that the captain owes his command to his men; promotion is subject to the approval of the crew. The master of the *Stari Bolshevik* had been her chief officer for some time and when her former captain had left for another berth he had been given the ship at the request of the men aboard. With gratitude on one side and a sense of responsibility for their choice on the other, it is small wonder that there should be a good deal of mutual esteem.

While these disciplinary methods in nowise vitiate the efficiency of the ship, it would be hopelessly impossible to apply them aboard American ships; the success of the arrangement depends entirely on the docility, sobriety, and dependability of the foremast hands. From time immemorial, Jack has been notably deficient in these excellent qualities, but when the Soviets set out to

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evolve the new type of sailor they had to deal, not with the hyper-conservative old shellback, but with extremely malleable young men whose adult experience did not antedate the Revolution. The old-time seafarers, who are much in the minority, were simply dragged along with the crowd.

The crux of the whole matter is contained in the fact that the Soviet sailor is a married man with a family to support. On the last American freighter in which I served, only two of the thirty-two officers and men aboard were married; on the *Stari Bolshevik*, only four of the thirty-three persons who manned her were single. Two of these were boys still too young to contemplate matrimony and two were men who were engaged to girls they proposed to marry at the end of the voyage.

In this a Soviet freighter is very like a Nova Scotian fishing schooner, where most of the men are sober fellows with families dependent on them. I have often read stories of the fishing fleets wherein the authors would have us believe that the really excellent character of the men in them was the result of handling canvas rather than engines; as a matter of fact, they are different from ordinary merchant sailors because they have domestic responsibilities and because they see their families with sufficient frequency to be truly a part of them. They are, to use the well-worn cliché, men with a stake in the community; the merchant sailor's "stake in the community" is rarely more than a pair of old dungarees.

The Soviet Government seems to make every effort to keep the men and women who man the merchant fleet in as close contact as is humanly possible with their families; the families are allowed three voyages a year in the ships, at government expense, and when a ship is in port the families of her crew live on board, again at government expense. Should a vessel that hails from Odessa be in Leningrad, the men's wives proceed to Leningrad by rail and they are given a 50 per cent reduction in the normal railroad fares. The government gains by the arrangement, for these married seafarers leave approximately 80 per cent of their incomes in Russia for the support of their families instead of squandering it in foreign ports. They are thus left without the money for drunken carousals ashore which are, by far, the most fruitful source of difficulty between captain and crew. But, ideal as the system may seem, I feel sure that the average American seafarer would call it government-financed henpecking.

The incomes seemed to be quite decent, for although there is no formal exchange rate for the Russian ruble it is possible to tell something of what the money will buy. The fourth engineer received one hundred and seventy-five rubles a month; he paid fifteen rubles a month for a two-room apartment in Odessa of thirty-five cubic fathoms capacity. His shore clothing was presentable and he claimed that he had no trouble in maintaining his wife and one child. The captain of the *Stari Bolshevik* was paid four hundred and fifty rubles a month. An able-bodied seaman earned one hundred and five rubles a month. Sixty-five rubles was the lowest monthly wage on board and that was the salary of the stewardesses.

Another check on tendencies to stray from the rather puritanical fold of the ship was the regimentation of group activities; on board the *Stari Bolshevik* there was literally no such thing as idleness. Time was neatly divided into work, study, recreation, eating, and sleeping. Under the head of study comes propaganda, as an outsider would call it, or education, as it was termed aboard the vessel. Between six and seven every evening there were classes instructed by competent lecturers on the subject of the day. On the first night of the week it was political science, on the next, international relations, then, a trade-union meeting, a technical school, a meeting of the People's Society, and, on the sixth night, a drill in defense against aerial gas attack. The seventh night is a holiday from education.

Of these, the classes in political science and international relations and the meetings of the People's Society and the trade union may be considered state propaganda. In them the five members of the Communist Party who were on board always played important parts. Marxian theory and the Marxian view of world events is thoroughly inoculated at the classes and meetings.

Watching the political science classes, I was impressed with the idea that communism is not a political theory but a religion; a grim, Spartan, and thoroughly uncompromising religion, but one that has an incongruous resemblance to early American Puritanism. Watching the third officer lecture his advanced class on the proceedings of the Seventeenth Congress of the Communist Party or on the salient features of the Second Five-Year Plan, no one could have failed to note the religious aspect of the thing. He was a striking figure, fiery, inspired, and a compelling orator, but he was more the priest than the instructor, and what he delivered was not a lecture but a sermon. His audience listened with long, solemn faces and was gravely attentive, but there were stifled yawns and I felt that the heavily serious expressions were but the Soviet counterpart of the carefully adjusted masks that all good churchgoers wear.

The technical classes were admirable: the sailors were taught navigation by the deck officers and the engine-room men were taught engineering by the engineers. I was told that the men in the advanced class in either subject were quite capable of taking over the ship, and, judging from the work I saw them doing, the claim was not an exaggerated one. The drill with gas masks was accompanied by instructions in methods of dealing with the various contingencies likely to arise on a vessel attacked with gas bombs by airplanes, a possibility that struck me as being a rather remote one, but the seriousness with which the thing was taken seemed an integral part of the alleged Russian belief in the coming of a day when the capitalistic world will unite to attack her.

This regulation of group activity on the *Stari Bolshevik* reminded me of a boys' school, but the methods by which neatness in the living quarters is fostered is even more reminiscent of an educational institution for adolescents. Every morning the captain, accompanied by the chief officer, makes a tour of inspection during which each cabin is examined and graded from one to five, according to its condition. At the end of the week the results are posted on the bulletin board, and men whose cabins are noticeably below par are shamed into a general clean-up under penalty, one suspects, of not being allowed to "play with the group."

The officers' cabins were swept out

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by the two stewardesses. No other feature of the Soviet freighters seems to have attracted so much newspaper attention as the fact that they carried women on board, and, judging by comments I heard before going in the *Stari Bolshevik,* it was a fairly general belief that their presence had something to do with "the nationalization of women," "the destruction of family life," and other sinister stories that have come out of Soviet Russia.

As a matter of fact they are taken aboard to work, and the work is so strenuous that even a superwoman would lack the energy to be "nationalized" after a day of it. They are up at six every morning and, except for a two or three hour rest period in the afternoon, they work continuously until nine in the evening. The stewardess who took care of our table was a dark, earnest woman nearly fifty years old and with a grown daughter who also went to sea. The crew stewardess, Raya, was a handsome blonde girl in her early twenties; at the end of the voyage she planned leaving for a technical school where she would be given a course in wireless telegraphy. Both of the women were married to men on other ships.

To one who supposed the U. S. S. R. to be in the Middle Ages, industrially speaking, the ship was startling. She and everything aboard her were products of Soviet industry; the hull had been fabricated in a Leningrad shipyard, the motor had been turned out at a nearby plant, the electric-light bulbs, the ultra modern deck machinery, the paint, the radio apparatus, the navigating equipment, the knives and forks, the bed linen, the provisions, the furniture, and even the cigarettes her crew smoked, had all been produced inside the country. I was taken down in the engine room to see the ship's curiosity: a small electrical affair that had been made in Germany. It was the only article of foreign manufacture aboard.

It was extremely difficult not to let my judgment be warped by the character of my shipmates, for almost any one would have been influenced by such a delightful crowd. Directly opposite me, at meals, sat Alexis Iovich Rebric, the Caucasian chief officer, fairly bubbling over with *joie de vivre,* and at my left there was Comrade-Captain Chelutsky, tall, brown, and lean, a man who looked at life with a distinguished air of amused cynicism and good-natured boredom; it was days before I realized that he seemed familiar because he looked like Joseph Conrad minus the beard. At the foot of the table was fine, fat Vladimir Urieff, the chief engineer. His eye had been blacked by a falling hammer and he was in a perpetual stew, while in port, lest some American reporter see him and write a story telling how the chief engineer had had his eye blacked by a rebellious Bolshevik crew. There was my chess with the radio operator or third officer every evening, there was the slow, studied English of the second engineer, there was the courteous avoidance of any controversial subjects when talking with me, and there was the charmingly accented "Good morning" of the girls in reply to my labored "Dobra utra;" undoubtedly these things did much to make the ship seem good to me.

But there was no denying the four excellent meals a day, the comfortable cabins, the modernity of the small lever with which the ship was steered by electric remote control; these things, too, were persuasive; as persuasive as pleasant evenings spent in the crew mess room over a chess board or listening to the guitars play a Red army march. I am told that the merchant service is a very popular one in Russia; every one wants to get in it and, as a result, the Sovtorgflot, the combine that runs the commercial fleet, has the very best of material from which to choose.

In Norfolk six or seven men went ashore for the afternoon, and when hours passed by without their returning I began to haunt the gangway in hope of seeing a parcel of Red mariners coming back from a day of capitalistic whoopee; as it turned out, they arrived —I know it sounds incredible—with their hats filled with wild strawberries, for they had spent the afternoon in the woods and fields outside of town. On another occasion I heard the second officer discussing the possibility of his obtaining some sheet music to take home to his wife, who played the piano. The two girl visitors with whom he discussed the matter had some difficulty in understanding his dictionary English but finally one of them realized what he meant.

"Music!" she exclaimed triumphantly. "He wants music—the *Internationale,* that's what you want, isn't it?"

The second officer made a wry face.

"No," he said; "not *Internationale*—fox trot Amerikanski!"

The two girls, who were members of a local radical organization, seemed sadly disillusioned, but to a less partisan observer the preference would have seemed very symptomatic of a healthy state of mind.

I spent a good deal of time trying to discover if the *Stari Bolshevik* were a show ship, and was forced to decide that she was not. She had been built for a local trade and her crew had been put aboard when a voyage to America was highly unlikely. But of this I have little doubt: the men were very emphatically instructed in the matter of conduct while in America. It was quite apparent that they had been carefully imbued with the idea that they represented their nation and a way of life that was still on trial as far as the rest of the world was concerned. They were also very careful to do nothing that could be construed as violating the propaganda clause in the recognition treaty, and several times I saw invitations to be guests at public banquets in their honor turned down because the invitations were tendered by radical organizations.

I found one serious defect aboard the *Stari Bolshevik,* and I had the honor of remedying it myself. I refer to the Soviet can opener, a crude instrument of primitive design and negligible can-opening capacity. Often, at breakfast, we had individual tins of herring and several times I cut my fingers while trying to open mine and get something to eat. So, in self-defense, I went to a capitalistic ten-cent store and bought a couple of capitalistic can openers which I presented to the officers' mess.

I accompanied the openers with a little speech in which I said that as long as the Soviet Union was unable to design and manufacture a successful can opener, it would never become a great industrial nation. Some smiled at this by no means facetious observation but, in the main, they took it rather seriously. Then, having carefully examined the can openers I had brought to them, the officers communistically kept one for themselves and sent the other aft for the use of the crew.

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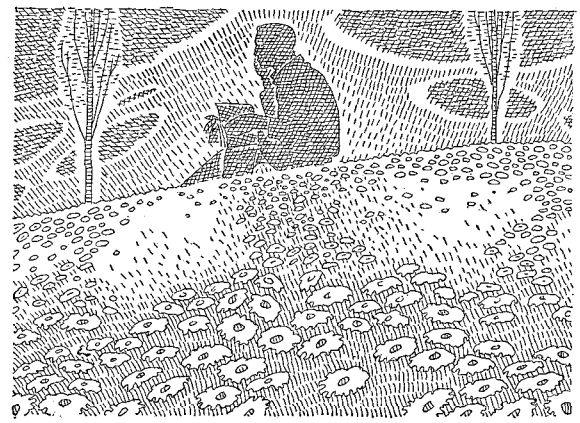
The River

A STORY BY A NEW WRITER

A. I. Bezzerides



In the distance the river was a line of trees and when we saw the blur of green far away, we pointed, shouting, "Look, there's the river." All winter we had not given it a thought but now, in summer, we were hurrying down the road as fast as we could go.

Uncle Haik's car was ahead and the children waved their arms and called to us to hurry. The trees slowly drifted back, we passed under the flume and came within sight of the oaks. Blackbirds flew in a flock over the trees, and cars waited in a line at the entrance to the grounds. A sign said WARD'S OAK PARK, KINGS RIVER DAM.

After the entrance fee had been paid, we bounced along the dusty road toward the river. Armenians from all over the valley were here. Crops half harvested waited while workers paused to rest. Boys and girls loitered behind the dance hall and people strolled on the grassy banks.

The cars came to a stop at a shady spot and we began to unload the baskets. "Haik," said my father, "let's float the watermelons in the water."

Already we were dipping our feet into the river. The gleaming expanse of the water curved along the banks and ran west and we could hear the faint roar of the dam, as if the river were arguing with some one.

"Let's go to the dam," shouted Eddy, and we started to run. We shot across the grounds, through and around the groups of picnickers, toward the sound which grew louder and louder until, when we stood on the bridge and looked down into the foam, it was deafening.

Upstream the river thrust itself with all its might against the dam, and downstream it frothed in anger, rising in clouds of spray. Farther along, it ran quickly, anxious to be away from the scene of its frustration.

On the other side of the bridge a path wormed along the bank and here the water was wide and quiet. Fat trees bent over the river and shaded the great depth of it and where the sun filtered through the leaves, light floated like golden oil on the water. Far below sunlight struck the sand, making it look green and still.

The river was blue with sky and this gave an effect of vastness. Wide was the river and far away we could see the picnic grounds, people moving beneath the lush trees, fires burning and spires of smoke rising into the sky.

We ran down the river where no people were. A large bird, disturbed by our sounds, arose with a flurry of wings and flew in a wide circle over the river and away.

"What was it?" said Hank, and Eddy said, "Crane." But no one knew. The bird had a long beak and wide, beautiful wings. When it was gone, the river suddenly was lonely and quiet. Sand lay in a white stretch, water dripped, but this only intensified the silence which was tense, as if some one, the river perhaps, were listening. "Hey, you," shouted Eddy, and the river answered in a loud echoey voice, questioning, "You?" We were afraid to shout again and the sight of the swift running water frightened us. "Let's go back," said Ted, and we turned and ran along the bank, feeling the presence of the river behind us, feeling the silence which was absorbing the sound of our feet as we ran.

When we returned to the picnic grounds, the folks were sitting on the grass, resting. "When are we going to eat?" I said, and my grandmother said, "Hungry, are you? You should have eaten your breakfast."

"Sit down," said Eliza Aunty. "We'll eat pretty soon."

They sat talking and we, the children, growing hungrier each moment, sat watching the river catch the sun and the sky and move slowly past.

The grounds were crowded now with farmers and packing-house workers and their families. They were like us, the children running everywhere and the folks sitting on the bank of the river, remembering and speaking of the past. The preacher walked in his dignified manner from group to group, nodding and smiling. "Bahrev, Bahdveli," said the women, and the men welcomed him, saying, "How are you, Bahdveli? Come, join us."

Hank was looking at the river. "Let's go swimming," he said.

We dressed in our suits and ran to the swimming place. The water was quiet under the diving board and the shade made it appear bottomless, but a little way out it was moving in a body and the water was marked with whorls.

Eddy went out to the end of the board and sprang in an arc into the river. Then Hank leapt in and my brother followed. I was alone on the bank. "Come on," shouted Eddy, "dive in." But I remembered the river with its silence, the listening among the trees and the flight of the bird. "No," I said. "It's cold. I might get cramp." And I walked to the edge and dipped my hands into the water.

Other boys stood in a line at the board and were thrown one by one into the air and kersplash into the water. When they arose from the depth of it, hair was in their eyes.

Some of the older boys climbed trees

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and stood at a great height and looked down. Then they bent slowly away from the limb and crashed vertically into the river.

I gained courage and dove. The water tingled over my body, imparting something strange that made me want to shout. There was a great sound of splashing and enjoying and the echoey river returned only half of what it heard.

I scrambled out and dove again and again, quickly, as if the day were too brief for enough, diving deeply and rising with the live water in my eyes.

We swam until after twelve and then we returned to the folks.

Cyrus was building a fire and I helped him. The flames crackled and flared high and finally burned down to glowing coals. We stuck the kabob meat on spits and placed it over the heat. The meat began to steam and the coals sizzled with drippings.

Soon the cloths were spread and we began to eat. We ate for a long time and when we had finished, our stomachs were distended with food. "Have some more cake," urged Aunty. "It's a pity to have to take it back."

"Don't worry," said my grandmother, "it will never get home. Not with these children. They have bottomless stomachs."

"Eh, Haik," said my father, "let's bring the melons."

The sack was drawn in from the river and the melons were cut into thick red wheels. After the melon, none of us was able to move except Grandma, who brought out the small bottle of rahki which she was saving as a surprise. She poured it into tiny cups and the older folks drank, saying, "Woo, how good!" The thick Turkish coffee was ready to be poured. After the rahki they drank the coffee with large sounds of sipping and my father and Uncle Haik drank wine.

My father began to sing songs in Turkish. "Badjagh," he said, "I'm getting drunk." Then he looked at the river and laughed.

"My canary you are," he sang. Then he sang, "I want a golden bracelet, Osman Agha." The river, chuckling along its banks, began singing a song too. The women laughed and Uncle Haik joined in. Neighboring people came. Armen's father and a man named Mihran sang. The Bahdveli nodded and smiled.

Then my father became sentimental and sang religious songs. He sang in a deep reverential voice while our mothers sang in their off-tune broken voices. The Bahdveli sang and my grandmother shook her head. "Hai, Turkia," she said, "what has happened to all of us?"

Soon my father tired of singing and he arose. He could hardly stand. "I'm drunk," he said and again he laughed. He teetered to Aunty and wrapped his arms around her. "Ha, Eliza, you're a sweet woman." He tried to kiss her cheek, but fell down instead and my mother said, "Foolish man, be still."

It was early afternoon and the river was more quiet than when we had come. The sun was beginning to slant against the trees. Shadows stirred away from the banks, but it was still light in the middle of the river: the fickle light of afternoon. My grandmother sat looking at the water.

I looked at the river too. The wide smooth water ran evenly away and far off was the sound of the dam. People laughed, talked, walked from group to group, fire to fire. There was the distant splash of some one diving into the river.

The girls arose.

My father was sleeping against the tree. Even Haik was sleeping. The visitors departed. Across the river could be seen the fishermen holding poles over the water.

Eliza Aunty began picking up things and putting them away. The cake she set aside for evening. Cyrus strolled away.

"Is this like the river in the old country?" I asked my grandmother. "It's the same river," she said, "the same sounds, the same quiet."

The river had flowed a long way, from the old country to here and it was flowing past us and far away. "Why is the river so quiet?" I asked.

"You are always asking questions," said my mother. "You want to know too much."

The river seemed to say, "I'm tired." My grandmother looked at my mother and sighed. Then she arose and helped Eliza Aunty. I began to long for the company of the boys.

I ran to the dance hall, but they were not there. The orchestra had not come, but the girls were still waiting. Some one had opened the doors and the girls were dancing together, practising steps.

I ran to the swimming place. The boys were not there. There could be heard the murmur of voices and the subdued sounds of children. How quietly the river ran! It was getting late. I turned to go to the dam. They might be at the bridge, I thought. I started to run.

Suddenly a strangled fearful cry slew the silence. "HELP." Everything grew deathly quiet. Children looked at one another, frightened. The voice, distorted by fear, sounded again. A woman screamed and tried to throw herself into the water. Men began jumping on the bank, pushing one another and shouting.

Far out on the water a man struggled with the river, struck it, strove to get upon it, to force it under him. Then his arms disappeared, as if the river were holding them down to his sides. I wanted to shout, shriek. I began to cry.

Men stripped, unashamed, excited, and rushed knee deep into the river; but the water held them, warned them, saying with its coldness, "Stop, not another step."

"It's too far," said one of the men. A boat was moored near the diving board. They tried to get it free, but it was chained and locked. Minutes passed before the lock could be broken and by this time the man had disappeared. The woman was lying on the ground, crying.

Two men rowed out into the river. Shadows reached out from the bank. One man fanned the oars while the other looked over the side. Men waved their arms and shouted directions. The water slipped slickly, silently away and near the bank the river made sucking sounds as of some one eating greedily.

The rower held the boat to one position while the watcher stood tensely and looked intently down. Then he dove and the boat rocked from side to side. A moment passed and the diver came up, breathless, hair over his eyes. He clung to the side of the boat, panting and looking at the sky, at the people on the shore, at his companion in the boat, as if he were seeing this for the last time.

Then he drew a deep breath, lunged

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up and dove again. He dove four times and at last came up dragging the man by the hair. He floated and turned in the water as they towed him to shore.

The sagging body was carried out to the grass. Water ran from the mouth. "Get a barrel," some one shouted. The woman could not look and she cried.

They labored a long while and now and then some one held a bright knife to the nostrils, looked at it, shook his head; and the woman gasped. They worked furiously over the man, but he began to turn blue. The woman wrung her hands, ground her teeth and moaned.

The face of the man was cold and strange. It stared focusless at the evening sky. The river had yielded his body, retaining something, the soul. The river was suddenly a flowing of souls.

The sun was low and cast blood upon the river. Shadows stretched clear across now. The water was running more swiftly. I ran to the folks. "A man drowned," I cried. "I saw him."

"Go on," said my mother, "how do you know he was dead?"

"He was all blue."

Soon it was dark and Cyrus and the other boys came and I told about the drowning. My father shook his head. "It was just his time," he said. He looked at the river. It was quiet again: only the faint roar of the dam and the rustle of trees.

"Let's go," said my mother. "Here we came to have a happy day and the river had to swallow some one. Let's go home."

"The poor woman," said my grandmother; "now she will lie alone in bed."

We could feel the river's presence, the quiet running of it on the face of the earth. In the morning it had made us happy, but now it made us sad, afraid. Trees dipped their branches in the water. Far away was the sharp cry of a bird.

People picked up their belongings and carried them to the cars. The night chilled and we wore our coats.

"Call the girls," said Eliza Aunty. Cyrus and I went to the dance hall. A car full of musicians had arrived and the players were removing their instruments from the back. Girls waited on the porch and boys milled in the yard. There was the pleasant subdued sound of laughter. We found the girls and told them that we were going home.

"So soon?" said Rose.

"Yes," said Cyrus, "it's getting late."

"But we want to dance," said Hazel.

We walked to the folks. Cars were leaving. "Let's not go," said Hazel. "Let's stay. Give us a chance to have one dance anyway."

"Get in," said Uncle Haik; "don't talk so much." We got into the cars and started. It was dark and we could see the lights of the dance hall and the shadows of people moving on the windows. The orchestra began to play and instead of being gay, the music was tragic, sad, mocking happiness. The couples whirled to this mockery. Zabel, who was riding with us, hummed to herself.

I was afraid of the darkness. I thought of the drowned man wandering in a land of eternal darkness. "Why did he turn blue?" I asked.

"When men die," my grandmother said, "they turn blue."

"Why did they hold the knife to his nose?"

"To see if he was dead."

Behind us the orchestra paused, caught its breath and whirled again. We rode silently to the road.

Then I said, "Grandma, where do the dead go?"

"What a child you are," she said. "What questions you ask!"

"Well, where do they go?"

"Life is like a river," she said, "and it flows down to the sea." Only she didn't say sea. She said, Okianos; and the way she said it, I could feel our lives flowing.

BEES AT HOME

By Robert P. Tristram Coffin

In the blazing noontime of the day,
There is a night sown over thick with stars,
A little night, the size that honey comes in;
And there are constellations here in tiers
Of honey cells, for such sweet flame of flowers
Must give out light, remembering the sun.

Here fervid seraphs come with dust of stars
Caught on their thighs and eyes of nebulæ
Built up of separate worlds of sight. They wave
Wings of crystal and sky blue, and go
Through their chambers, giving out the light
They live on and have shining at their ribs.
They work at airy, golden mathematics
By their own lamplight in their house of night.

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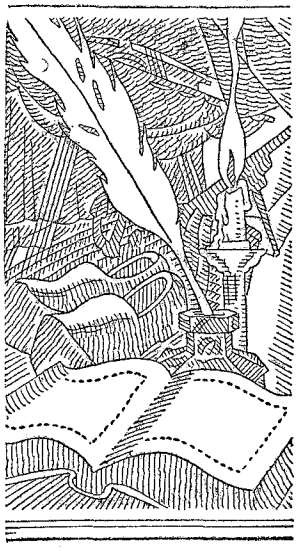
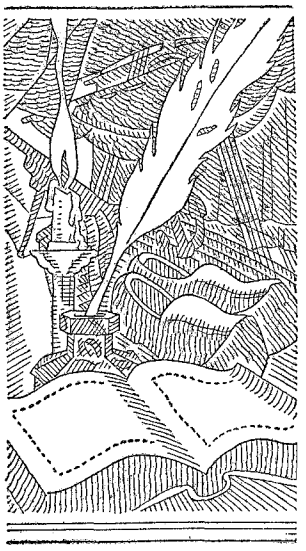


AS I LIKE IT

By William Lyon Phelps



A Note of Farewell . . . Somerset Maugham, and His *Cosmopolitans* . . . This Year's Volumes of Verse . . . Three Plays Worth Reading . . . Many Interesting Letters.

In the reorganization of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, it was necessary to make many changes. Saying Farewell, I wish first, to express my profound and sincere thanks to Charles Scribner's Sons. When they asked me, early in 1922, to conduct a monthly department, I agreed on two conditions. First, I was to write anything I pleased, it being understood that I represented no one but myself. Second, although the magazine was connected with the publishing firm, I was not to consider that, and should never be expected to treat their books more often or with any more consideration than books published elsewhere. Well, from September, 1922 to September, 1936, inclusive, I have never once been asked to review any book published by Scribners, nor has any written opinion of mine on any subject been altered in the office of the magazine. I suggested the title AS I LIKE IT, and it has been just that and nothing else. I appreciate more than I can say the courtesy and fairness consistently shown me by my employers. I have served under two editors, Robert Bridges and his successor, Alfred Dashiell. With both of these men, and with their entire office staffs, my relations have been not only cordial, but ideal. I shall never forget the kindness with which I have been treated.

I wish to thank also those who have written me letters which have contributed so much to the value of my monthly articles. These letters have come from every part of the world; many of them have been written by distinguished authors, and all have contained either valuable information or interesting suggestions. I am deeply grateful to my correspondents.

I wish also to thank the thousands of readers who have done me the honor to read my monthly discussions; no writing that I have done has ever given me more pleasure, and this is largely owing to the immediate and gratifying response from innumerable friends. *Ave atque vale.*

SOMERSET MAUGHAM

Somerset Maugham's *Cosmopolitans* is an illustration of complete mastery of a most difficult form of prose fiction. The late Ray Long, for whose judgment and honesty Mr. Maugham had immense admiration, asked the author to write a series of "short shorts" for his magazine. They were to be much shorter than the conventional short magazine story, yet each was to have a plot and be complete in itself. I doubt if any other living writer could have performed such a task in so admirable a fashion. Mr. Maugham combines versatility with excellence. He is a novelist, dramatist, shortstoryist, and when I consider his prefaces, I am bound also to regard him as a brilliant essayist. The only things I cannot imagine him writing are poetry and theology. I should like to recommend to all my readers this collection of tales called *Cosmopolitans;* I believe they will appeal to men and women of the most varied tastes, for they catch and hold the attention. I cannot tell which I admire most, the story itself, the skill displayed in condensation, the occasional beauties of literary style, the shrewd observations on human nature. Mr. Maugham is a hard-bitten realist; he seems almost devoid of sentiment or of spiritual elevation; yet that one story where he pays a tribute to *simple goodness* shows he admires absolute sincerity wherever he finds it. That particular story would have surprised me even more than it did, if I had not long ago given up every attempt to set definite limits either to the ability or to the subject-matter of creative writers. The business of a critic is to interpret whatever a writer may choose to do and not to be so presumptuous as to tell him what he should or should not do.

This book of stories is full of entertainment; and I advise readers to consider deeply the preface, in which the author tells us a few things about the art of writing. Nine out of every ten new books are not worth reading; and one reason for this deplorable state of affairs is that most of them (including most murder stories) are dull. Mr. Maugham in his preface says he has read a good many statements made by novelists and others about their art; they say this and that, and most of them neglect or forget the one most vital, most important quality—entertainment. A book that invites purchasers or readers should first of all be interesting. It would seem almost ridiculous to emphasize this elementary truth, if it were not for the fact that the majority of writers seem to forget or ignore it. For example: here beginneth a recent review of a new novel:

> "It is a pleasure to see a young author wrestling with his material so hard, so honestly, so whole-heartedly. . . . His aim is not to be entertaining——"

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It may be a pleasure to see a young author wrestling with his material when his aim is not to be entertaining; but I find a greater pleasure in seeing an author exhibit mastery of his material, and succeeding in his chief aim, which is to be entertaining. For if you succeed in entertaining people, you have accomplished one good thing—you have contributed to their happiness. But it is possible also (if you so wish) to accomplish other things; if you succeed in entertaining them, you may also teach them, you may persuade them, you may contribute to their stock of ideas, you may introduce your own philosophy of life into their minds. But if you do not entertain them, you are like a lawyer in a courtroom, talking to twelve persons who are thinking of something else.

Furthermore, Somerset Maugham, like the artist he is, believes that the novelist should tell a story. Just as we have in these fantastic times poets who cannot write verse, portrait-painters who insist that the portrait should not resemble the original, so we have novelists who believe the novelist should not tell a story. All the great novelists, however, have had a story to tell. Thomas Hardy said the novel should be a living organism, with a story as its heart. Every one of the tales in *Cosmopolitans* is a story.

I wish that the constantly increasing number of modern novelists who dump their minds on the printed page, making no effort at selection or concision or revision, but, like the heathen, think that they shall be heard for their much speaking, would study attentively the methods displayed in this astonishing work. Mr. Maugham often tells more about human nature in four pages than many of our untidy verbalists in four hundred. Sir James Barrie told me that in his compositions he enjoyed most of all omitting passages he had written with great care.

The attitude of Mr. Maugham toward the world of humanity seems to me exactly the opposite of that taken by one of his most famous contemporaries, H. G. Wells. Mr. Wells insists that he cares nothing about art; he is a prophet and a reformer; he wishes to change the world. Mr. Maugham takes the world as he finds it, and writes about men and women as he thinks they are. He would probably approve of the distinction made by Joseph Conrad, who said, "This is the difference between Wells and me. Wells does not love humanity but believes he can improve it; I love humanity but I know it is unimprovable."

I do not say that the great disinterested prophets whose sole aim is to improve the world, are not on a higher plane of humanity than those who merely describe what they see. But they are not greater *artists,* greater *novelists,* greater *dramatists;* the intelligent man knows what he wants when he wants it; and a dull treatise on economics is not what he wants when he is looking for a good novel or a good play.

I hope Mr. Maugham was pleased by a tribute from a master in another art—the art of boxing. On the afternoon of the day when Gene Tunney was to fight Dempsey in the evening, a fight on which his fame and fortune depended, he took up Somerset Maugham's novel *Of Human Bondage.* He read it with steady attention and forgot that in a few hours he was to fight the battle of his career.

The first six months of 1936 have been notable for the appearance of many volumes of verse, some containing quite new work, others being new editions of collected poems. Among the new publications are Stephen Benét's *Burning City,* the best volume of short poems he has ever produced. Other new productions are *A Further Range,* by Robert Frost; *A Letter from Pontus,* by John Masefield; *The Song of the Undertow,* by Wilson Macdonald; *The Goose on the Capitol,* by Leonard Bacon; *The King of the Great Clock Tower,* by W. B. Yeats; *Public Speech,* by Archibald MacLeish. Miss Charlotte Wilder's first volume of poems, *Phases of the Moon,* is not to me fully articulate; of course one does not expect it to be as clear as a primer, but I think her emotions have not found adequate expression. It may be well for her to forget theories of "inhibitions" and just write; every one believes that Christina Rossetti was a virgin, and it did not seem to stifle her genius. Miss Wilder has a splendid mind, and I have high hopes of her future.

Among the immense number of newly printed plays, I find I am in absolute agreement with May Lamberton Becker, who, in response to an inquiry, recommended for reading *Idiot's Delight,* by Robert Sherwood, *End of Summer,* by S. N. Behrman, and *The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles,* by Bernard Shaw. I agree with her also when she adds, "the first two read as well as they act and the third a great deal better."

I saw all three of these on the American stage; and I think the American production of Shaw's play was admirable. Naturally enough, he did not enjoy what our critics said about it; so when the play was produced the following summer in England, Mr. Shaw wrote an explanation of it for the benefit of the public, but alas, the British critics were even more severe than the American. His explanation, however, was excellent reading; he is now eighty years old—all honor to him!—and has explained everything in the universe except himself. There are two reasons why he cannot explain himself; one is, he is a man of genius, and if we could explain genius, it would cease to be genius; one of its infallible signs is mystery; the other may be found in what another octogenarian of genius, Carlyle, said of himself. "I was taking my bath this morning, and I said to myself, Here I am, eighty years old, and I know no more who or what I am than if I had never been born."

In a previous number I called attention to the magnificent edition of the works of Milton in verse and prose, in process of publication by the Columbia University Press. It is an honor to America that for the first time a complete edition should appear from the press of one of our own universities. The volumes are beautiful in size, shape, quality of paper, typography; every lover of poetry who can possibly afford to buy this edition will make a good investment. The set is in eighteen volumes. All have appeared except Volumes XII, XIII, XVIII. This edition is known as *The Columbia Milton.* It is as close to perfection as a book-lover could wish.

Milton is not only next to Shakespeare among the English poets (Thomas Gray thought he was Shakespeare's equal and A. E. Housman thought he was in many respects superior) but there is in his verse less

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dross than in that of any other writer. He was a supreme literary artist. We speak of his *minor* poems; when we remember what they are, the phrase has an oddity all its own.

Mr. George Parmly Day, the distinguished Treasurer of Yale University, received the following letter from a Yale graduate now working in Moscow. The letter refers to Clarence Day's *Life with Father* and other books by the same hand.

"You might also be interested to know that your brother's books are very popular among my Russian friends who are learning English. His style was so simple and his vocabulary within reasonable bounds. I am sure that when he wrote those matchless stories he never thought they would be used on the other side of the world to teach English and to give examples of American home life."

The following interesting letter is from the leading authority in America on Luigi Pirandello, Professor Vittorini, of the University of Pennsylvania, whose book *The Drama of Pirandello* I recommend to all who are interested in understanding the plays of this man of genius.

Thank you for having honored my book on Pirandello with your consideration. It means very much to me, especially now that I have had the pleasure of knowing you. You are as accessible as Pirandello. I shall refrain from giving an explanation that would be commonplace and might sound flattery.

As you spoke I could not help feeling that there are some points of contact between you and Pirandello. You both are aware of the presence of a cosmic life, but while you accept it as a part of the universe which, to you, is always new and is meant for the enjoyment of man, for Pirandello that white stretch of mystery at the fringe of our earthly life is the cause of our torment. You are very harmonious in your outlook on life, because you do not allow your interest to become centered in just one object. Pirandello, like a good Latin, is conquered and absorbed by one element and is ruled by it to the exclusion of many others and with the loss of the sense of the oneness of life. Like most Latins, he is obsessed by the presence of sex which is one of the determining factors that bring about his sense of the daily tragic. He struggles violently against sex and, to him, sex superinduces tragedy. His attitude towards sex is one of hostile coldness and in this, with the exception of d'Annunzio, he is typically Italian. Italians are suspended half way between a white puzzling world of purity and one of sordid lust. But perhaps not only Italians experience this painful isolation.

Excuse me for indulging in a bit of lecturing, an activity in which you are a master. May I tell you (provided you don't deem me conceited) that Pirandello in an interview given to the *Italia Litteraria* of Rome, upon his return to Italy, stated that while Italian and international criticism had wronged him at every turn, he had found in my criticism a mirror in which he could look at himself with gratification? He wants me to translate my book into Italian and I shall hear from him, shortly, I hope, to this effect.

My questions seemed rather bold to you, but it was very easy to ask them of him, after several long visits in which he discussed each one of his plays. He found that I had gone astray only in one comedy and it was easy to rectify my mistake by changing ten words in the text. My book had already been printed when I submitted the page proofs to him.

Professor Vittorini's book on Pirandello has been recommended by Pirandello himself to all American readers as a trustworthy interpretation of his works.

Although I knew the young poet of the nineties, Hugh McCulloch of Harvard, very well, I inadvertently followed Mr. Santayana's spelling of his name; which drew the following letter from Morgan Barnes, of the Thacher School at Ojai, California.

When I turned the first thing as usual to "As I Like It" in my June SCRIBNER'S this morning I was surprised to find repeated reference to Hugh McCullough (*sic*), and the statements that you "knew some of these men very well, especially Hugh McCullough," and "Hugh McCullough I remember well" reminded me somewhat of the story, not impossibly *ben trovato*, of the Quaker poet's vivid visitor who dwelt on the pleasure the latter's verse had given her and of her profound admiration for his genius, "And all the while," relates the poet, "she called me 'Mr. Whittaker' "!

Hugh McCulloch was my classmate and the class poet. His '91 poem, recited in his high-pitched far from masculine voice that June morning in Sanders so many years ago must have been impressive or I impressionable for I can repeat most of it from memory today and I venture to say that were you to quote to a '91-er the opening line

"Blue the skies were, bending downward,
bright and radiant was the sun"

he would forthwith continue the verse.

I wonder a little at Mr. Santayana's and your omission of Herbert Bates, Harvard '90, whose voice like those of the others named was too early stilled, and whose verse was of a high order.

Forgive my seeming ungraciousness. I am sorry you have not been able to give the Ojai Valley and the School a visit sometime during my régime. You were good enough to express to me the hope that you might. *Dis aliter visum,* and I regret it deeply.

It is true that Hugh McCulloch had a high-pitched, far from masculine voice. How well I remember it! I remember also his graduation oration at Harvard, on the character of Romeo, where he insisted (in this same voice) on the virility and manliness of Juliet's lover. He was quite right; and I hope Leslie Howard will so represent him on the screen. Look what Romeo did to Tybalt and to Paris, both accomplished swordsmen!

Here is an interesting letter on Doctor Johnson from Doctor H. B. English, Professor of Psychology at Ohio State University:

Are there any Samuel Johnson-Boswell addicts left? If so, the following incidents may be worth recording. They are in the line of apostolic succession. The first story I got from the Master of Pembroke College, the Right Reverend Doctor Mitchinson, when I was an undergraduate and he was in his 80's; he got it in his turn as an undergraduate from the Master of his day who got it as an undergraduate from the great Doctor Adams who was Master when Johnson came back to visit his old college. Boswell, having had occasion to leave the room, rushed up to Doctor Adams upon his return and inquired in a stage whisper: "Has he said anything?" A great part of Boswell's limitations and some of his value reside in the incident.

I sought in vain for other unrecorded stories until the Porter of the lodge came to my rescue. Here the apostolic succession though no less clear is perhaps less reliable. At his last visit Johnson expressed desire to visit his old room above the college gate where he had spent so many bitterly unhappy hours. The stairs alas were steep and winding, the great man gouty and fat. At last the Porter's "Boy," a stout youth of seventeen, heaved from behind to enable the grumbling, wheezing mammoth to make the grade. The Porter's Boy grown old and become Porter told this to the young Porter's Boy who told it to another who told it to Gribble who told it to me. There's one more link in the chain, you will note; Porters are less seldom octogenarians than Masters.

From Doctor Newell Martin:

A few weeks ago several hundred people dined at the University Club in honor of you and you improved their minds and shined up their polish with an entertaining and instructive discourse. I am eighty-one and no more fit to go to any dinner than Barzillai. As I have often told you, whenever I am asked to dine, I refuse, and then, as they say in the *Arabian Nights,* I lift up my voice and recite these verses:

"Now Barzillai was a very aged man, even fourscore years old: . . . And the king said unto Barzillai, Come thou over with me and I will feed thee with me in Jerusalem. And Barzillai said unto the king, How long have I to live, that I should go up with the king unto Jerusalem? I am this day fourscore years old: and can I discern between good and evil? can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women? wherefore then should thy servant be yet a burden unto my lord the king? . . . Let thy servant, I pray thee, turn back again, that I may die in mine own city." 2 Samuel 19:32. E. S. Martin, who is nearly as old as I, was amazed when I showed him these verses, so applicable to him. It always astonishes a Harvard man when a Bible text fits his case. And I have always delighted in David's form of invitation. It reminds me of a Denver mining man, a dear old friend of mine, who had never read any Bible and who used to say "Come over with me and I will feed your face."

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Commenting on *The Last Puritan*, I have the following notes from Doctor Herman T. Radin, of New York:

You are quite right in calling attention to the remarkable scarcity of typographical errors or other slips. Besides those which you mention did you notice the following?

The faulty German in the *Faust* quotation on page 514, *seinen* for *seinem*.

The famous English painter of fans was Charles Conder, not Condor (page 549).

"Green Park" on page 522. Of course every Londoner always says *"The* Green Park."

And of course these things are trifles. "The book's the thing," and thank you again for your splendid review.

Charles Conder (1868–1909) was born in London, lived in India, Australia, and Paris, and painted fans with extraordinary delicacy.

Thomas Carlyle gave to Mrs. Anstruther as his favorite quotation this sentence: "Every day you should read a little in a sensible book, and if possible speak a few sensible words."

BOOKS MENTIONED, WITH NAMES OF PUBLISHERS

Cosmopolitans, by Somerset Maugham. Doubleday Doran. $2.50.

The Columbia Milton, 18 volumes. Columbia University Press.

Burning City, by Stephen V. Benét. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

A Further Range, by Robert Frost. Holt. $2.50.

A Letter from Pontus, by John Masefield. Macmillan. $2.

The Song of the Undertow, by Wilson Macdonald. Saunders, Toronto.

The Goose on the Capitol, by Leonard Bacon. Harpers. $2.

The King of the Great Clock Tower, by W. B. Yeats. Macmillan. $1.50.

Phases of the Moon, by Charlotte Wilder. Coward McCann. $2.

Public Speech, by A. MacLeish. Farrar & Rinehart. $1.

Idiot's Delight, by Robert Sherwood. Scribners. $2.

End of Summer, by S. N. Behrman. Random House. $2.

The Simpleton of the Unexpected Isles, by Bernard Shaw. Dodd Mead. $2.50.

The Drama of Pirandello, by D. Vittorini. Univ. of Penn. $3.

THE CROWS COME IN

By Fred Lape

We sat alone, old man, young man, together,
And talked of men and things, of luck and weather.
Down in the woodlot where the clustered pines
Rose to the sunset, crows in single lines
Came flying in on flapping wings, like high
Black butterflies against the sea-green sky.
They filled the air lanes. Slowly they descended,
Raucously talking, the day's forage ended.

Turning I said, "I've tracked them down at last.
Daily I used to watch them going past
Over my father's farm, high in the air.
Mornings and afternoons I'd see them there,
As much a part of life as sun or rain
Their flight from roost to feed and back again.
But where they came from, where at night they flew,
Was something that I pondered as I grew,
A mystery to feed imagination
Like the dim source of beauty or creation."

The older man said chuckling, "Sixty years
I've watched them coming home with raucous jeers
And softer caws, to people limb by limb
My pines at dusk."
Curious, I looked at him
Who casually had lived with, day and night,
The sources of my guesswork, and who might,
From the serenity in all his speaking,
Have lived with other truths that I was seeking.

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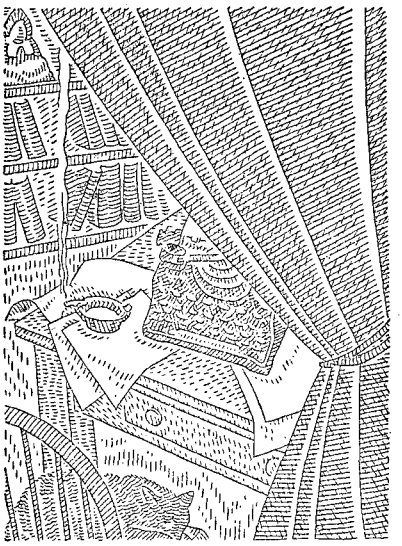
Behind the Scenes

About Scribner authors . . . What they say . . . Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge knows about "Americanism" . . . The Roosevelt Reporter . . . Dr. Clarence C. Little looks at the present problems from the point of view of a biologist . . . Eugene Lyons was six years under the Red flag



THE necessity for a definition of "Americanism" in the public mind is something that **Cyrus LeRoy Baldridge** has been thinking about for years. "In fact," he says, "ever since the War for Democracy, in which I volunteered, didn't work out that way." And he is qualified to speak about America. Before he was ten years old he had been to twelve different schools in twelve different states and as a child he crossed the Ozark Mountains in a covered wagon. He went to college in the Midwest and has lived in many States of the Union. At the outbreak of the War, he hurried to Europe to see it before it should be over by Christmas. His experiences while doing articles and sketches for the NEA in France and Germany included being arrested by the German army, jailed and finally thrown out. He was with the Illinois Cavalry at the Mexican border in 1916, a volunteer in the French army in 1917 and a volunteer with the A. E. F. after 1918. Out of these experiences came a book of war drawings *I Was There* and his drawings while with the French army were thought sufficiently important by French General Headquarters to send back to the United States for propaganda purposes. Since the war he has illustrated many books, most of them his wife's—Caroline Singer—about all parts of the world. His latest illustrations appear in Carl Carmer's *Listen for a Lonesome Drum.* For the last three years he has been commander of the Willard Straight Post of the American Legion.

Ernest K. Lindley, "the Roosevelt reporter" for *The Herald Tribune* in New York, has now turned camp-follower for Landon and his well-known columns bear the date-line "En route with Landon" or "Aboard Governor Landon's private car." So far the date-line has carried nothing about a more antique method of transportation. Mr. Lindley has followed Roosevelt's activities since even before his first nomination in Chicago, and has been on his trail in Washington and elsewhere until very recently. He is the son of President Lindley of the University of Kansas, the author of several books and one which will appear in the early fall called *Half-Way with Roosevelt.* On the old *New York World* till it closed shop, he has been with *The Herald Tribune* ever since.

THE NEW SCRIBNER'S

The October issue of SCRIBNER'S *will be larger in size and richer in format. Stories and articles will be enhanced in interest and attractiveness through the use of color in illustration, modern photography, and fine typography.*

The new magazine has been designed by T. M. Cleland. Mr. Cleland's association with SCRIBNER'S *began many years ago when an observant clerk in the Scribner Bookstore noticed a lad who was spending several hours a day looking at the fine books in the store window. The clerk offered to show the youthful Mr. Cleland all the fine and rare books he wanted to see, and did. This began a friendship which has continued to the present. We will tell you about Mr. Cleland and his work in the October issue.*

The October number will contain stories by Jesse Stuart, Irving Fineman, Gosta Larsson, Benjamin Appel, and David Krantz; articles by Wendell and Lucie Chapman, Joseph Stagg Lawrence, and others. We believe that you will like the new magazine—when you receive it four weeks hence.

Morley Callaghan has a new book of short stories coming out in the fall, called *Now That April's Here,* and is working on another novel and a play. His last book, *They Shall Inherit the Earth,* is being published in England. He expects to live part of every year, from now on, in New York.

Since his days as pastor of a church in Detroit, Doctor **Reinhold Niebuhr's** interest in sociological subjects has shown itself in his work and in his books. *Moral Man and Immoral Society* and *Reflections on the End of an Era* have had a profound effect on modern Protestant thought and discussion. At present he is professor of Applied Christianity at Union Theological Seminary.

In Sauk City, Wisconsin, **August Derleth** writes his Gus Elker stories, a book of poems, *Hawk on the Wind,* and a long novel, *Still Is the Summer Night.*

At Christmastime, **George Stewart** was Chairman of the Student Volunteer Twelfth Quadrennial Convention at Indianapolis where 3000 students came from all over the United States, every province of Canada, and nearly every country of the world. The Convention brought over the Archbishop of York and Kagawa, whose visit has done so much to stimulate growth of consumer cooperatives in this country.

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He has just been chairman of the 50th Anniversary of the founding of the Intercollegiate Christian Student Conference at Mt. Hermon School. One-time associate pastor of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church in New York, he is now pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Stamford, Conn. He has written many books and articles and "The Church Challenges Youth" treats of the relationship of two groups of first importance in his life and work.

The hitherto unpublished stories about famous Americans in politics is the last of the series of articles which Doctor **Nicholas Murray Butler** has been writing for SCRIBNER'S under the title "Across the Busy Years."

Raymond Holden, author and poet, says that his experience has included the usual American college education, a dash of country life, a lot of travel and still more office work, chiefly on the editorial staffs of various magazines. He is at the moment, he reports, for reasons best known to the editors, Financial and Business Editor of a weekly. His present ambition is to retire to the seclusion of a cruising motor boat and make it his home.

Twice college president, once of the University of Maine, once of the University of Michigan, **Clarence C. Little** is first and foremost a biologist. He is head of the Roscoe B. Jackson Memorial Laboratory at Bar Marbor, Maine, and managing director of the American Society for the Control of Cancer. Author of *The Awakening College* and of many articles on education and social problems, Doctor Little says that "Man the Forgotten" is intended to introduce a new point of view rather than to outline in any detail the procedure to be followed. "It may be criticized," he writes, "on the ground that it is not sufficiently practical. In spite of that fact, I believe that principles and ideas have to precede detailed programs, especially where governmental attitudes are involved." As president of the American Birth Control League, and past-president of the American Eugenics Society, Mr. Little has a clear insight into the human problem facing America today.

OUR AUTHORS SAY:

The New Game would consist in scientific and controlled attempts to build a new type of democracy characterized by placing the emphasis of interest and effort on the people. Our present habit is to consider the person as something to be fed, clothed, educated, entertained, doctored, housed, and otherwise used as an economic unit.

Clarence C. Little. P. 166

Youth is apt to labor under the misapprehension that sex was discovered somewhere in the Harding administration, that no one over thirty really understands much about it.

George Stewart. P. 150

Human progress is possible only because some human spirits will on occasion transcend the presuppositions of their society and envisage more perfect goals for life than their society has been able to comprehend.

Reinhold Niebuhr. P. 142

The sooner Bolshevism is recognized as a characteristically Russian product, the sooner the miasma of prejudice and hysteria over the whole Russian business will be lifted.

Eugene Lyons. P. 176

A survey to **Martha Bensley Bruère** is more than food or drink. She cannot resist them. In the last few years she has made a study of the electrification of rural homes in the TVA and a check-up on rural electrification in the Province of Ontario. Both of these for the Rural Electrification Administration. She has just finished a study of the national forests in northern Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota in connection with a book that she has just completed for the Forest Service. She hopes to get out of Washington soon, but says "Already another Survey has got its head under the flap of my tent!" "Taking the Public Pulse" tells what goes on behind the statistics.

Eugene Lyons has written and lectured extensively on aspects of foreign affairs. He has been a particularly close student of the Russian revolution, having been the editor of *Soviet Russia Pictorial* here in 1923 and having lived continually in Russia for six years, for two of those years, from 1932 to 1934, as United Press correspondent. His book of Soviet Russian impressions issued here as *Moscow Carrousel,* was published in England recently under the title *Modern Moscow.* He edited the first anthology of Soviet drama in the English language, *Six Soviet Plays.* His adaptation of one of these plays, the famous comedy *Squaring the Circle,* ran for several months on Broadway last season. Mr. Lyons is at work now on a narrative of his six years under the Red flag which, he indicates, will be an account of the Five Year Plan period in highly personal terms.

Desmond Holdridge, whose recent adventures on the rivers of South America in pursuit of Redfern have been appearing in accounts in the magazine, has been on boats since he was seventeen. "Seaman Soviet Style" tells of experiences on one of his voyages.

Born in Samsoun, Turkey, in 1908, **A. I. Bezzerides** was brought to this country at the age of nine months. His father is Greek, his mother Armenian. He writes: "Went to the University of California for six years preparing myself for a job which I never got. I am now working very long hours at a very low salary." He is married and lives at Ocean Beach, California.

FROM Wilmington, Del., comes a retort courteous to Sempronius:

Sir: Reading "Culture and the Leisure Class" in June SCRIBNER'S I applaud the statement of Sempronius: "Nancy Hanks had no maid and somehow her son, Abraham Lincoln, nevertheless compassed an education of sorts, made a significant contribution to our culture, and even succeeded in leaving us the Gettysburg address."

But I object vigorously when Sempronius remarks: "Michelangelo, Cellini, Leonardo were the friends of popes, princes, and kings. It is this that makes for organic, vital art, for civilization at its best." Art at its best, perhaps, but . . . not civilization at its best. We have not seen it at its best even yet. Shall we have to choose between culture for the leisure class and civilization for all?

SABINUS.

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